This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

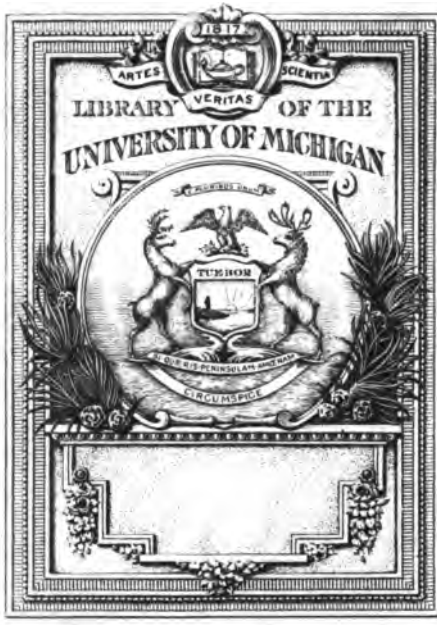
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

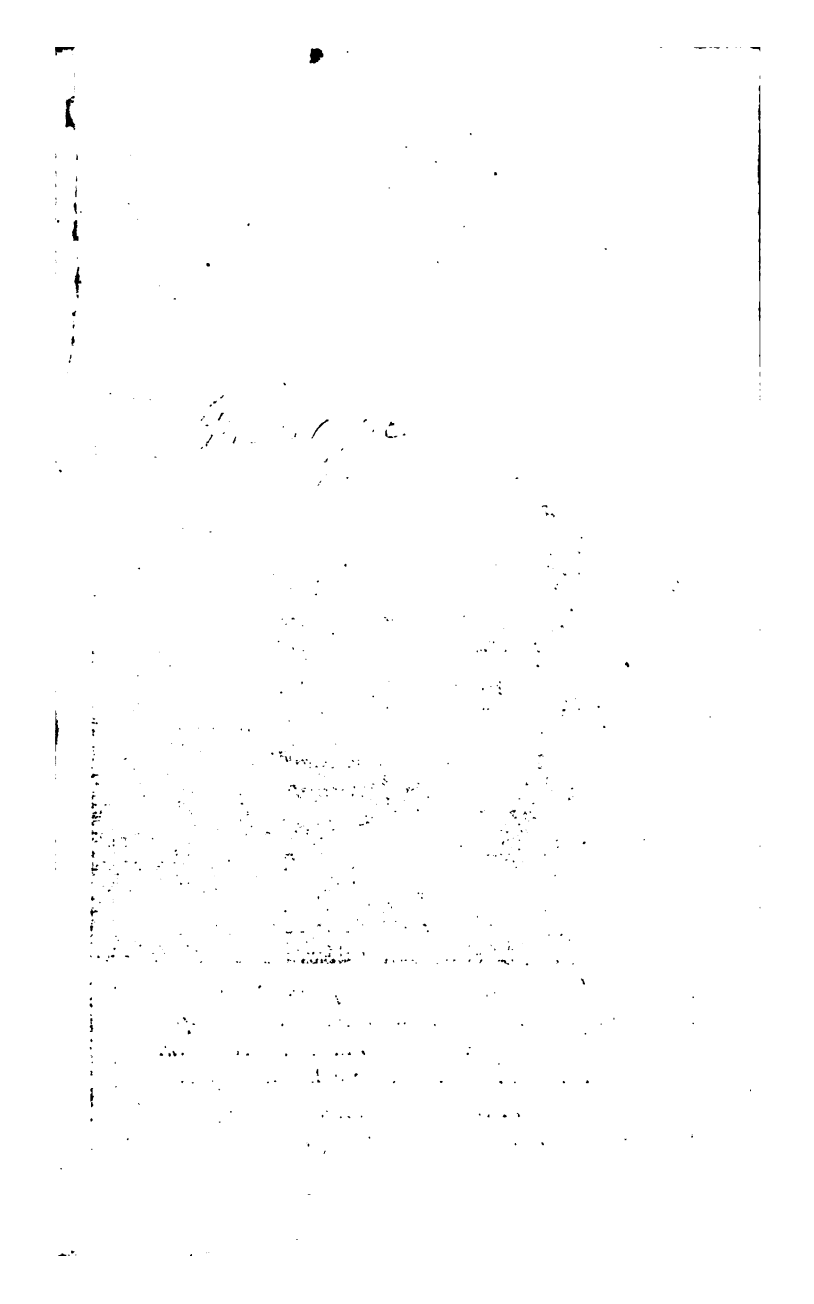
**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

EX LIB
RIS
SYD
NEY·
ELLIO
TT·P
REST
-ON

848
S29
t B88
v.2


ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR
CIRCUMSPICE



*Attach'd by Sickness, & to pain a prey,*
*I keep my humour chearfull. Still, & gay,*
*With Sowr grimace, & magisterial pride*
*Those Canting Sots the Stoicks pain defied,*
*Yet fell beneath the burthen, wⁿ twas tryed:*
*None but my Self did ere that pitch attain*
*To Sport with misery, & Jest in pain*

Novel: p. 2.

THE WHOLE

# Comical Works

OF

## Monſ. SCARRON,

Vol. II.

CONTAINING

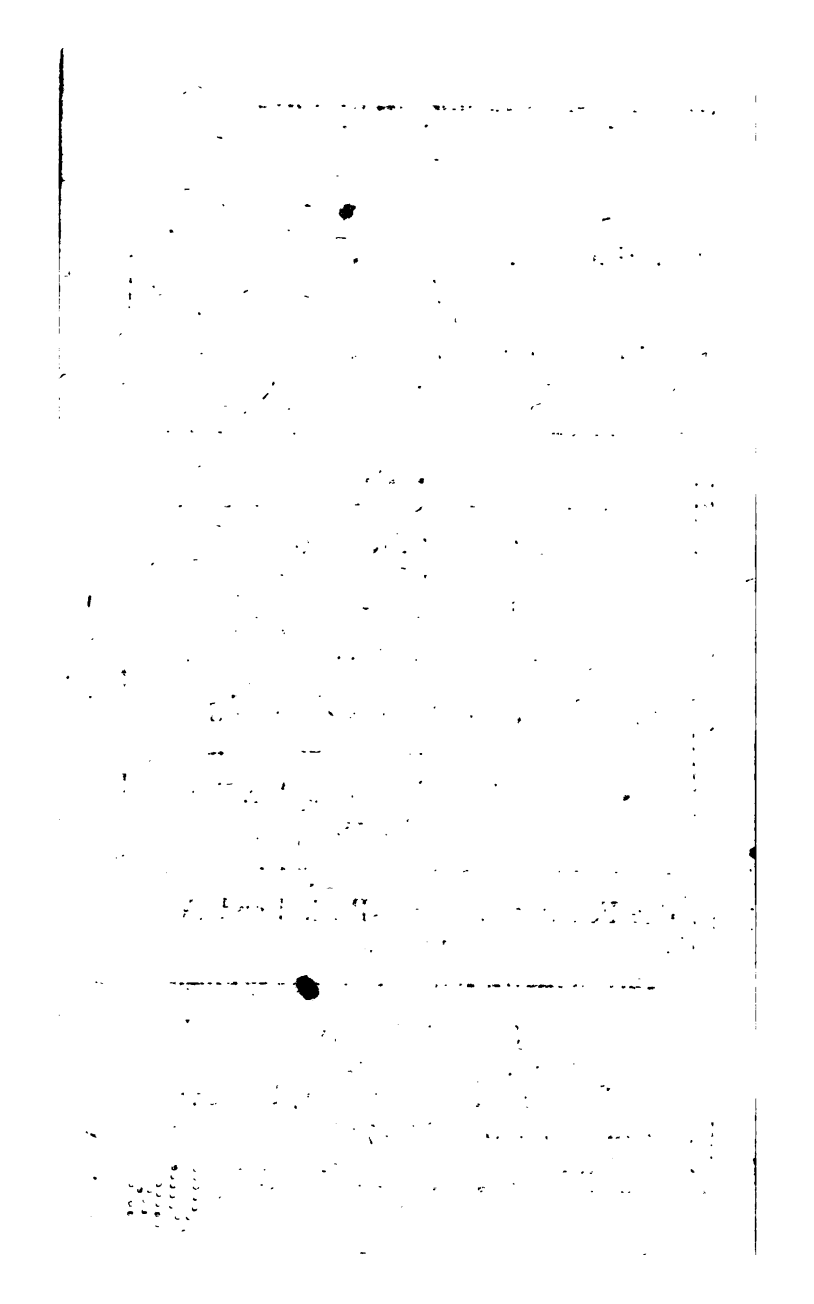
| | |
|---|---|
| Avarice Chaſtis'd; or, The Miſer Puniſh'd. | The Innocent Adultery. |
| The Uſeleſs Precaution. | The Generous Lover. |
| The Hypocrites. | His ſelect Letters, Characters, &c. |

*A great Part of which never before in Engliſh.*

Tranſlated by Mr. *Tho. Brown*, Mr. *Savage*, and Others.

The FOURTH EDITION, Reviſ'd and Corrected.

*LONDON*,
Printed for J. & J. KNAPTON, J. & B. SPRINT, R. ROBINSON, T. SAUNDERS, B. MOTTE, and A. WARD. 1727.



Lib
McLeish
9-12 44
50777

# The Bookſellers to the Readers.

WE ſhall not trouble you with a long Harangue in praiſe of our Author, he being ſo well known to have been one of the wittieſt Men of his Age, and Husband to the great Madam de Maintenon, whoſe Polities and Wit have likewiſe made her famous all Europe over; but our preſent Deſign is, to give you ſome account of this Edition. We having obſerv'd, that the Comical Works of Scarron had been ſeveral times Printed at Paris, Amſterdam, and elſewhere, thought it might not prove unacceptable to the Engliſh Reader, if we got them tranſlated and collected into two Volumes, and which we were the more induc'd to undertake, in that the Third Part of the Comical Romance, as likewiſe ſeveral of his Novels and Characters had never been before in Engliſh; and becauſe part of his Works had been Tranſlated near Forty Years ago, from Copies neither ſo correct nor full as this laſt Paris Edition, from which we had this Tranſlation. Beſides what was formerly Printed of our Author's in En-

gliſh, *was part in* Folio, *and partly in* Octavo, *and ſo could not be bound together. Some Perſons may object, and ask, Why is not the* City Romance *here? To which we anſwer, It was none of his, but only Father'd upon him, to make it ſell. Our Deſign was only to publiſh his genuine Works, which we have done from the beſt* Paris *Edition; and as to the* Engliſh, *we hope the Tranſlators have done themſelves and you Juſtice. Several of the Novels before mention'd being interſpers'd in the* Comical Romance, *we here add the Names of them, and Page, for the ready finding of 'em, and remain*

Your Servants, &c.

---


Vol. I. contains,

| | |
|---|---|
| *The Inviſible Miſtreſs,* | Page 23 |
| *The Hiſtory of* Deſtiny *and Mrs.* Star | 53 |
| *The Impoſtor Outwitted* | 125 |
| *The Hiſtory of Mrs.* Cave | 155 |
| Leander's *Hiſtory* | 167 |
| *The Judge in her own Cauſe* | 209 |
| *The two Rival Brothers* | 258 |
| *The Hiſtory of the Prior of St.* Lewis, | 330 |
| *The two Jealous Ladies* | 374 |
| *The Capricious Lady* | 379 |

Vol. II. contains,

| | |
|---|---|
| *Avarice Chaſtis'd; or, The Miſer Puniſh'd,* | pag. 1 |
| *The Uſeleſs Precaution* | 29 |
| *The Hypocrites* | 83 |
| *The Innocent Adultery* | 137 |
| *The Generous Lover* | 179 |
| *Select Letters and Characters* | 239 |

# SCARRON's NOVELS.

## NOVEL I.

# Avarice Chaſtis'd:

## OR THE

# Miſer Puniſh'd.

'TIS not quite a thouſand Years ago ſince a pretty Younker, who was full as ambitious as poor, and had a greater Itch to be thought a Gentleman than a rational Creature, left the Mountains of *Navarre*, and came in Company with his Father to find that at *Madrid* which was not to be got in his own Country, I mean, Wealth and Riches; which are ſooner acquired at Court than any other place, and indeed

are ſeldom obtain'd there but by Importunity and Impertinence. He had the Credit, I cannot inform you how it came about, to be received as a Page by a certain Prince, which Quality in *Spain* is not ſo gainful, as that of a Lackey in *France*, and not much more honourable. When he firſt put on his Livery, he was about twelve Years old, and from that very moment might be term'd the thriftieſt Page in the World. All his worldly Stock, not to reckon his Expectations, that were very big, conſiſted of a wretched Bed ſet up in a Garret, which he had hired in that Quarter of the Town where his Maſter lived; and where he pigged every Night with his venerable Father, who may be ſaid to have been rich in grey Hairs, becauſe by procuring him the Charity of well-diſpoſed Perſons, they helpt to maintain him. At laſt the old Gentleman troop'd off, at which his unrighteous Son rejoic'd, fancying himſelf already enriched, by that which his Father did not ſpend. From that very Hour he enjoin'd himſelf ſo ſevere and ſtrict an Abſtinence, and practis'd ſo wonderful a Frugality, that he ſpent not a Farthing of that little Money his Maſter gave him to keep Body and Soul together. 'Tis true, he did this at the Expence both of his Belly, which often grumbled at him for it, and of all his Acquaintance. *Don Marcos* (for that was our Heroe's Name) was of a Stature a little below the common Pitch; and for want of due repairing the Decays of his Pigmy Carcaſe, became in a ſhort time as ſlender as a Lath, and as dry as a Deal-board. When he waited on his Maſter at Table, he never took away a Plate with any Meat in it, but he dextrouſly whipt the better part into his Pocket;

Pocket; and becauſe it could not ſo well contain Soops, and ſuch like Liquids, he made Money of a great Number of Torches ends, which he had ſcrap'd together with much Induſtry, and thereby bought him a pair of Tin Pockets; by the help of which he ſoon began to perform Miracles for the Advancement of his Fortune. Miſers are for the moſt part careful and vigilant, and theſe two good Qualities, join'd to the furious Paſſion which *Don Marcos* had to become rich, made his Maſter to take ſuch a Fancy to him, that he was reſolved never to part with ſo excellent a Page. For this reaſon he made him wear a Livery till he was Thirty Years old. But at laſt this Phœnix of a Servant, being oblig'd to undergo the Tonſor's Hands too often, to clear him of his ungodly Beard, his Maſter metamorphos'd his Page into a Gentleman, and thus made him what Heaven never deſign'd him to be. Now you muſt know his Revenues were hereby augmented by the Addition of ſeveral *Reals* a Day; but inſtead of encreaſing likewiſe his Expences, our Spark ſhut his Purſe ſo much the cloſer, as his new Employ, one would have thought, might have oblig'd him to open it. He had heard Stories of ſome of his Profeſſion, who for want of a Valet would call up your Fellows that cry Brandy about Streets in a Morning, to make their Beds, and ſweep their Chambers, under pretence of buying ſome of their Liquor; and of others, who in the Winter got themſelves undreſt at Night by your Cryers of Grey Peaſe or Linkboys: But as this was not to be done without ſome ſort of Injuſtice, and in regard our *Don Marcos* made a Conſcience of wronging every one but himſelf, he thought it much better to ſhift

as well as he could without a Valet. He never burnt but an inch of Candle in his Chamber, but what he ſtole; and to manage it with more Oeconomy, always began to unbutton himſelf in the Street at the very place where he lighted it, put it out as ſoon as he got to his Lodgings, and ſo tumbled into Bed in the dark. But ſtill finding there was a cheaper way of going to Bed, his buſie inventing Genius ſet him upon making a Hole in the Wall, which divided his Room from that of his Neighbour, who no ſooner lighted his Candle, but our Don immediately open'd his Hole, and by that means received Light enough to do any thing he had occaſion for. Being not able to diſpence with himſelf from wearing a Tilter at his Breech, by reaſon of his noble Deſcent, which required it of him, he clapt a Lath into a Scabbard, wore it one Day on the right, and the next on the left ſide, in order to uſe his Breeches to ſome ſort of Symmetry, and becauſe his truſty Whinyard wou'd wear them out the leſs, being equally divided between the right and the left. At break of Day he ſtood at the Street-door, begging in God's Name for a Cup of Water of every Tankard-bearer that paſſed by, and thus furniſhed himſelf with enough of that Element to ſerve him ſeveral Days. He wou'd often come into the common Hall, where his Maſters other Servants us'd to take their Repaſts, and whatever he ſaw them eat, was ſure to commend it to the Skies, to give him ſome ſo[illegible] of Privilege to taſte it. He never laid out a Farthing in Wine, yet drank more or leſs every Day, either by ſipping of that which was publickly cryed about Streets, or elſe by ſtopping Porters that were carrying ſome to the Taverns, whom

whom he would ask to give him a taſte of their Wine, that if he liked it, he might know where to ſend for it. Once riding towards *Madrid* upon a Mule, he ſo dexterouſly cheated the Eyes of his Inn-keepers, that he fed truſty *Dapple* with the Straw of the Beds, where he lay; but the very firſt Day of his Journey, being weary of paying for his Servant's Dinner, who was the firſt he ever had, he pretended he could not drink his Landlord's Wine, and therefore ſent the poor Fellow to find out better, a full League at leaſt from the Inn where he then was. The Servant accordingly beat the Hoof thither, relying upon his Maſter's Honour, who nevertheleſs fairly gave him the ſlip, and ſo the Wretch was forced to beg all the way to *Madrid*. In ſhort, *Don Marcos* was the living Picture of Avarice and Filching, and was ſo well known to be the moſt covetous Devil in *Spain*, that at *Madrid* he advanced himſelf into a Proverb, for they there called a pinching Miſer, a *Don Marcos*. His Maſter and all his Friends told a thouſand merry Stories of him, and that even before his Face, becauſe he underſtood Raillery to Perfection, and wou'd ſtand a Jeſt as well as a manag'd Horſe will Fire. 'Twas an uſual Saying with him, that no Woman cou'd be handſome if ſhe loved to take, nor ugly if ſhe gave Money, and that a wiſe Man ought never to go to Bed, unleſs for the Satisfaction of his Conſcience he had turned the Penny the ſame Day. His excellent Theory, ſeconded by a moſt exact Practice, had brought him together, by that time he was forty Years old, above 10000 Crowns in Silver, a prodigious Sum for a Grandee's Gentleman to get, eſpecially in *Spain*. But what may not a Man ſave in the compaſs of

many Years, who Steals all he can both from himſelf and other People? *Don Marcos* having the Reputation of being rich, without being either a Debauchee or a Gameſter, was ſoon courted in Marriage by abundance of Women, who loved the Money more than the Man, and whoſe Number in all parts of the World is great. Among others that offered to carry the Marriage Yoke with him, he met a Woman whoſe Name was *Iſidore*, who paſſed for a Widow, tho' in truth ſhe had never been married, and appeared much younger than ſhe was, by patching, painting, and tricking up herſelf, in all which Myſteries ſhe was skill'd to Admiration. The World judged of her Wealth by her way of living, which was expenſive enough for one of her condition; and thoſe who frequently gueſs at random, and love to magnifie Matters, beſtow'd on her at leaſt three thouſand Livers a Year, and ſome ten thouſand Crowns in Plate, Jewels, and the like convenient Moveables. The Fellow that propoſed her to *Don Marcos* for a Wife, was a notable Sharper, one that trucked in all ſorts of Merchandize, but his principle Subſiſtance was ſelling of Maidenheads and making of Matches. He ſpoke to *Don Marcos* of *Iſidore* in ſuch advantageous Terms, that he ſet him upon the Tenter-hooks to ſee this Miracle, (a Curioſity he had never expreſſed for any Woman before) and ſo effectually perſuaded our unthinking Cully that ſhe was rich, and the Widow of a certain Cavalier, deſcended from one of the beſt Families in *Andalouſia*, that from that very inſtant he had an itch to be married to her. The ſame Day this Propoſal was made to him, our Marriage-pimp, whoſe Name was *Gamara*, came to call upon him, to introduce him into *Iſi-*

*dore*'s

*dore*'s Company. Our covetous Hunks was raviſh'd to ſee the Neatneſs and Magnificence of the Houſe into which *Gamara* conducted him, but he was much more ſo, when this Maſter of the Ceremonies aſſur'd him it belong'd to *Iſidore*. He was perfectly tranſported at the Richneſs of the Furniture, the Alcoves, and Rooms of State, and a Profuſion of ſweet Scents, that rather ſeem'd proper for a Lady of the higheſt Quality, than one that was to be a Wife to a Grandee's Gentleman and no better. Then as for the Miſtreſs of this enchanted Caſtle, he took her for a Goddeſs. *Don Marcos* found her buſie at work between a Damſel and a Chamber-maid, both ſo beautiful and charming, that whatever Averſion he had to expenſive Living, and a great Number of Servants, yet he reſolved to marry *Iſidore*, were it only for the Vanity to be Maſter of two ſuch charming Creatures. Whatever *Iſidore* ſaid to him was utter'd ſo diſcreetly, that it not only pleas'd, but perfectly raviſh'd him; and what contributed to make an entire Conqueſt of his Heart, was a Collation as nice as neatly ſerv'd up, where the clean Linnen and the Silver Plate were all of a peice with the other rich Moveables. There ſat down to this Entertainment, a young Gentleman very well dreſt and well made, whom *Iſidore* pretended to be her Nephew. His Name was *Auguſtine*, but his good Aunt call'd him *Auguſtinet*, altho' the pretty Baby was above twenty Years old. *Iſidore* and *Auguſtinet* ſtrove who ſhould make *Don Marcos* moſt welcome, and during the repaſt helpt him to all the choiceſt Bits. Now whilſt our truſty Miſer laid about him like a *Harpy*, and cramm'd his half-ſtarv'd Guts with Victuals enough to have laſted him eight Days, his Ears were

charm'd by the melodious Voice of the Damſel *Marcella*, who ſung two or three paſſionate Airs to her Harpſichord. *Don Marcos* loſt no time, but fell on like a Devil, it being at another's Expence. The Collation ended with the Day, whoſe Light was ſupplied by that of four large Candles in Silver Sconces, of admirable Workmanſhip and Weight, which *Don Marcos* at that moment deſigned within himſelf to reform into one ſingle Lamp, ſo ſoon as he was marry'd to *Iſidore*. *Auguſtinet* took a Guittar and play'd ſeveral Sarabands and other Tunes, to which that cunning Jilt *Marcella*, and *Inez* the Chamber-maid danced admirable well, ſtriking their Caſtagnets exactly to the time of the Guittar. The diſcreet *Gamara* whiſpered *Don Marcos* in the Ear, that *Iſidore* never ſat up late; which Hint our civil Gentleman taking immediately, roſe from his Seat, made her a thouſand Compliments and Proteſtations of Love, more than he had ever done to any Female, wiſh'd her and the little *Auguſtinet* a good Night, and ſo left them at liberty to talk of him what they thought fit. *Don Marcos* who was up to the Ears in Love with *Iſidore*, but much more with her Money, proteſted to *Gamara*, who accompanied him to his Lodging, that the charming Widow had intirely gain'd his Affections, and that he would give one of his Fingers with all his Soul, that he were already marry'd to her, becauſe he never ſaw a Woman more made to his Mind; altho' in ſober truth he confeſſed, that after Marriage he would retrench ſomewhat of that endleſs Oſtentation and Luxury of hers. She lives more like a Princeſs than the Wife of a private Man, cries the prudent *Don Marcos* to the diſſembling *Gamara*; and ſhe does not conſider, continued he, that

that the Moveables ſhe has, being turned into Money, and this Money being joined to mine, we may be able between us to purchaſe a pretty handſom Eſtate, which by God's Bleſſing, and my own Induſtry, may make a conſiderable Fortune for the Children Providence ſhall beſtow on us. And if our Marriage, proceeded he, ſhould prove without Iſſue, then ſince *Iſidore* has a Nephew, we will leave him all, provided I like his Behaviour, and find him no way addicted to ill Huſbandry. *Don Marcos* entertain'd *Gamara* with theſe Diſcourſes, or ſomewhat of the like Nature, till he came before his own Door. *Gamara* took leave of him, after he had given him his Word, that next Morning he ſhould conclude his Marriage with *Iſidore*, by reaſon, he ſaid, Affairs of this nature were as ſoon broke off by Delays, as by the Death of either of the Parties. *Don Marcos* embraced his worthy Marriage-jobber, who immediately after went to give *Iſidore* an account in what Diſpoſition of Mind he had left her Lover. In the mean time our amorous Coxcomb takes an end of a Candle out of his Pocket, fixes it to the point of his Sword, and having lighted it at a Lamp, which burnt before a publick Crucifix hard by, not without dropping a few hearty Ejaculations for good Succeſs in his Affair, opened the Door of the Houſe where he lodged, and repaired to his wretched Bed, but that rather to think of his Amour than to ſleep. *Gamara* came to Viſit him next Morning, and brought him the agreeable News that his Buſineſs was done with *Iſidore*, who wholly left it to his Diſcretion to appoint the Day of Marriage. Our beſotted Lover told *Gamara* he was upon Thorns till it was over, and that if he were to be marry'd that very Day,

it would not be ſo ſoon as he wiſhed. *Gamara* reply'd, it lay ſolely in his own Power to conclude it whenever he pleaſed; when *Don Marcos* embracing him, conjur'd him to uſe all his Diligence to get the Contract dispatch'd that very Day. He appointed *Gamara* to give him a Meeting after Dinner, while he went to his Maſter's Levée, and waited on him at Table. Both met exactly at the time of Aſſignation, and then immediately went to *Iſidore*'s Houſe, who received them much better than the Day before. *Marcella* ſung, *Inez* danced, *Auguſtinet* play'd upon the Guittar, and *Iſidore*, the principal Actreſs of this Farce, gave her Spouſe that was to be, a noble Repaſt, for which ſhe knew well enough how to make her ſelf full amends afterwards. *Gamara* brought a Notary, who perhaps was a counterfeit one. The Articles of Marriage were ſign'd and ſeal'd. It was propos'd to *Don Marcos* to play a Game at *Primera* to paſs away the time. Heaven bleſs me! cry'd the aſtoniſh'd *Don Marcos*, I ſerve a Maſter who wou'd not let me live a quarter of an Hour with him, if he knew I was a Gameſter; but God be praiſed, I don't ſo much as know the Cards. How much does it delight me, replies *Iſidore*, to hear Signior *Don Marcos* talk after this manner? I daily preach the ſame Doctrine to my Nephew *Auguſtinet* here, but your young Fellows are not a Farthing the better for all the good Advice that is given them. Go, fooliſh obſtinate Boy, ſays ſhe to *Auguſtinet*, go and bid *Marcella* and *Inez* make an end of their Dinner, and come and divert us with their Caſtagnets. While *Auguſtinet* went to call up the Maids, *Don Marcos*, ſtroaking his Whiſkers with admirable Gravity, thus carry'd on the Diſcourſe. If *Auguſtinet*, ſays he, has a mind

mind to keep in my Favour, he muſt renounce Gaming and ſtaying out late at Nights. If he'll keep good Hours I am content with all my Heart he ſhould lie in my Houſe; but I'll have my Windows barred, and Doors locked and bolted before I go to Bed: Not that I am in the leaſt jealous in my Temper, for I think nothing can be more impertinent, eſpecially where a Man has a virtuous Wife, as I am going to have; but Houſes, where there is any thing to loſe cannot be too well ſecur'd againſt Theives; and for my part I ſhould run diſtracted, if a Villain of a Thief, without any other Trouble than that of carrying off what he found, ſhould rob me in an inſtant of what my great Induſtry had been ſcraping together for many Years; and therefore, continues *Don Marcos*, I forbid him gaming and rambling a Nights, or the Devil ſhall roaſt him alive, and I will renounce the Name of *Don Marcos*. The cholerick Gentleman utter'd theſe laſt Words with ſo much Vehemence and Paſſion, that it coſt *Iſidore* abundance of fair ſpeeches to put him in a good Humour again. She conjur'd him not to trouble himſelf about the matter, aſſuring him that *Auguſtinet* would not fail to anſwer his Expectations in all Points, becauſe he was the moſt tractable and the beſt-condition'd Boy that ever was known. The coming in of *Auguſtinet* and the Dancers, put a ſtop to this Diſcourſe, ſo they ſpent the greateſt part of the Night in dancing and ſinging. *Don Marcos* being loath to give himſelf the trouble to walk to his Lodgings ſo late, would by all means have perſuaded *Iſidore* to give her conſent, that they might live together from that time forward like Man and Wife, or at leaſt that ſhe would ſuffer him to lie at her Houſe that Night. But our Widow putting on

a ſevere Countenance, proteſted aloud, that ever ſince the unhappy Day, on which her Widowhood commenced, no Man living had put his Leg within her chaſt Bed, which ſhe reſerved to her Lord and Maſter, nor ſhould do ſo, till the Rites of the Church were performed; adding, that in her preſent Circumſtances her Reputation would not ſuffer her to let any Man, but only her Nephew *Auguſtinet*, lye in her Houſe. *Don Marcos* gave her his humble Thanks for her Civilities, notwithſtanding his amorous Impatience. He wiſh'd her a good Repoſe, return'd to his own Lodging accompany'd by *Gamara*, took his End of a Candle out of his Pocket, fixed it to the point of his Sword, lighted it at the Lamp of the Crucifix, and in ſhort, did every thing elſe that he had done the Night before; ſo punctual was he in every reſpect, unleſs it were that he omitted to ſay his Prayers, becauſe he thought his Affair as good as concluded, and ſo did not want the Aſſiſtance of Heaven to farther it. The Bans were ſoon publiſhed, a cluſter of Holidays coming together: In fine, this Marriage, ſo much deſired on both ſides, was celebrated with more Expence and Formality, than one would have expected from ſo ſordid a Miſer, who for fear of touching his ten thouſand Crowns, had borrow'd Money of his Friends to defray the Charges of that Day. The chief Servants belonging to his Maſter were invited to the Wedding, who all concurred in commending the happy Choice he had made. The Dinner was ſumptuous and noble, tho' provided at the expence of *Don Marcos*, this being the firſt time he had ever bled in his Pocket, and to do him Juſtice, out of his Exceſs of Love he had beſpoke very fine Wedding Cloaths for *Iſidore* and himſelf. All the Gueſts

Gueſts departed in good time, and *Don Marcos* with his own Hands locked the Doors and barred the Gates, not ſo much to ſecure his Wife, as the Coffer wherein his Money lay, which he had ordered to be ſet by his Bed-ſide. In ſhort, the marry'd Couple went to Bed, and *Don Marcos*, not finding all he expected, began even then perhaps to repent of his Marriage; *Marcella* and *Inez* were grumbling together at their Maſter's Humour, and blam'd their Miſtreſs for being ſo haſty to be marry'd. *Inez* ſwore by her Maker ſhe wou'd ſooner chuſe to be a Lady-Siſter in a Convent, than endure to live in a Houſe that was ſhut up at nine. And what would you ſay were you in my caſe, ſays, *Marcella?* For you have the Pleaſure of going ſometimes to Market to buy Proviſions for the Family; whereas I, who am my Lady's Waiting-woman forſooth, muſt never peep abroad, but live a ſolitary Life with the chaſte Wife of a jealous Huſband; and as for the Serenades we uſed to hear ſo often under our Window, I now expect to hear them no more than the Muſick of the Spheres. Yet for all this, replies *Inez*, we have not ſo much reaſon to complain as has poor *Auguſtinet*. He has ſpent the beſt part of his Youth in waiting upon his Aunt, who has diſpoſed of her ſelf as you ſee; ſhe has ſet a formal Pædagogue over his Head, who will reproach him a hundred times a Day with every bit he eats, and with his fine Cloaths, which God knows whether he came honeſtly by or not. You tell me News, ſays *Marcella*, that I never heard before, and I don't wonder that our Miſtreſs has made ſo fooliſh a Bargain on't, when her Nephew *ad honores*, is forced to paſs his time with us. If I wou'd have believed his fair Promiſes, I might eaſily have carry'd off the

the young Spark from his Aunt before this, but ſhe has kept me from my Childhood, and I ought in Conſcience to be faithful to thoſe whoſe Bread I have all along eat. To tell you Truth, continued *Inez*, I have no Averſion to the poor Boy, and muſt own, I have often pitied him, to ſee him ſad and melancholy by himſelf, while other People are making merry, and diverting themſelves. After this manner did theſe Servants entertain each other, and reaſon upon their Miſtreſs's Marriage. The good *Inez* ſoon fell aſleep, but the virtuous *Marcella* had other things to mind. No ſooner did ſhe find her Bed-fellow faſt, but ſhe ſteals out of Bed, dreſſes herſelf, and packs up in one Bundle the Wedding Cloaths of *Iſidore*, and ſome of *Don Marcos*'s things, which ſhe had dexterouſly convey'd out of their Chamber, before the provident Maſter had lock'd the Door. This having done, away ſhe marches, and becauſe ſhe had no deſign to return, ſhe left open the Doors of the Apartment, which *Iſidore* had hir'd in that Houſe. *Inez* awak'd not long after, and miſſing her Companion, had the Curioſity to enquire what was become of her. She liſtned at *Auguſtinet*'s Door, not without ſome little Suſpicion, and ſpice of Jealouſie; but hearing not the leaſt Noiſe there, ſhe examin'd every place elſe, where ſhe thought it probable to find her, but miſs'd of her Aim. At length ſeeing the Doors wide open, ſhe ran up Stairs, rapt at the Chamber-door of the new marry'd Couple as hard as ſhe could drive, whom ſhe ſtrangely alarm'd by this Noiſe. She told them *Marcella* was gone, that ſhe had left the Doors open, and that ſhe was afraid ſhe had carry'd off ſome things, which ſhe never deſign'd to reſtore. *Don Marcos* leapt out of Bed like a mad Man, and ran

ran to his Cloaths, but found them gone as well as thoſe of *Iſidore*'s; when turning ſuddenly about, to his inexpreſſible Mortification, he ſaw his dear Spouſe of ſo different a Figure from what had charm'd him before, that he thought he ſhould have ſunk through the Floor. The unfortunate Lady being awakened ſo on the ſudden, had taken no notice that her Tower was not upon her Head. She ſaw it lying on the Ground near the Bed, and was going to take it up; but alas! we do nothing orderly when we go raſhly to work, and in Confuſion. She put the back part of it before; and her Viſage, which had not received its uſual Refreſhment ſo early in the Morning, the Gloſs of her Paint and Waſhes being gone, appeared ſo ghaſtly to *Don Marcos*, that he fancied he ſaw a Spectre. If he caſt his Eyes upon her, he beheld a terrible Monſter, and if he carried his Sight elſewhere, he found his Cloaths were miſſing. *Iſidore*, who was in a ſtrange Diſorder, perceived ſome of her Teeth hanging in the large, long, and well provided *Moſtacho*'s of her Huſband, and went about in this Conſternation to recover them; but the poor Man, whom ſhe had ſo diſmally affrighted, not being able to imagine ſhe ſtretched out her Hands ſo near his Face, with any other deſign that to ſtrangle him, or pluck out his Eyes, retired ſome Paces backward, and avoided her Approaches with ſo much Addreſs, that not being able to come up to him, ſhe was forced at laſt to tell him, that ſome of her Teeth were lodged in his Whiſkers. *Don Marcos* directed his Hands thither, and finding his Wife's Teeth, which formerly belonged to ſome Elephant, a Native of *Africk*, or the *Eaſt-Indies*, dangling in his Beard, flung them at her with a great deal of Indignation.

See

She gathered them up, as likewiſe thoſe that were ſcattered in the Bed, and up and down the Chamber, and then retired to a little Cloſet with this precious Treaſure, her Painting Bruſh, and ſome other Neceſſaries ſhe had placed upon her Toilet. In the mean time *Don Marcos*, after he had heartily renounced his Maker, ſat him down in a Chair, where he made ſorrowful Reflections upon his being married to an old Beldame, whom he found by the venerable Snow, which ſixty long Winters had ſtrow'd upon her bald Skull, to be at leaſt twenty Years elder than himſelf, and yet was not ſo old neither, but that he might expect to be plagued with her twenty Years more. *Auguſtinet*, who upon this Noiſe had got up in haſte, came half dreſt into the Room, and endeavoured all that lay in his Power to appeaſe the worthy Huſband of his Aunt by Adoption: But the poor Man did nothing but ſigh and beat his Thighs with his Hand, and ſometimes his Face. He then bethought himſelf of a fine Gold Chain he had borrowed to ſet himſelf off on the Day of his Marriage, but to compleat his Vexation, there was nothing but the Remembrance of it left him, for *Marcella* had taken care to ſecure it among the other things ſhe had carried off. He looked for it at firſt with ſome Tranquillity, yet as carefully as might be; but after he had weared himſelf to no purpoſe in looking for it all over the Chamber, he found it was loſt, and his Labour likewiſe, when certainly no Deſpair could equal his. He gave ſuch terrible Groans, as diſturb'd all the Neighbourhood where he liv'd. Upon theſe doleful Cries, *Iſidore* bolted out of her Cloſet, and appear'd ſo much renew'd, and beautiful, that the poor Man thought this was the third time they had chang'd his Wife.

He

He look'd upon her with Admiration, and did not expreſs himſelf angrily to her. At laſt he took out of one of his Trunks the Cloaths he wore every Day, dreſt himſelf, and attended by *Auguſtinet* enquir'd in every Street after the perfidious *Marcella*. They look'd for her in vain till Dinner, which was made up of what they had left the Day before. *Don Marcos* and *Iſidore* quarrell'd with one another, like People that had a deſire to Dine, and dined like People that had as good a Stomach to quarrel. However, *Iſidore* ſometimes endeavour'd to bring back *Don Marcos* to his peaceable Humour, ſpeaking to him in as ſubmiſſive and humble Terms as ſhe cou'd think of; and *Auguſtinet* us'd his beſt Entreaties to reconcile them to each other; but the Loſs of the Gold Chain was more to *Don Marcos* than a Stab with a Dagger. They were ready to riſe from Table, where they had done little elſe but quarrel, while *Auguſtinet* all alone by himſelf employ'd his Teeth to the beſt Purpoſe; during which there came into the Room two Men from the Steward of the Admiral of *Caſtile*, who deſir'd the Lady *Iſidore* to ſend the Silver Plate he had lent her for fifteen Days only, and which ſhe had kept above twenty. *Iſidore* cou'd not tell what other Anſwer to make, but that ſhe would go and fetch it. *Don Marcos* pretended the Plate belong'd to him, and that he was reſolv'd to keep it. One of the Men ſtay'd ſtill in the Chamber, leſt they ſhould remove that which they made ſuch Difficulty to reſtore, while the other went to find out the Maſter of the Houſe, who came, and reproach'd *Iſidore* with her unjuſt Dealing, took no notice of the Oppoſition *Don Marcos* made, and in ſpite of all he ſaid to him, mov'd off with the Plate, and left the Huſband and Wife

Wife quarelling about this new Diſaſter. Their Diſpute, or to ſpeak more properly, their Quarrel was in a manner concluded, when a Pawnbroker, accompanied by his Porters and Followers, came into the Room, and told *Iſidore*, that ſince he was inform'd ſhe was marry'd to a Man of Bulk and Subſtance, he was come to fetch away the Moveables ſhe had hired of him, and the Money due for the Loan of them, unleſs ſhe was minded to buy them. Here *Don Marcos* loſt all Patience, he called the Broker ſawcy Rogue and Raſcal, and threaten'd to belabour him luſtily. The Broker told him he valued not his big words, that every honeſt Man ought to reſtore what did not belong to him, and fell foul upon *Iſidore* with unmannerly Language, who was not wanting on her ſide to give him as good as he brought. He ſtruck her, ſhe return'd the Blow, and the Floor was in a minute cover'd with the counterfeit Teeth and Hair of *Iſidore*; and with the Cloak, Hat and Gloves of *Don Marcos*, who interpos'd to defend the virtuous Rib of his Side. While the Combitants were gathering up their things that were fallen; while the Broker remov'd the Moveables, and paid himſelf as honeſt Brokers uſe to do; and while all of them together made a Noiſe as if Hell were broke looſe, the Landlord of the Houſe, who lodg'd in an Apartment above, came down into *Iſidore*'s Room, and acquainted her, that if they deſign'd to make ſuch a Noiſe as that every Day, they muſt e'en go ſeek out another Lodging. 'Tis you, you impertinent Puppy, that muſt ſeek out another Lodging, replies *Don Marcos*, whoſe Anger had made him look as pale as a Ghoſt. Upon this the Landlord anſwer'd him with a Box on the Ear, and our angry *Don* was looking

ing for his Sword or Ponyard, but *Marcella* had carry'd them of; *Iſidore* and *Auguſtinet* interpoſed in the Scuffle, and with much ado appeaſed the Maſter of the Houſe, but not *Don Marcos*, who beat his Head againſt the Walls, calling *Iſidore* an hundred times Cheat, Strumpet, and Thief. *Iſidore* with Tears in her Eyes anſwer'd, that a poor Woman ought not to be blam'd for ſetting her Brains to work to get a Man of ſuch Merit as *Don Marcos* was, and therefore he had more reaſon to admire her for her Wit, than to beat her as he did; adding, that even in point of Honour, a Man ought never to lay Hands on his Wife. *Don Marcos* ſwearing moſt heroically, proteſted his Money was his Honour, and that he was reſolv'd to be unmarry'd, whatever it coſt him. To this the meek *Iſidore* replied with a world of Humility, that ſhe would ſtill be his loving Wife, that their Marriage had been celebrated in the uſual Forms, and 'twas impoſſible to diſſolve it, for which reaſon ſhe adviſed him to ſit ſtill and be patient. When this point was pretty well over, the next Queſtion was, where they ſhould take another Lodging, ſince this was too hot for 'em. *Don Marcos* and *Auguſtinet* walked out to find one, and in this interval *Iſidore* enjoy'd a little breathing time, and with the truſty *Inez*, comforted her ſelf for the ill Humour of her Huſband, ſo long as ſhe ſaw his Trunks full of Money ſtill in the Chamber. *Don Marcos* took a convenient Lodging in his Maſter's Neighbourhood, and ſent *Auguſtinet* home to ſup with his Aunt, not being able, as he ſaid, to bring himſelf as yet to eat with ſuch an impudent Cheat. Towards the Evening he came home as ſurly as a baited Bear, and as fierce as a Tyger. *Iſidore* endeavour'd with all her Arts to ſoften

ten him into a better Temper, and next Morning had the Boldneſs to deſire him to go to his new Lodging and ſtay there to receive the Moveables, that *Aguſtinet* and *Inez* were going to carry to a Cart, which they had newly hired. *Don Marcos* accordingly went, and while he expected their coming, the ungrateful *Iſidore*, the knaviſh *Auguſtinet*, and the jilting *Inez*, with all expedition convey'd the whole Subſtance of this unfortunate Man into a Cart, drawn by four luſty able Mules, went into it themſelves, quitted *Madrid*, and took the Road to *Barcelona*. *Don Marcos* who had exhauſted all his Patience, in waiting for their coming, went back to his former Lodging, found the Doors ſhut, and was inform'd by the Neighbours, that they had remov'd from thence with their Goods ſeveral hours before. Upon this he return'd to the place from whence he came, but did not find what he expected. Immediately he went back to the old place, ſuſpecting the Misfortune that had happen'd to him: He breaks open the Chamber-door, where he could ſee nothing but a few wretched Wooden Plates, an old ruſty pair of Tongues, a batter'd pair of Bellows, the broken Leg of a crippled Andiron, and ſuch like precious Ware, which they had left behind them, as not thinking it worth their while to encumber the Cart with them. Now he was convinc'd into what treacherous Hands he was fallen: He tears off his Beard and Hair, buffets his Eyes, bites his Fingers till the Blood came; nay, was ſorely tempted to kill himſelf, but his Hour was not yet come. The moſt unfortunate Men ſomtimes flatter themſelves with vain Hopes. Thus he went to find out the Fugitives in all the Inns of *Madrid*, but could hear no Tale nor Tydings of them. *Iſidore* was not ſuch a Fool

Fool as to employ a Cart by by which ſhe might be betray'd, but had hired one in an Inn near *Madrid*, and to ſecure herſelf from being purſu'd, had articled before-hand with the Owner, that he ſhould ſtay no longer in the City than was ſufficient to take up her, her Company, and her Goods. More tir'd and weary than a Dog that has cours'd a Hare and miſt her, our poor Gentleman was returning home, after having fruitleſly enquir'd at all the Inns in the City and Suburbs, when by meer accident he popt full butt upon *Marcella*. He caught hold of her by the Throat, and cry'd out, *And have I met thee, thou traiterous Baggage, I will keep thee faſt till thou haſt reſtored every Farthing thou haſt ſtollen from me.* Oh! good Heavens, ſays this ſubtle Diſſembler, without changing Countenance for the matter, how did I always miſtruſt that this would one day fall upon me. Hear me, dear Maſter, for the Love of the Bleſſed Virgin, hear me, before you ruin my Reputation. I am a Woman of Virtue and Honeſty, I thank my good God for it; and ſhould you diſgrace me never ſo little before my Neighbours here, 'twou'd be my utter undoing, for I am upon the point of Marriage. Let us ſtep a little to yonder Corner, and if your Lordſhip will but give me the Hearing, I will tell you what are become of your Chain and Cloaths. I knew well enough the Blame wou'd be laid upon me for what has happen'd, and told my Miſtreſs as much before-hand, when ſhe forc'd me to do what I did, but ſhe was Miſtreſs, and I a poor Servant. Well, how wretched is the Condition of thoſe that ſerve, and what Pains do they take to get a ſorry Livelihood? *Don Marcos* had little Malice in his Nature; the Tears and Eloquence of this diſſembling Cockatrice inclin'd

clin'd him to liſten to her, and even to believe whatever ſhe told him. He walked with her therefore under a Porch belonging to a great Houſe, where ſhe inform'd him, that *Iſidore* was an old batter'd Strumpet, who in her time had ruin'd ſeveral Perſons that were ſmitten with her, but had ſaved nothing out of all her Gettings, by reaſon of her profuſe and riotous Living. She likewiſe told him what ſhe had learn'd from *Inez*, that *Auguſtinet* was not Nephew to *Iſidore*, but a ſort of a Bravo, the Baſtard of another Whore, and that ſhe caus'd him to paſs for her Nephew, only to give her ſome Authority among Women of her own Profeſſion, and to revenge her Quarrels. She acquainted him, it was he to whom ſhe had given the Gold Chain and the Cloaths that were ſtollen, and that it was by his Order ſhe went away in the Night, without taking leave, that thereby ſhe might alone be ſuſpected of ſo wicked an Action. *Marcella* told all theſe fine Stories to *Don Marcos*, not at all regarding what might be the Conſequence, either to get clear of his Hands, or perhaps to keep up a good old Cuſtom long ago obſerv'd by Servants, which is to lie boldly, and tell their Maſters all they don't know, as well as all they do. She concluded her Diſcourſe with an Exhortation to him to be patient, giving him hopes that his things might be reſtor'd to him, when he leaſt expected it. *And perhaps never*, replies *Don Marcos* very diſcreetly; *there is little likelihood that a Traitreſs, who has robb'd me of my Goods, and is gone off with them, will ever return to reſtore them to me.* He afterwards told *Marcella* all that had befallen him with *Iſidore*, ever ſince ſhe had been gone. Is it poſſible ſhe ſhould have ſo little Conſcience with her? ſays that wheedling Devil

*Marcella.*

*Marcella.* Ah! dear Maſter, 'twas not without good reaſon I pity'd your hard Uſage, but I durſt not ſay any thing to you of it: For that very Evening you were robb'd, taking the Boldneſs to tell my Miſtreſs, that ſhe ought not to touch your Gold Chain, ſhe beat me black and blue, God knows, and called me all the Whores in the World. *But thus the caſe happen'd,* ſays *Don Marcos,* fetching a deep Sigh, *and the worſt of it is, I ſee no Remedy to help me.* Hold a little, crys *Marcella* interrupting him, I know a cunning Man, a Friend of mine, who will ſhortly be my Huſband, I truſt in Heaven, and he will tell you where you may find theſe People, as plainly as if he ſaw them. He's an admirable Man, that's certain, and can make the Devil fetch and carry for him like a Spaniel. The credulous *Don Marcos* conjur'd her to let him ſee this Son of Art. *Marcella* promis'd him to do it, and told him ſhe wou'd certainly meet him next Day in that very place. *Don Marcos* came accordingly, nor was *Marcella* forgetful of her Appointment, telling our unfortunate Spark, that the Magician ſhe had ſpoke to him about, had already begun his Operations to help him to his ſtollen Goods, but that he wanted a certain quantity of Amber, Muſk, and other Perfumes, to make a Fumigation for the Dæmons whom he intended to invoke, who where all of the firſt Order, and of the beſt Families in Hell. *Don Marcos,* without deliberating farther on the matter, carries *Marcella* to a Perfumer's Shop, buys as much of thoſe Scents as ſhe told him wou'd be neceſſary, nay, and preſented her beſides with ſome Eſſences and Oils ſhe begg'd of him; ſo much did he fancy himſelf oblig'd to her for helping him to a Magician. The wicked *Marcella* carry'd him to a Houſe of a very

very ſcurvy Aſpect, where in a low Room, or rather a naſty Dog-hole, he was receiv'd by a Man in a Caſſock, whoſe Beard reach'd down to his Girdle, and who accoſted him with a World of Gravity. This villainous Impoſtor, on whom *Don Marcos* look'd with a great deal of Reſpect and Fear, two Qualities that generally go together, lighted two Black-Wax Tapers, and gave them to the affrighted *Don Marcos* to hold one in each Hand. He order'd him to ſit down upon a little low Stool, and exhorted him, but his Exhortations came too late, not to be afraid. After this, he ask'd him ſeveral Queſtions concerning his Age, his way of Living, and about the Goods that were ſtollen from him; and having look'd a while in a Mirror, and read half a Score Lines in a Book, he told *Don Marcos*, who was ready to expire with Fear, that he very well knew where his Things were, and deſcribed them one after another ſo exactly to him, that *Don Marcos* let the Candles drop to go hug and embrace him. The ſerious Magician blam'd him extremely for his Impatience, and told him the Operations of his infallible Art demanded a great deal of Circumſpection and Care; giving him to underſtand, that for Actions leſs hardy and indiſcreet, the Dæmons had ſorely buffeted, nay, ſometimes ſtrangled People. At theſe Words *Don Marcos* look'd as pale as a Criminal after Sentence, and taking the Candles again in his Hands, ſet down on his ſtool as before. The Conjurer then call'd for his Perfumes that *Don Marcos* had bought, and which the perfidious *Marcella* immediately gave to him. Hitherto ſhe had been a Spectatreſs of the Ceremony, but now he commanded her to quit the Room, becauſe, ſays he, the Devils don't like the Company of Women. *Marcella* at her going out made a profound Reverence,

Reverence, and the Magician drawing near a little Pan of Coals, made as if he threw *Don Marcos*'s Perfumes upon the lighted Charcoal, but indeed caſt a noiſome Compoſition into it, which rais'd ſo thick and diſmal a Smoak, that the Magician, who imprudently lean'd over the Pan, had like to have been ſuffocated by it. He cough'd ſeveral times to expectorate the Steams he had ſuck'd in, and that with ſo much Violence, that his long venerable Beard, which was not of the growth of his Chin, and had been ill-faſtned on, fell down, and diſcovered him to be the pernicious *Gamara*. *Don Marcos* caught hold of him by the Throat, and griped and ſqueez'd him like any *Hercules*, crying out at the ſame time Thief, Thief, in a ſhrill, terrible Voice. As it happened, a Magiſtrate was going down the Street at that time, who enter'd the Houſe, from whence ſuch diſmal Cries proceeded that alarm'd all the Neighbourhood; for you muſt know, *Gamara*, whom *Don Marcos* held all this while by the Throat, roar'd out as loud as he could for the Heart of him. The firſt Perſon the Officers ſeiz'd, was *Marcella*, and after breaking open the Door of this Magical Apartment, found *Don Marcos* and *Gamara* very lovingly hugging and tugging one another about the Room. The Provoſt knew *Gamara* at firſt ſight, whom he had been hunting after a good while, and had ordered to be apprehended for a Pick-Pocket, a Cock-Baud, and above all, a notorious Thief. He hurried him away to Priſon, together with *Don Marcos* and *Marcella*, took an Inventory of all the Goods in the Houſe, and ſaw them carefully locked up. *Don Marcos* was enlarg'd, upon his Maſter's Security, that he ſhould appear next Day. Accordingly he came as Evidence againſt *Gamara* and *Marcella*, who were plainly

convicted of having robbed him of his Goods, that were found ſafe and untoucht, among ſeveral other things that had been ſet down in the Inventory. Some of theſe *Gamara* had ſtole, and the reſt were pawn'd to him, for he was a *Jew* by Religion, and conſequently an Uſurer by Profeſſion. When he was apprehended, he was juſt upon marrying *Marcella*, who was to have brought him by way of Portion, beſides the Things ſhe had ſtollen from *Don Marcos*, a Dexterity in ſtealing little inferiour to his, a pliant Wit, capable of learning any thing that could be ſhewn her; nay, even of ſurpaſſing it: And laſtly, a wholſome, juicy young Carcaſs, conſidering it had been ſo often bought and ſold, and had endured ſo many heavy Shocks and Fatigues in the Manſions of Fornication. The Caſe appear'd ſo plain on *Don Marcos*'s ſide, who was ſupported by the Credit of his Maſter, that he had his Goods immediately reſtor'd him. *Gamara* was ſent to the Gallies for the remainder part of his Life; *Marcella* was ſoundly whipt, and baniſht; and moreover, all People thought that both the *Jew* and his Wife elect had been too favourably dealt by. As for *Don Marcos*, he was not ſo well pleaſed with having his Things again, and being reveng'd on *Gamara* and *Marcella*, as vex'd that this great Impoſtor did not prove a Magician. The loſs of his Ten thouſand Crowns had almoſt turn'd his Brain. He went every Day to enquire at all the Inns in *Madrid* after thoſe Darlings of his, and at laſt met with two Muleteers lately return'd from *Barcelona*, who told him, that about four or five Days Journey from *Madrid* they had met a Cart upon the Road laden with Goods, with two Women and a Man riding behind, and that they had been forc'd to make an halt at an Inn, by reaſon that two of the

Fellow's

Fellow's Mules had been killed with being over-labour'd. They deſcribed this Man and the two Women ſo well to him, and the Marks they gave them ſo fitted *Iſidore*, *Inez*, and *Auguſtinet*, that without farther deliberation he diſguiſed himſelf in the Habit of a Pilgrim; and having obtained from his Maſter Letters of Recommendation to the Viceroy of *Catalonia*, and from the Bench of Juſtice a Decree for his fugitive Wife, he took the Road towards *Barcelona*, ſometimes beating it upon the Hoof, ſometimes on Horſeback, and arrived there in few Days. He went towards the Harbour to take a Lodging there, where the firſt thing that greeted his ſight were his own Coffers, that were carrying to a Boat, with *Auguſtinet*, *Iſidore*, and *Inez* attending them, which was to convey them to the Veſſel that waited for them in the Road, wherein they deſigned to imbark for *Naples*. *Don Marcos* followed his Enemies, and threw himſelf like a Lion into the Long-boat. They did not know him, by reaſon of his huge flapping Pilgrim's Hat, that eclipſed his little Countenance, but took him to be ſome Pilgrim going to *Loretto*, as did the Seamen to be one of *Auguſtinet*'s Company. *Don Marcos* was in the ſtrangeſt Perplexity of Mind imaginable, not ſo much to think what would become of him, as of his dear, dear Trunks. All this while the Long-boat made the beſt of her way to the Merchant-Man, and ſail'd ſo ſwift, that *Don Marcos* being puzzled with what his Brains were hammering, found himſelf directly under the Veſſel, when he thought himſelf at a great diſtance from it. The Sailors now began to heave up the Trunks, which awaken'd *Don Marcos* out of his Contemplations, who always kept his Eye upon the deareſt of his Trunks, wherein his Money was lodged.

A Seaman at laſt came to take up this very individual Trunk, and began to faſten it with a thick Cord that was let down from the Veſſel in a Pulley. Now it was that *Don Marcos* forgot himſelf, for he ſaw his Trunk ty'd up juſt by him, and did not ſtir; but at laſt ſeeing it mount in the Air, he cought hold of it with both Hands by one of the Iron Rings that ſerved to lift it from the Ground, being reſolved not to part with it. And perhaps he had accompliſh'd his Ends, for what will not a covetous Wretch do to preſerve his Pelf? had not by ill Fortune this Trunk parted from the reſt, and falling plumb upon the Head of this unlucky Gentleman, who, for all that, wou'd not quit his hold, beat him down to the Bottom of the Sea, or if you pleaſe to the Regions of *Erebus*. *Iſidore*, *Inez*, and *Auguſtinet* knew him juſt at the very Minute he ſunk with the dear Trunk, the loſs of which troubled them infinitely more than any Apprehenſions they had from the revengeful *Don Marcos*. *Auguſtinet* enraged at the loſs of his Money, and not being able to maſter his Paſſion, ſtruck the Seaman, who had tied the Trunks ſo careleſly, with all his Force. The Tar, in requital, gave him a heartier Blow, which threw him head-long into the Sea. As he fell Over-board, he took the unfortunate *Iſidore* with him, who held by nothing, and ſo accompany'd her beloved *Auguſtinet*, who againſt his Inclination accompany'd *Don Marcos*. *Inez* imbark'd in the Veſſel with the reſt of the Goods, which ſhe ſpent in a ſhort time after at *Naples*, and when ſhe had for a long while exercis'd the laudable Profeſſion of a Whore there, went off like one, that is to ſay, dy'd in an Hoſpital.

NOV. II.

## NOVEL II.

### THE

# *Useless Precaution.*

A Gentleman of *Granada*, whose true Name I don't think fit to discover, but will call him *Don Pedro de Castile, Arragon, Toledo*, or what you please, courteous Reader, since, after all, one Name costs a Man no more than another; for which reason perhaps the *Spaniards*, not content with their own Names, bestow upon themselves the most magnificent ones they can think of, and sometimes tack two or three together, that are as long as a *Welsh* Pedigree. But to quit this Digression, the above-mention'd Don *Pedro* at the age of Twenty found himself without either Father or Mother, and moreover exceeding rich; which Circumstances, when they meet in the same Person, very often help to spoil him, if he be born with no great stock of Brains; but if otherwise, put him in a Capacity of making what Figure he pleases. During the Year of Mourning, he discreetly abstain'd from most of those Diversions to which young Gentlemen of his Age are addicted, and wholly imploy'd his Time in taking an exact Survey of his Estate,

and ſettling his Affairs. He was well made as to his Perſon, had abundance of Wit, and behav'd himſelf (young as he was) with the Prudence and Circumſpection of an old Man: There was not a Fortune in all *Granada* which he might not juſtly pretend to, nor a Father that thought ſo well of his Daughter, but would be glad with all his Heart to accept him for a Son-in-Law. Among ſeveral handſom Ladies, who at that time diſputed the Empire of Hearts in that City, there was one that had Charms enough to conquer that of Don *Pedro*; her Name was *Seraphina*, beautiful as an Angel, young, rich, and of a good Family; and altho' her Fortune was not altogether ſo great as that of Don *Pedro*, yet every thing conſider'd, there was no ſuch mighty difference between them. He did not queſtion but that at the firſt Propoſal of Marriage he made to her Parents, he ſhould find them ready to comply with him; however, he rather choſe to owe his Succeſs to his Merit, and reſolv'd to court her in the gallanteſt way, that he might make himſelf Maſter of her Affections, before he was ſo of her Perſon. His Deſign was generous and noble, if Fortune, that often delights to break the Meaſures of the wiſeſt Politicians, had not rais'd him a Rival, who had already taken poſſeſſion of the Town he deſign'd to inveſt, before he had ſo much as made his Approaches. 'Tis to no purpoſe to tell you his Name, but he was very near *Don Pedro*'s Age, and perhaps was as handſom; but all Hiſtorians agree, he was much more belov'd. Don *Pedro* was ſoon ſenſible he had a Competitor to remove; but this did not much alarm him, knowing few were able to diſpute Eſtates with him. He gave Conſorts of Muſick in his Miſtreſs's Street, while his happy Rival had the pleaſure to hear them in her Cham-

Chamber, and perhaps was revelling in her Arms, while our poor Lover was cooling his Heels, and making melancholy Reflections below. At laſt Don *Pedro* was weary of throwing away ſo much Powder in the Mines, that is to ſay, of making all this Buſtle and Courtſhip, without advancing his Affairs; however, his Love did not ſlacken upon his ill Succeſs, but made him ſo impatient, that he thought fit to lay aſide his firſt Deſign of *winning* his Miſtreſs's Heart before he demanded her of her Friends. In ſhort, he ask'd their Conſent, which they granted him upon the Spot, without deliberating farther on the Matter, being extremely pleas'd to be ask'd that which they ſo earneſtly deſir'd, and indeed cou'd hardly hope for. They acquainted *Seraphina* with the good Fortune was offer'd her, and prepar'd her to give Don *Pedro* a kind Reception, in order to marry him in a ſhort time. She was troubled at this News, that ought to have given her all the Satisfaction in the World; and not being able to conceal her Surprize from them, diſſembled the Occaſion of it, pretending it griev'd her to part from Perſons ſo dear to her as they were. She manag'd this Point ſo dexterouſly, that they wept out of meer Tenderneſs, and much commended the Sweetneſs of her Temper. She conjur'd them to put off her Marriage for four or five Months, repreſenting to them, that ſhe had been a long time indiſpos'd, as her Looks ſufficiently diſcover'd, and that by her Good-will ſhe would not marry till ſhe was perfectly rid of her Illneſs, that ſo ſhe might come more agreeable to her Husband's Bed, and not give him any Occaſion to be diſguſted at the beginning of their Marriage, and conſequently to repent of his Choice. 'Tis true indeed, ſhe had look'd ſomewhat ſickly of

late, which made her Friends well enough ſatisfied with her Requeſt, and they took care to acquaint Don *Pedro* with it; who, for his part, was ſo far from taking it ill, that he liked her the better for giving ſo good a Proof of her Diſcretion. In the mean time the Articles of Marriage were propos'd, examin'd, and agreed on. However, Don *Pedro* did not think himſelf excus'd from any of his uſual Gallantries, which every Man is oblig'd to obſerve that courts his Miſtreſs in the common Forms. He entertain'd her often with Letters, and did not miſs a Day to write to her. She return'd him ſuch Anſwers as were at leaſt very civil, if not altogether ſo paſſionate as his own; but ſhe wou'd receive none of his Viſits in the Day-time, excuſing herſelf upon her Indiſpoſition, and at Night appear'd very rarely at the Window, which made Don *Pedro* exceedingly to admire her reſerv'd Temper. He thought too well of his own Merit, to doubt the Succeſs of his Courtſhip, and queſtion'd not to be belov'd by his Miſtreſs, when ſhe came to know him better, altho' ſhe ſhould have even an Averſion for him, now he was a Stranger to her. Hitherto his Affairs went well enough, but at laſt it ſo happen'd that he could not get a Sight of his Miſtreſs for four or five Days following. He was extreamly afflicted at it, or at leaſt pretended to be ſo. He compos'd ſeveral Verſes upon the Occaſion; I mean, either hired or bought them, and had them *ſung* under her Window. But tho' he omitted *nothing* that the moſt zealous Lovers could practiſe, yet all the Favour he cou'd obtain, was only to ſpeak with her Maid, who inform'd him her Lady was more indiſpos'd than ever. Upon this his Poetick Faculty was ſtrangely perplex'd, or at leaſt the Gentleman Poet whom he im-

imploy'd; for, upon the ſtricteſt Search, I find Verſifying was never his Talent. He caus'd an Air to be made upon *Aminta*'s being ſick, or *Phillis*, or *Chloris*, no matter whether; and beſides his offenſive and defenſive Arms, taking a Guittar with him, which we muſt ſuppoſe to be the beſt in the whole City, he walk'd furiouſly in this Equipage towards his Miſtreſs's Quarters, either to make her weep out of pure Compaſſion, or elſe to ſet all the Dogs in the Neighbourhood a barking, in order to compleat the Conſort. Now any one, I believe, would ſay, that 'twas a hundred to one but our Gentleman muſt do one of the two, or perhaps both; but, alas! he did neither: Within fifty Paces of the thrice-happy Manſion of his Divinity, he ſaw the Door open, and a Woman go out, who had much of the Air and Shape of his inviſible Angel. He cou'd not imagine why a Woman alone, and ſo late at Night, ſhould ſo reſolutely turn up into a large ſpacious Houſe, lately deſtroy'd by Fire. To inform himſelf better, he walk'd round the Ruins, which one might enter at ſeveral places, that he might get nearer the Perſon whom he dogged. He believ'd this might be his Miſtreſs, who had made an Aſſignation with his Rival to meet her in this ſtrange Place, not daring to do it at Home, and not thinking fit to communicate this Buſineſs to a third Perſon, which it ſo much concern'd her to keep ſecret: He therefore reſolv'd within himſelf, that in caſe what now he only ſuſpected happen'd to prove true, he would kill his Rival upon the Spot, and revenge himſelf upon *Seraphina*, by giving her the moſt opprobrious *Language* he could think of. Being thus reſolv'd, he crept along as ſoftly as he could, till he came to a Place whence he cou'd plainly ſee her;

for it was ſhe, ſitting upon the Ground, groaning ſo piteouſly as if ſhe was going to give up the Ghoſt, and, in ſhort, after moſt ſevere Pangs, deliver'd of a ſmall ſquawling Creature, which we may ſuppoſe did not give her altogether ſo much Pain in the begetting. She was no ſooner ſafely deliver'd, but her Courage giving her Strength enough, ſhe return'd the ſame way ſhe came, without troubling her Head what would become of the poor Brat that ſhe had brought into the World. I will leave you to judge how great *Don Pedro*'s Surprize was: He now found out the true Reaſon of his Miſtreſs's Indiſpoſition; his Head almoſt turn'd round, to think what a Precipice he had eſcap'd, and he thank'd Heaven moſt devoutly for preſerving him from the Danger; but being Generous in his Temper, he ſcorn'd to revenge himſelf upon the faithleſs *Seraphina*, by expoſing the Honour of her Family; neither in his juſt Reſentment would he ſuffer the innocent Babe to periſh, which he ſaw lying at his Feet, expos'd to the firſt Dog that had the luck to find it. He wrapped it up in his Cloak, for want of ſomething elſe, and making all the haſte he cou'd, call'd upon a diſcreet Woman of his Acquaintance, to whom he recommended the Care of the Child, putting it at the ſame time into her Hands, and giving her Money to buy it all ſorts of Neceſſaries. This diſcreet Woman finding herſelf nobly paid, acquitted her Charge very well: Next Day the Infant had a Nurſe, was baptiz'd, and named *Laura*, for you muſt know it was a Female.

In the mean time *Don Pedro* went to a Relation of his, in whom he mightily confided, and told her he had chang'd his Deſign of *Marrying* to that of *Travelling*. He deſir'd her to manage his Eſtate for him

him in his Abſence, and to receive into her Houſe an Infant, which he ſaid belong'd to him, to ſpare nothing in her Education, and for certain Reaſons, which he would acquaint her with at ſome other time, to ſend her to a Convent as ſoon as ſhe was Three Years old; and, above all, to take particular Care that ſhe ſhould know as little as might be of the Affairs of the World. He furniſh'd her with neceſſary Inſtruments to look after his Eſtate, provided himſelf with Money and Jewels, took a faithful and truſty Servant; but before his Departure from *Granada*, writ a Letter to *Seraphina*. She receiv'd it juſt at the time as ſhe had acquainted her Friends that her Illneſs ſhould retard her Marriage no longer: But *Don Pedro*'s Letter, which gave her to underſtand he knew what had ſo lately befallen her, put other Thoughts into her Head. She devoted herſelf to a Religious Life, and ſoon after retir'd to a Convent, with full Reſolution never to ſtir thence, and cou'd not be induc'd to alter her Mind by all the Entreaties and Tears of her Parents, who us'd all the Arguments they cou'd think of to diſſuade her from this Reſolution; which appear'd ſo much the ſtranger to them, as they could not divine the Occaſion of it. Let us leave them to weep for their Daughter's turning Nun, who on her part wept heartily for her Sins. Let us likewiſe leave her little Daughter *Laura* to grow in Bulk and Beauty, and return to meet *Don Pedro* on the Road to *Sevil*, who could not drive this laſt Adventure out of his Head, and was now as much diſguſted at Marriage, as once he was deſirous to taſte the Pleaſures of it. He is afraid of all Women; and not conſidering there are both Good and Bad of that, as well as of his own Sex, he concluded within himſelf, that a

wiſe

wiſe Man ought to be diffident of all Women, and particularly of the Witty more than the Fooliſh; being, it ſeems, of the Opinion of thoſe worthy Gentlemen, who think a Woman knows more than comes to her ſhare, if ſhe knows a jot more than ſtewing Prunes, preſerving Fruits, dreſſing her Huſband's Dinner, or mending his Stockins. Tainted with theſe heretical Doctrines, he arriv'd at *Sevil*, and went directly to the Houſe of *Don Juan* the Lord knows what, a Man of Wealth and Quality, who was his Relation and Friend, and wou'd not ſuffer him to lodge any where elſe, but with him. The Magnificence of *Sevil* gave him a Deſire to make a longer ſtay there than he at firſt deſign'd; and his Couſin *Don Juan*, to make his ſtay the more agreeable to him, ſhew'd him all the moſt remarkable Curioſities of that Place. One Day, as they were riding on Horſeback thro' one of the principal Streets of the City, they ſaw in a Coach, that was then driving towards a ſtately Houſe, a young Lady in a Widow's Habit, ſo beautiful and charming, that *Don Pedro* was exceedingly ſurpriz'd, and ſet his Couſin a laughing by the many vehement Exclamations and Oaths he made, that he had never ſeen any thing ſo lovely in his Life. This Angel of a Widow reſtor'd the whole Female Sex to his good Opinion, whom the unhappy *Seraphina* had render'd odious to him. He deſir'd *Don Juan* to go back thro' the ſame Street, and frankly own'd, that he wanted little of being wounded to the Heart by her. Your Buſineſs is done, (replies the other) and I am very much miſtaken if the little God has not ſhot his Arrow ſo deep, that there is no plucking it out, but Heart and all muſt come together. Alas! (ſays the amorous *Don Pedro*) I will conceal nothing

from

from you: How happy ſhould I reckon my ſelf, if I cou'd paſs my Days with ſo charming a Lady! You muſt go this Way then, (reply'd *Don Juan*) and travelling ſo faſt as you do, you may in a few Minutes arrive at the place where you expect to find ſo much Happineſs. Not but that ſuch an Enterprize (continued he) will give you Difficulty enough. *Elvira* is a Woman of Quality, and very rich; her Beauty is ſuch as you have beheld it, neither is her Virtue any ways inferiour. During the two Years of her Widowhood, the beſt Matches in *Andaluſia* have not given her the leaſt Inclination to change her Condition; but a Man ſo well made as your ſelf may perhaps ſucceed where others have fail'd. She is related to my Wife, and ſometimes I make her a Viſit. If you pleaſe, I will propoſe your Deſign to her, and I have good Hopes to ſucceed in my Negotiation, ſince I now ſee her in her Balcony, which is no ſmall Favour, let me tell you, in ſo nice and reſerv'd a Lady. She might have ſhut her Lattices and Windows, and ſo have balk'd our Expectation. Theſe Words were no ſooner out of his Mouth, but our two Cavaliers made each a Reverence after the *Spaniſh* Mode, which gave them no little Trouble before they could recover themſelves; eſpecially *Don Pedro* made his ſo profoundly low, and with that Contortion of his Body, that he had like to have tumbled off his Horſe. The Lady in the Balcony return'd them a handſom Court'ſy; upon which *Don Pedro* and his Companion bow'd again.

*And when the bright Charmer did leave the Balcony,*
*One ſpurr'd on his Horſe, t'other gap'd like a Tony.*

Alas my dear Couſin, (ſays *Don Pedro* to *Don Juan*) what probability is there that a Stranger can be able to gain that Heart, which has defended itſelf againſt all the Men of Quality and Merit in *Sevil?* However, (continues he) ſince my Deſpair would otherwiſe have given me my Death's Wound, I had as good receive it from her Refuſal and Contempt; therefore let me conjure you to ſpeak to her as ſoon as you can, and don't ſo much enlarge upon my Eſtate and Quality, as upon the Violence of my Paſſion. *Don Pedro* cou'd not talk of any thing but his Love, and *Don Juan* was ſenſible he could not oblige him more effectually, than by taking the firſt Opportunity to make this Overture to *Elvira*. He accordingly did ſo, and not without Succeſs: The charming Widow receiv'd the Propoſal he made for his Friend ſo well, that ſhe confeſs'd ſhe did not diſlike him. But withal ſhe acquainted him, That having oblig'd herſelf by Vow to ſtay Three full Years from the Death of her firſt Huſband, before ſhe took a ſecond, nothing in the World ſhould prevail with her to break it. She added, That becauſe ſhe had reſolv'd to pay this Reſpect to the Memory of her late Spouſe, ſhe had hitherto refus'd all the Offers that had been made her; but that if *Don Pedro* had Courage and Conſtancy enough to ſerve her a whole Year, in which time they might know one another's Temper much better, ſhe gave him her Word to chuſe no other Huſband. *Don Juan* came to give *Don Pedro* an Account of his Negotiation, and made him the moſt ſatisfied, as well as moſt paſſionate, of all Men breathing. He was not in the leaſt deterr'd by the long time he was to ſtay, and reſolv'd to imploy it in all the refined Gallantry of a nice Lover. He bought him a

fine

fine Coach and Horſes, made his Houſe and Liveries as ſumptuous as might be, ſet all the Embroiderers and Taylors of *Sevil* at work, and the Muſicians into the bargain. He offer'd to regale *Elvira*, but ſhe would not ſuffer it. Her Servants were nothing near ſo difficult, for they accepted his Preſents as heartily as he gave them. In a ſhort time he was more Maſter of *Elvira*'s Domeſticks than ſhe her ſelf, whom her Damſels perſuaded to appear in the Balcony, even when ſhe had no mind to it, and that as often as *Don Pedro* exerted his Lungs in the Street, for I have been told he ſung to admiration. *Don Pedro* had now ſpent ſix tedious Months in courting *Elvira*, without being able to obtain a private Converſation with her all the while, which daily encreas'd his Eſteem and Love for her: At laſt, by dint of Prayers and Preſents, a Damſel bolder than the reſt, or rather more covetous, promis'd to introduce him one Night into her Miſtreſs's Apartment, and place him in a Corner, where he might ſee her undreſs before ſhe went to Bed, take two or three turns in her Shift to cool herſelf, and ſing and play upon her Lute, which ſhe did to a Miracle.

*Don Pedro* gave this truſty Maid a better Reward than he promis'd her; and when Night came, our *Granada*-Adventurer, following the *Abigail*'s Inſtruction, ſlipt into *Elvira*'s Houſe, ſtole up to her Apartment, and there from a Gallery, which was over againſt the Chamber-door, ſaw her lying upon a Couch reading a Book of Devotion, whether with much Attention, is more than I am able to tell you, all the while her Maids undreſs'd her. She had only a light Gown on, and was ready to go to Bed, when *Don Pedro*'s Penſionary Damſel, who deſign'd to give him as much reaſon to be ſatisfied with her, as

ſhe

ſhe was with him, entreated her Miſtreſs to ſing. Her Companions join'd in the ſame Petition; but *Elvira* deny'd them a good while, telling them ſhe was very melancholy, nay, and aſſuring them ſhe had Occaſion to be ſo. But the Damſel, whom *Don Pedro*'s Preſents had gain'd, putting a Lute into her Miſtreſs's Hand, *Elvira* was ſo complaiſant as to ſing, which ſhe did in ſo charming and graceful a manner, that *Don Pedro* was within an Ace of throwing himſelf at her Heavenly Feet, and acting there the raviſh'd Lover. The Song was ſoon over, and then ſhe went to Bed. The Maids retir'd to their own Apartments, and *Don Pedro*, who made the beſt of his way towards the Street, was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to find the great Gate lock'd. He had nothing now left to do but to ſtay there till Day, which would ſoon appear. He ſate upon the ſide of a Well, which was in a Corner of the Court, ſtrangely perplex'd leſt he ſhould be diſcover'd, and incur his Miſtreſs's Diſpleaſure for ſo bold an Attempt. He had not been here long, but he made a thouſand Attempts, and wiſh'd as often, to no purpoſe, that he was ſafe in the Street, when he heard a Door open in *Elvira*'s Apartment. He immediately turn'd his Head towards the place whence the Noiſe came, and was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to ſee the beautiful Widow come into the Court, whom he thought to be faſt aſleep. By the light of a Wax Taper ſhe carried in a little Silver Candleſtick, he ſaw her Night-Dreſs was nicely adjuſted, her Breaſts open and unguarded, a fine Necklace of Pearl about her Neck, and that over her Smock, which had more Lace than Linnen about it, ſhe wore nothing but a rich Simarre. She carry'd in her Hand a great Viol full of Jelly, Comfits, and Conſerves; and

and in this ſurprizing Equipage appear'd ſo charming, that *Don Pedro* had like to have preferr'd the Pleaſure of diſcovering himſelf to her, to all the ill Effects which ſo bold a Preſumption might have drawn upon him. But he was wiſe in his Love, and hid himſelf behind the Well, tho' he kept his Eyes upon his Miſtreſs all the while, flattering himſelf ſometimes that it was he ſhe came to look for. She walk'd directly towards the Stable; Don *Pedro* follow'd her at ſome diſtance, and ſaw her go into a little Room. At firſt he was of Opinion his pious and charitable Miſtreſs went to viſit one of her Domeſticks that was ſick there, tho' without doing any wrong to her Charity, ſhe might have left that Affair to any of her Women. He crept behind a Horſe that ſtood not far from the Chamber-door, and from thence obſerving his dear Widow, ſaw her put the Candleſtick and Glaſs Viol, and in ſhort all ſhe carry'd in her Ivory Hands, upon a little Table. In a ſorry Bed, which in a manner took up all the Room, he beheld a ſick Negro, who ſeem'd to be above Thirty Years old, but ſo deform'd and ghaſtly, that he was frighted at the Sight of him: His Face was as meagre as that of a Skeleton, and the poor Fellow had much difficulty to fetch his Breath. Don *Pedro* admir'd the unparallel'd Goodneſs of the beautiful *Elvira*, who took off all the Negro's Blankets, and having made his Bed, ſate down by the ſick Wretch, and put her Hand upon his Forehead, that was all over in a cold Sweat. The Negro caſt a diſmal Look upon the charitable Angel, that came to comfort him, who ſeem'd to pity him with her Eyes brim-full of Tears. Don *Pedro* could not tell what to think of ſo unexampled a ſtrain of Charity, and after he had firſt admir'd it, began to alter his Opi-

Opinion, and concluded it was carried too far; but as yet he had ſeen nothing. The charming Widow firſt broke ſilence, and weeping at ſuch a rate as if it were to be her laſt, ask'd the Black how he found himſelf? My dear *Antonio*, (ſays ſhe to him, in a Voice interrupted with frequent Sobs) art thou then reſolv'd to die? And wilt thou make me die too for Company? Thou doſt not ſpeak to me, my Life, my Jewel. Take Courage, if thou would'ſt have me live, and eat a little of this Jelly for my ſake: Thou wilt not ſo much as afford me one kind Look, cruel Creature; me, I ſay, that love thee, me that adore thee: Kiſs me, my dear Angel, kiſs me, and get well, if thou would'ſt not have me attend thee in thy Death, after I have ſo paſſionately lov'd thee during thy Life. As ſhe ſpoke theſe tender Words ſhe join'd her Angel-Face to the Diabolical Viſage of the Moor, which ſhe moiſten'd with her Tears: I fancy, any Man that had ſeen ſo odd a Sight, would have preſently thought he had ſeen an Angel careſs a Devil. As for Don *Pedro*, he now began to think the beautiful *Elvira* as ugly as her Negro; who at laſt caſting his Eyes upon his importunate Lover, whom he ſcarce vouchſafed to look upon before, and with his lean boney Hand turning away her Face from his, thus ſpoke to her in a low feeble Tone: What wou'd you have me to do, Madam? Will you not let me die in quiet? Is it not enough that you have brought me to the Condition I am in, but muſt you force me, now I am juſt dying, to throw away the little Snuff of Life that is left me, to ſatisfie your libidinous Appetite? Take a Huſband, and expect no more Drudgery from me: I will ſee you no more, nor eat any thing you have brought me, but am reſolv'd to die, ſince I am good for

for nothing elſe. When he had ſaid this, he ſunk down in his Bed, and the unfortunate *Elvira* could not draw the leaſt Word from him in anſwer to all the tender Things ſhe ſpoke; whether he was already dead, or refus'd to ſpeak to one whom he believ'd the Cauſe of his Death, I can't determine. *Elvira* wept like a Church Spout when it rains, and afflicted at the ſad Condition wherein ſhe left her beloved Negro, but much more at his Unkindneſs, took back with her every thing ſhe had brought, and walk'd towards her Chamber, tho' with ſo ſorrowful and ſad an Air, that it was her great Misfortune her future Cuckold did not ſee her in that pickle. In the mean time Don *Pedro* hid himſelf in the obſcureſt part of the Stable, ſo confounded, that he was not half a quarter ſo much when he was Witneſs of *Seraphina*'s happy Delivery. He ſaw this monſtrous Hypocrite go back the ſame way ſhe came, afflicting herſelf like any Widow at the Funeral of her dear Huſband; and ſome time after hearing the great Gate open, he got into the Street, not at all caring whether he was ſeen or not, ſince he thought it not worth his while to have any Regard for ſuch a Woman's Reputation as *Elvira*'s: However, he treated her like a Gentleman of Honour, and did not diſcover what he had ſeen to his Friend. The next Day he happen'd to paſs by *Elvira*'s Gate at the very inſtant the *Moor* was carried out to be buried: Her Women told him their Miſtreſs was ſick; and for four or five days following, as he paſs'd to and fro before her Windows, ſhe was not to be ſeen there according to her Cuſtom, ſo inconſolable had the Death of her lovely *African* made her. *Don Pedro* was mighty deſirous to know how ſhe fared. One day as he was diſcourſing with

with *Don Juan*, one of *Elvira*'s Slaves deliver'd him a Letter from his Miſtreſs. He open'd it with Impatience, and read what follows.

## The LETTER.

*TWO Perſons, who are minded to marry, don't need a third to put them in mind on't. You wou'd perſuade me you don't diſlike me; and I muſt own, you pleaſe me well enough to grant you this Moment what I did not promiſe you till the Year was ended. You may make your ſelf, as ſoon as you pleaſe, Maſter of my Perſon and Eſtate; and I requeſt you to believe, that altho' I cannot deliberately imbark in ſuch an Affair as this, yet your Merit and my Love will render it eaſie to me, and make me break through all Difficulties whatſoever.*

Elvira.

*Don Pedro* read over this Letter twice or thrice, and could hardly believe he was awake. He bethought himſelf, that this was the ſecond time he had run the Danger of being marry'd as ill as any Man in *Spain*, and thank'd Heav'n with all his heart, for having deliver'd him from two ſuch imminent Misfortunes, by diſcovering to him two Secrets of ſo great Importance. As the Negro's Death had put *Elvira* upon this ſudden Reſolution to be marry'd, *Don Pedro* as ſuddenly reſolv'd to get out of her ſight as ſoon as he cou'd. He told *Don Juan* that it nearly concern'd his Life and Honour to leave

*Sevil*

*Sevil* within an Hour, and that he wou'd only take one Servant with him, that he had brought from *Granada:* He deſir'd him to ſell his Coach and Horſes, and to pay his Servants with the Money, and conjur'd him not to aſk the reaſon of ſo ſudden an Alteration, and a Journey ſo hurry'd, promiſing to write to him the very firſt Town he ſtopt at. He writ to *Elvira*, while they went to hire two Mules for him; he gave his Letter to the Slave, and when the Mules came, took the Road to *Madrid*, being confirm'd more than ever in his firſt Opinion, and reſolving to ſtand upon his Guard againſt all witty Women, nay, even to deteſt them. While he jogg'd gently on, full of theſe virtuous Reſolutions, *Elvira* open'd his Letter, and read the following Lines.

## The LETTER.

*AS violently in love as I am with you, yet I always prefer the Care of preſerving your Honour to the Pleaſure of poſſeſſing you. Thus you cou'd not but obſerve with what Diſcretion I always managed my Gallantry, I am ſomewhat ſcrupulous in my own Nature, and therefore cannot in Conſcience ask you to marry me ſo ſoon, ſince you are a Widow of but a Day's ſtanding. You owe more than that comes to, Madam, to the Memory of the poor Negro defunct, and you cannot take leſs than a Year to lament the loſs of a Perſon who did you ſo conſiderable Services. In the mean while, you and I ſhall have Time enough to conſider what we have to do.*

Don Pedro.

*Elvi-*

*Elvira* had like to have run diſtracted when ſhe read this Letter, and it touch'd her more to the quick than even the loſs of her *Guinea* Lover had done: But conſidering that *Don Pedro* had left *Sevil*, and another Gallant, that had all the Qualifications to pleaſe her, had offer'd at the ſame time to marry her, ſhe took him to ſupply the Negro's room. Not but that ſhe could have found Negroes enough to have done her Buſineſs; but ſomebody had told her, there was a difference in Negroes, as well as other Folks, and, that every thing is not the Devil tho' it be black. In the mean time *Don Pedro* and his truſty Mule got to *Madrid*, where he went immediately to an Uncle's Houſe, who receiv'd him very courteouſly. This Uncle of his was a rich Cavalier, that had an only Son, that was betroth'd to a young Couſin that was an only Daughter likewiſe, and who being but Ten Years old, paſs'd her Time in a Convent till ſhe came to be of Age to marry him. His Name was *Don Rodriguez*, and who poſſeſs'd all the good Qualities that can make a Man amiable. *Don Pedro* enter'd into a ſtricter League of Friendſhip with him, than Men uſually do with Relations, tho' they love them never ſo well; for they are not always our Relations whom we love beſt. *Don Rodriguez* ſeem'd to be diſturb'd in his Mind, and *Don Pedro* perceiving it, related all his Adventures to him, that he might oblige him by this Confidence to communicate his to him, and if he had any Occaſion for his Service, to let him ſee, that he was much more his Friend than his Relation. After this, he told him, He had obſerv'd that ſomewhat ſate uneaſy upon him, and therefore beg'd him to let him know what it was; otherwiſe

he

he muſt believe his Friendſhip was not ſo hearty as his. *Don Rodriguez* deſir'd nothing more, hoping to receive ſome Relief in his Inquietude, when he had once communicated it: He therefore acquaints *Don Pedro*, That he was paſſionately in love with a Damſel of *Madrid*, who was promis'd to a Kinſman whom ſhe expected every hour from the *Indies*, but had never ſeen him, like as he was engag'd to a Couſin, and waited till ſhe was of Age, of whom he had but little Knowledge. This Conformity of Adventures (ſaid he to *Don Pedro*) has very much contributed to encreaſe the Affection we have for one another, altho' at the ſame time it keeps us both in our Duty, whenever our Paſſion adviſes us to prefer our Satisfaction to thoſe Engagements, wherein the Intereſts of our Families have link'd us. Hitherto my Love has made as fair a Progreſs as I could wiſh, tho' I have not as yet been able to compaſs my Deſires, which ſhe puts off till her Huſband's Arrival, when her Marriage may ſecure both of us from any ill Conſequences that may follow upon an Aſſignation, when we may probably do ſomething more than diſcourſe and talk. I will ſay nothing to you of the Beauty of *Virginia*, ſince 'tis impoſſible to ſay too much of it, and becauſe I ſhould be apt to ſay ſo much of it, that you would not believe me. However, this I am certain of, that when you have ſeen her, and her Couſin *Violante*, who lives with her, you will readily own, that all *Spain* cannot ſhew any thing more beautiful than this incomparable Pair; and when you have convers'd a few Moments with them, I will leave you to tell me, whether you ever ſaw wittier Women in your Life. 'Tis this makes me pity you, ſays *Don Pedro* to him. And why ſo? reply'd *Don Rodri-*

*Rodriguez.* Becauſe a Woman of Wit (cries he) will moſt infallibly jilt you either ſooner or later. You cannot but know, (continues he) by the recital I have made you of my own Adventures, what has happen'd to my ſelf; and I ſeriouſly proteſt to you, that if I could hope to find Woman as fooliſh as I know ſome of 'em are witty, I would imploy all Arts to gain her, and prefer her even to Wiſdom itſelf, if ſhe wou'd but chuſe me for her Gallant. You are much in the wrong (replies *Don Rodriguez*) for I never met a Man of tolerable Senſe in my Life, but was ſoon weary of a Woman's Company if ſhe was a Fool. Indeed 'tis not reaſonable, that whilſt our Eyes, our Hands, and in ſhort all our Body, finds ſomething to divert it, our Soul, which is the nobleſt Part of the Compoſition, ſhould be forc'd to endure a tireſom inſipid Converſation, as that of all Perſons muſt be, that have no Wit to ſupport it. Let us not carry this Diſpute as far as it will go, cries *Don Pedro* to him, for a Man may ſay too many things upon *ſo copious* a Subject. Only let me ſee this Miracle of a Woman, and her Couſin, as ſoon as you can, that, if I don't diſlike her, I may have ſomething to amuſe my ſelf with during my ſtay in *Madrid*. I don't believe 'twill be worth your while, cries *Rodriguez*. And why ſo, replies *Don Pedro*? Becauſe, ſays the other, ſhe is the only Woman in the World that is leaſt a *Fool*. I will however ſuit my ſelf to the time, ſays *Don Pedro*. To tell you the Truth, anſwers *Don Rodriguez*, I don't know after what manner Madam *Virginia* will receive us: For theſe eight days laſt paſt ſhe has us'd me moſt unmercifully; ſhe has ſent back all my Letters without ſo much as Opening them, and in ſhort has given me to underſtand, that ſhe will

will never admit a Viſit from me, by reaſon ſhe ſaw me ſome time ago talking with a young Lady at Church, in whoſe Company ſhe had ſeen me the ſame Day at the Playhouſe; and this is the reaſon why I have been of late ſo melancholy. It ſignifies nothing, ſays *Don Pedro*, let us go and ſee them, and take my Word for't, you'll ſooner reconcile Matters, by juſtifying your ſelf to her Face, than by writing her a Cart-load of whining Letters. Thus our two Gentlemen-Couſins went to viſit the two Lady-Couſins, and the beautiful *Virginia* gave *Don Rodriguez* leave to clear himſelf, which was eaſily done. *Don Pedro* thought both of them to be the handſomeſt Women he had ever ſeen, not excepting either the imprudent *Seraphina*, or the hypocritical *Elvira*. *Violante*, who had dreſt her ſelf that Day in her fineſt Cloaths, becauſe ſhe was to ſit for her Picture, charm'd *Don Pedro* ſo effectually, that he immediately broke the Vow he had made, never to love any one but a Fool. This did not diſpleaſe *Violante*, but he ſaid ſo many pretty engaging Things to her upon the Occaſion of her Picture, that ſhe was no leſs ſatisfied with his Wit than his Gallantry. And here I am oblig'd to make a ſhort Digreſſion, to acquaint thoſe that knew it not before, that your mighty Retailers of Compliments and fine Expreſſions generally deal in whipt Cream, and are juſtly accus'd of Bombaſt by Men of Wit and Senſe. If this ſmall Advice had been conſider'd by the Publick, they would have found it no leſs uſeful than a Receipt againſt Flies in the Summer, and ſtinking Breaths all the Year round. *Don Pedro*, who had ſolemnly ſwore by his Maker, that he would marry none but a Fool, was now fully convinc'd, that Oaths made by Gameſters and

Lovers, ſignified juſt nothing. He was ſo raviſh'd with *Violante*'s Wit, no leſs than her Beauty, that finding he could obtain no other Favours from her, than ſuch as ſhe might grant without any Prejudice to her Honour, he reſolv'd to marry her, if ſhe did not forbid the Banes. He frequently gave her Occaſion to explain her Mind upon this Article, but either ſhe did not, or wou'd not underſtand him, whether it was becauſe ſhe lov'd her Liberty, or had an Averſion to Matrimony, I don't tell you. Thus all things went ſmoothly on between theſe four young Lovers, and they only waited for the critical Minute to conſummate. One Day, when theſe two young Sparks had ſprueed themſelves up like *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, and made no Queſtion to be Maſters at leaſt of all the Out-works they attack'd, a Servant Maid, whoſe Appearance boded worſe Luck than that of an Owl, came to acquaint the two Couſins that the *Indian* Huſband of the fair *Caſtilian* was arriv'd at *Madrid*, without ſo much as ſending her Advice of his coming from *Sevil*, where he landed; the two Couſins concluded from hence, that he had a mind to ſurprize them, and therefore deſir'd our Lovers to fortifie themſelves with Patience till ſuch time as *Virginia* had found out the Humour of her *Indian* Spark; and in the mean time requeſted, that they wou'd not only forbear to viſit them, but even to walk before their Windows, till they receiv'd new Orders. Thus all their tricking up and powdering that Morning was thrown away; and the next two Days they had no more mind to dreſs, than a Criminal condemn'd to be hang'd. They learnt, among other News of the Town, that the *Indian* and *Virginia* were married in private, that he was very jealous in his Temper, that he was a Man of

Ex-

Experience, having ſeen forty Years; and, in fine, that he had ſo order'd his Family, and kept ſo ſtrict a Watch over all *Virginia*'s Actions, that her Gallants, if ſhe had any, muſt never expect to ſee her ſo much as at her Window. The new Orders, which had been promis'd, did not come, and they were impatient with expecting them. They daily walk'd thro' the Street where their Miſtreſſes liv'd, and took their uſual Turns before the Houſe, without ſeeing any but unknown Faces go in or out, and without being able to meet with the leaſt Man or Maid Servant of their Acquaintance. They ſaw the Huſband go into his Houſe one Day, accompany'd by his Brother, who was handſome and well made, and ſo young, that he was ſtill at the College. This encreas'd their ill Humour: They went out early in the Morning, and came not home till it was very late, and loſt both their Time and their Labour. At laſt, upon a certain Holiday, they ſaw *Violante*'s Maid going to Maſs by break of Day: They ſtopt her at the Church-Porch, and by the never-failing Rhetorick of Money, *Don Rodriguez* perſuaded her to carry the following Billet to her Miſtreſs.

*Your forgetting me does not more diſoblige me, than my Jealouſie torments me, ſince it is without Remedy, now you are under the Government of a Huſband. However, you are not totally freed as yet from my Importunities, altho' you have diſcarded me from your Remembrance. The laſt Favour I have to beg of you, is, to inform me whether I have any reaſon ſtill to hope, or whether I muſt prepare to die.*

They follow'd *Violante's* Maid at a diſtance. She deliver'd the Letter according to her Promiſe, and making a Sign to them to draw near, dropt the following Anſwer from the Window into the Street.

*A jealous Man ſo newly marry'd is never out of his Wife's Company, and watches all her Motions. He talks of taking a Journey to* Valladolid *ſhortly without me; I will then juſtifie my ſelf, and pay my Debts.*

This Billet, which they kiſs'd a hundred times, by the ſame Token that they ſtrove which ſhould outdo the other, gave them freſh Encouragement, and made them eaſie enough for a few Days. But at laſt, hearing no News from their cruel Miſtreſſes, they began after their old laudable Cuſtom to walk to and fro a hundred times a Day before their Windows; they paſs'd whole Nights in the Street, but could not ſee a Soul ſtir out of the Houſe, no more than if it had not been inhabited. One Day as theſe deſpairing Lovers happen'd to be at Church, they had the good Luck to ſee our young Bride come towards them. *Don Rodriguez* kneel'd down by her, under the very Noſe of an old Gentleman-Uſher that had ſquir'd her to Church. He made his Complaints to her in few Words, ſhe excus'd herſelf in like manner, and at laſt told him, that her Huſband was not to go to *Valladolid*, altho' he daily talk'd of it; that ſhe was impatient to have a private Converſation with him, and that ſhe only knew one way of bringing it about, which wholly depended upon *Don Pedro*. My Huſband, ſays ſhe, ſleeps as ſound as if he took Opium every Night, and

and we have not exchang'd a Word for theſe four or five Days, by reaſon of a ſmall Quarrel between us, which is not yet made up. I had prevail'd on my Couſin *Violante* to take my place, but ſhe's unhappily ſick; and ſince none are privy to our Amour but ſhe and Don *Pedro*, for I would not for all the World have it communicated to more, you muſt e'en get him (if you think he loves you well enough to venture it) to ſupply her room, and go to Bed to my Huſband. This Attempt ſeems ſomewhat dangerous at firſt ſight; but if you conſider my good Man and I are at odds, as I have already told you we are, and that he does not eaſily wake, I don't queſtion but it will ſucceed to our Expectation; and this is all I can do for you. This happy Love-Stratagem, which *Don Rodriguez* ſo earneſtly deſir'd to know, cool'd him in a Minute, when he heard it. He not only doubted whether his Couſin would take upon him to act this dangerous Part, but likewiſe, whether he ought ſo much as to propoſe it to him. His Miſtreſs continued inflexible in her Reſolution, and as ſhe took leave of him, proteſted, that in caſe the Propoſal ſhe had made him was not well receiv'd, and executed after the manner ſhe had directed, he had no more to hope from her; nay, ſhe gave him full leave to baniſh her out of his Remembrance, altho' at another time ſhe would have as ſoon conſented to her own Death. Neither the Time nor Place wou'd permit *Don Rodriguez* to talk any longer with his Miſtreſs. She went home, and *Don Rodriguez* repair'd to his Companion, who cou'd not get a Word out of him, ſo much confounded was he at the unhappy Dilemma wherein he found himſelf, either to make ſo unreaſonable a Requeſt to his Friend, or elſe to live without

enjoying that Happineſs which is ever more eſteem'd before poſſeſſion than after. At length, ſhutting themſelves up in their Chamber, *Don Rodriguez*, after he had for a while refus'd to declare his Grievance, open'd the above-mention'd Propoſal to *Don Pedro*, gilding the Pill as well as he cou'd, to make it go down with him the better. At firſt *Don Pedro* thought he had a mind to banter him, but his Couſin proteſting the contrary with a very ſerious Air, and confirming it by ſo many Oaths, that he cou'd no longer doubt of it, he muſt needs turn the thing into Raillery, and therefore told him, he was exceedingly oblig'd to his Miſtreſs, for deſigning him ſuch good Fortune with ſo lovely a Bedfellow, and that it was undoubtedly the Effect of *Violante*'s Gratitude, who, not being in a condition to reward his Services, becauſe ſhe was ſick, and being preſs'd to pay her Debts, turn'd it over to her Couſin's Huſband, with whom he ſhould certainly paſs the Night very agreeably. He talk'd much to the ſame purpoſe, and jeſted a long while, ſometimes well, and ſometimes but indifferently. But *Don Rodriguez* was not in a Humour to be merry; for he appear'd ſo dejected and melancholy to his Couſin, that he heartily pity'd him, and was afraid his Deſpair wou'd carry him to ſome dangerous Reſolution. *Don Pedro* was bold in his Temper, a great Lover of Intrigues, and no Man ſo ready as he to engage in any extravagant Adventure: He lov'd *Don Rodriguez* tenderly, inſomuch that all this joyn'd together made him reſolve to ſupply the Room of the beautiful *Virginia*, whatever her jealous Huſband might do to him. Being therefore fully determin'd upon the matter, he embrac'd his Couſin, and put freſh Life into him, and at the ſame time

aſſur'd

aſſur'd him, he wou'd hazard all, that he might enjoy his beloved Miſtreſs. You will not however, added he, be ſo much oblig'd to me as you think: I conſider it is an honourable Action, whereby I pretend to get as much Reputation as if I ſhould ſignalize my ſelf at a Breach. Word was ſent *Virginia* that her Propoſal was accepted; ſhe appointed that very Evening to put it in Execution: The two Couſins went to her Houſe, and were introduc'd with as little Noiſe as poſſible. *Don Pedro* was oblig'd by the fair Lady of the Enchanted Caſtle to undreſs himſelf before her, being reſolv'd that her Orders ſhou'd not be tranſgreſs'd in the leaſt: *Don Pedro* having nothing on now but his Shirt, was conducted by her with all the Care and Circumſpection imaginable to the fatal Room, where opening the Curtains, ſhe ſoftly put the bold Champion between the Sheets, who perhaps at that Moment repented for having gone ſo far, and one may ſwear did not put himſelf into the middle of the Bed. She went away and lock'd the Chamber-door, which put *Don Pedro* into cruel Apprehenſions, while ſhe repair'd to *Don Rodriguez*, to whom I ſuppoſe ſhe paid, like a Woman of Honour, all that ſhe ow'd him, or at leaſt as much as he demanded of her. In the mean time *Don Pedro* was in different Circumſtances from thoſe of his Couſin, who lay in the Arms of his charming Miſtreſs, while our too charitable and adventurous Friend fear'd nothing ſo much as the Embraces of a deteſtable Man, whom to his great Sorrow he was like to find a very uncomfortable Bedfellow. He then began to conſider, but it was ſomewhat of the lateſt, to what Hazards his fooliſh Raſhneſs had carried him. He blamed himſelf, called himſelf *Fool* a thouſand times in his

Thoughts, and was ſenſible, that to tranſgreſs thus againſt any Huſband was an unpardonable Crime, tho' even he himſelf were to be Judge of it. Theſe melancholy Reflections were diſturb'd, and his juſt Fears encreas'd, by a huge villainous Arm which his Bed-fellow threw over him, drawing ſtill nearer and nearer, pronouncing ſome few inarticulate Words, as People are wont to do when they are aſleep, and making as if he was going to embrace his Wife. *Don Pedro* was terribly affrighted, and remov'd this Arm, that lay heavier on him, he thought, than the greateſt Burthen, as gently as he could, for fear of awaking him, and when he had ſo done, with all the Precaution of one in Danger, crept to the Bed-ſide, thruſting half his Body out, inſomuch that he had like to have fallen upon the Floor, curſing his Stars and his own Folly, for expoſing him to ſuch Dangers to ſerve the Paſſion of two indiſcreet Lovers. He had hardly begun to breath again, when his troubleſome Bed-fellow laid his Leg over his; which laſt Action, as well as the former, had like to have made him die with Fear. In ſhort, the one ſtill drawing nearer, and the other getting off as far as he could, the Day appear'd juſt at the nick when the unfortunate *Don Pedro* was no longer able to keep his Ground againſt a Man who ſtill drove him farther and farther. He aroſe as ſoftly as might be, and went to open the Door, which he found lock'd, a greater Misfortune than any had yet befallen him. As he was endeavouring in vain to thruſt the Lock back, it flew open all of a ſudden, and had like to have broke his Noſe. *Virginia* came boldly into the Chamber, and ask'd him aloud, Whither he was going in ſuch haſte? *Don Pedro* conjur'd her in a low Voice not to make ſuch a Noiſe,

Noiſe, and aſk'd her whether ſhe had not loſt her Senſes, to venture thus the waking of her Huſband, and deſir'd her to let him go. How! go, ſays the Lady aloud to him, I am reſolv'd my Huſband ſhall ſee whom he has lain with to Night, to the end he may know what his Jealouſie has brought him to, and what I am capable of doing when provok'd. Having ſaid this, as bold as a Lioneſs ſhe took *Don Pedro* by the Arm, who was ſo confounded that he had not Strength to get looſe from her, open'd the Window-ſhutters without quitting her hold, and pulling him to the Bed-ſide, drew the Curtains, and cry'd out aloud, See, jealous Maſter of mine, ſee whom you have lain with to Night. At this *Don Pedro* turning his Eyes towards the terrible Bed, inſtead of an ugly Fellow with a Beard, beheld his charming *Violante*, who had laid by his Side all Night, and not the jealous Huſband of *Virginia*, who had been gone into the Country about eight Days before. The two pretty Couſins pelted him with conſiderable Raillery; and never did Man of Wit ſo lamely defend, or ſay ſo little for himſelf. *Violante*, who was naturally gay, and rally'd with a Grace, had like to have made her Couſin die with laughing, when ſhe pleaſantly exaggerated to her, what bodily Fears ſhe had put poor *Don Pedro* in, as often as ſhe had pretended to be awake, and drew nearer to him. It was a long time before *Don Pedro* cou'd recover out of his Confuſion, and ſet his Countenance in order. At laſt *Virginia* took Compaſſion on him, and left him alone with her Couſin, with whom you may ſuppoſe he had Affairs of great Importance to ſettle, becauſe he was ſhut up with her till Noon. From this happy Hour, all the while the Huſband ſtay'd in the Country, the

two Gentlemen-Couſins, and the two Gentlewomen-Couſins met frequently together, and made the beſt uſe of their Time. When the Huſband came to Town again, *Rodriguez* was the leſs happy of the two; for *Don Pedro*, by the charitable Aſſiſtance of the Servants, whom his Preſents had brought over to his Intereſt, made a ſhift for two or three Months to paſs moſt of the Nights with *Violante*, who was Miſtreſs of her own Actions, and ever ſince the Marriage of her Couſin lodg'd in a ſeparate Building, which had a Door into another Street. He became ſo paſſionately in Love with her, that he earneſtly deſir'd to marry her; but whenever he made any ſuch Propoſal, ſhe always turn'd the Diſcourſe ſo dexterouſly, that he cou'd not poſitively tell whether ſhe did it out of Deſign, or becauſe ſhe did not care to liſten to him. In ſhort, as there is nothing permanent in this tranſitory World, *Violante* began at length to ſlacken in her Paſſion, and grew cold by little and little, inſomuch that *Don Pedro* could not forbear complaining of it; and not knowing better how to account for this Alteration, accus'd her of Infidelity, and reproach'd her with having ſome other Gallant more happy than himſelf. Inſtead of mending Matters by this Procedure, he utterly ruin'd them, and made himſelf at laſt ſo inſupportable to *Violante*, that ſhe not only refus'd to ſee him a Nights, but likewiſe to admit his Viſits in the Day-time. This Treatment did not in the leaſt diſcourage him; he gain'd, by virtue of his Money, one of her Maids, who was ſo treacherous as to inform him, that her Miſtreſs was paſſionately in Love with her Couſin's Brother-in-law, who had juſt left the College; That he was a very handſome Youth, and no leſs in love with *Violante* than ſhe was with him.

To

To compleat her perfidious Treachery, this ill-condition'd Devil adviſ'd him to pretend himſelf ſick, to acquaint her Miſtreſs with his Illneſs, and complain of her being the Cauſe of it, which was likely enough; and, in ſhort, to feign it ſo well, that her Miſtreſs might be no longer upon her Guard, as ſhe had hitherto been, ever ſince ſhe knew her ſelf guilty of Infidelity to him. *Don Pedro* play'd his Part to Admiration. *Violante* fell into the Trap, and our treacherous Damſel had no ſooner introduc'd her Miſtreſs's new *Adonis*, but ſhe open'd the Door to the jealous *Don Pedro*. He bolted very furiouſly into *Violante*'s Chamber, who by that time was got to Bed, and her young Gallant undreſſing to prepare for the Encounter. He came with his Sword in his Right Hand towards his Rival, perhaps with an Intention only to frighten him; but our young Spark was not to be daunted ſo; for holding out one of his Shoes, which he had juſt pluck'd off, after the ſame manner as you do a Pocket Piſtol, he aim'd it at *Don Pedro*'s Head, in ſo formidable a manner, that he who little expected ſuch a Welcome, and did not doubt but he wou'd fire at him, duck'd his Head, and turn'd the other way, which gave our Youngſter time enough to get to the Door. *Violante*, who was deſirous to break with *Don Pedro*, immediately fell a laughing, and told him he was the firſt Man that had ever been afraid of being kill'd by a Piſtol made of an old Shoe. He was ſo nettled at this Jeſt, that he gave her a Box on the Ear; ſhe took him by the Beard, they tugg'd and grappled, and at laſt the diſcourteous *Granada* Spark, after he had us'd her ſo very ill that ſhe had nothing but Cries to have recourſe to, juſt got into the Street at the very moment that *Virginia*, her Huſ-

Huſband, and all the Servants expecting a military Scuffle, came into *Violante*'s Chamber. He immediately went to acquaint *Don Rodriguez* with what had happen'd to him, and without loſing any more time, offer'd his Service to the Duke of *Oſſuna*, who went the next Day for *Naples*, of which Kingdom he was made Vice-roy. *Don Pedro* waited on him to the Harbour, where he took ſhipping with him, leaving his dear Couſin very much afflicted for his Abſence. He ſtay'd about ſix or ſeven Years in *Naples*, being exceedingly belov'd by the Vice-roy, who allow'd him a conſiderable Penſion. He likewiſe receiv'd great Returns from *Spain*, thro' which means no one made a handſomer Figure than he, which made him be ſo much the more conſider'd in *Italy*, by reaſon the Generality of the *Spaniards* go thither to make their Fortunes, as the *French* do to ſpend them. He made a Voyage into *Sicily*, viſited its moſt remarkable Cities, and then returning into *Italy*, liv'd two or three Years at *Rome*, as many at *Venice*, ſaw all the conſiderable Towns, and at laſt, having been fourteen or fifteen Years out of *Spain*, always up to the Ears in Love, or if you pleaſe, in Fornication, ever a mighty Intriguer, and ſtill confirming himſelf in his heretical Opinion, that it was not ſafe for a Man to marry a Woman of Wit, he at length reſolv'd to put an end to all his Rambles, and re-viſit *Granada*, and the Friends he had left there. What principally contributed to make him leave *Italy*, was his want of Money, thro' the Negligence of his Correſpondents; or at leaſt he had ſo little left, that he had ſcarce enough to defray his Charges to *Barcelona*. He was forced to ſell ſome of his Moveables there, wherewith he bought him a Mule, and only reſerv'd his beſt Suit of

of Cloaths to ride in. Thus equipp'd, he took the readieſt Road towards his dear Native Country, without ſo much as a Valet to keep him Company, the Servant whom he had brought with him from *Spain* being dead, as we may reaſonably ſuppoſe, of the *Neapolitan* Diſeaſe; and his ſmall Fund being not ſufficient to maintain another. He left *Barcelona* by break of Day, to avoid the Heat and Flies of the Month of *Auguſt*, and by Nine in the Morning had got about five or ſix Leagues. He rode thro' a large Town, where a *Catalonian* Duke had paſt part of his Summer in a noble Caſtle that faced the Road. This Duke was well ſtricken in Years, and had married a fine young Lady not above Twenty Years old. This Day, as it happen'd, he was gone a hunting, and was not expected home till the next. The young Dutcheſs ſaw our *Granada* Gentleman moving forward, from a Balcony ſhe had that look'd towards the great Road. His good Mien made her deſirous to view him nearer; beſides, ſhe was naturally very curious, and wou'd not by her Good-will ſuffer any Strangers to paſs thro' her Town without ſending to ſpeak with them. Altho' our *Granada* Hero could have been very willing to have travel'd a few Miles farther before he dined, yet cou'd he not in good Manners refuſe to wait on the Dutcheſs, who ſent a Page to let him know ſhe wou'd be glad of his Company. She was as beautiful as an Angel, and our *Don* for his part had no Averſion to pretty Women, altho' they were not Dutcheſſes. He was well-ſhap'd and tall, and the Dutcheſs took a peculiar Delight to gaze upon handſome young Fellows like him, to make her ſelf ſome Amends for the Pennance ſhe did in her Huſband's Converſation, who was ſo exceedingly fond

of

of her, and ſo pleas'd with her chearful Temper, that he thought he did not ſee her enough, altho' he was ſeldom from her. *Don Pedro*, who was a Man of Wit as well as Judgment, diverted the Dutcheſs extremely with the Recital of his Travels, and fancy'd at firſt daſh that ſhe was a Lady that had no Averſion to Pleaſure. She inform'd her ſelf particularly of the Gallantry of *Naples*, deſir'd to know whether the Women there were allow'd any Liberty, and whether the *Italian* Gallants carried on their Amours as bravely as thoſe of *Spain*. At laſt *Don Pedro* confirm'd himſelf, by the Queſtions ſhe put to him, that if ſhe did not go to the bottom of an Intrigue, 'twas not for want of Good-will. She made him dine with her, to the mutual Satisfaction of both. Our *Granada* Adventurer wou'd have taken his leave of her after Dinner, but ſhe would not ſuffer it, telling him, that ſince the Duke her Huſband would not come home that Day, ſhe deſir'd him to be her Gueſt; adding obligingly, that Perſons of Merit were very rare in *Catalonia*; and therefore whenever ſhe had the Happineſs to meet them, no wonder if ſhe coveted to enjoy their Converſation as long as ſhe cou'd. She led him into a large Cloſet very cool and refreſhing, adorn'd with fine Pictures, China, and other rich Furniture. It wanted not, ſince we are oblig'd to be particular, a noble Alcove, embroider'd Cuſhions, and a convenient Couch, with a rich Sattin Quilt thrown over it. Here our Traveller recounted to her all his Adventures at *Granada*, *Sevil*, and *Madrid*, together with thoſe of *Italy*, which are not as yet come to my Knowledge. The Dutcheſs liſtned very attentively; at laſt he told her he was reſolv'd to marry, if he could but find a Woman from whom he ſhou'd have

have no reaſon to apprehend any of thoſe ill Offices which witty Women are always able to do their Huſbands. I have an Eſtate, continues he, that is far from being contemptible; and tho' the Woman I marry does not bring me a Farthing, yet provided ſhe has been well educated, and is not deform'd, I ſhall make no ſcruple to chuſe her; altho', to deal ingenuouſly with you, I would much ſooner pitch upon a Woman that is deform'd, and Fool enough, than one that is handſome, and not ſo. You are certainly wrong in your Notions, replies the Dutcheſs; but, What do you mean by being well educated? I mean a Woman of Virtue, anſwer'd our Traveller: And how is it poſſible for a Fool to be a Woman of Virtue, cries the Dutcheſs, if ſhe neither knows what Virtue is, nor is capable of being taught it? Beſides, how can a Fool love you, that has not Senſe enough to know your Merit? She will treſpaſs againſt her Duty, without knowing what ſhe does; whereas a Woman of Wit, altho' ſhe ſhould diſtruſt her Honour, will know how to avoid thoſe Occaſions where ſhe may run any riſque of loſing it. They argued a long while *pro* and *con* upon this Subject, our *Don* maintaining, that all the Knowledge requir'd in a Woman was, to love her Huſband, to be faithful to him, and carefully to look after her Family Affairs and Children; and the Dutcheſs endeavouring to convince him, that a *Fool* was not capable of doing it; nay, tho' ſhe were beautiful, would certainly diſguſt him at laſt. They mutually gave ſeveral Proofs of their Wit, and the good Opinion they had of each other ſoon improv'd into Eſteem, nay, and ſomewhat better. Our *Spaniard* did not only differ from the Duke in Age, Wit and Perſon, but was alſo one of the handſomeſt, beſt-

beſt-ſhap'd Men in the World; and if he appear'd ſuch to the Dutcheſs, he likewiſe thought her the lovelieſt Woman he had ever beheld. He was as bold as a Lion, and never found himſelf alone with a Woman, but he immediately offer'd his Service to her. If ſhe accepted it, he did his beſt to acquit himſelf; and if ſhe took ſnuff at it, would fall down on his Marrow-bones, and terming himſelf the horrid'ſt Sinner in the World, aſk Pardon ſo ingeniouſly, and with ſo much Hypocriſie, that the Lady muſt needs forgive his Tranſgreſſion, or perhaps by way of Atonement make him tranſgreſs again. I could never have imagin'd, ſays he to the charming Dutcheſs, that any one was able to make me throw up an Opinion, the Truth of which ſo many Experiments have confirm'd to me; but 'twas never yet oppos'd by ſo extraordinary a Perſon as your ſelf, whoſe Soul, without being beholden to her Beauty, which however is not to be match'd in the Univerſe, may acquire her as large an Empire as ſhe pleaſes, over all thoſe that have Wit enough to diſcover, that ſhe has a greater Share of it than all her Sex put together. You have cured me of an Error, added he, but you leave me troubled with an Illneſs, which is ſo much the more dangerous and hard to cure, as I am pleas'd to have it, and by ſuffering it to gratifie the nobleſt Ambition that a Mortal is capable of having. I cannot poſitively tell how many more Hyperboles he ſhot at the Dutcheſs's Virtue, and whether he did not ſpeak abundance of pathetical Impertinences, for upon ſuch Occaſions as this, a Man is moſt terribly given to be impertinent. Neither do I know after what manner the Dutcheſs receiv'd a Declaration of Love, her Gallant deliver'd in due Form at the ſame time;

I mean, whether ſhe ſeem'd to like it by an Anſwer ſuitable to the Occaſion, or whether by anſwering nothing ſhe made good the old Proverb, *Silence gives Conſent.* But this is certain, that a Maid of hers, who died of the King's Evil in *France*, often own'd before ſeveral credible Gentlemen, that the Cloſet-door was ſhut for ſome two Hours upon them, that they were together till Supper-time; and altho' this Maid, whom I ſuppoſe to have been an *Andaluſian*, had never told me this, yet do I know full well, that Opportunity makes a Thief. The Night came, that favourable Goddeſs to ſtollen Love, but neither was *Don Pedro* nor the Dutcheſs the better for it; for partly out of good Manners, and partly not to give the Servants an Occaſion to gueſs, who generally do ſo beyond the Truth, to which they have a natural Antipathy, they call'd for Candles, which were almoſt eclips'd by the brighter Eyes Heaven had beſtow'd upon the Dutcheſs, and which at that moment twinkled prettier than any pair of Stars in the Firmament. The Vermilion of her Cheeks was double to what it uſed to be, which made her appear more glorious than the Sun on a fine Summer's Day to *Don Pedro*, whoſe Viſage too was a little inclined to Scarlet. Thus they merrily paſs'd away the Time in exchanging Glances with one another, when a Servant came to acquaint the Dutcheſs, that his Grace her Huſband was below in the Court. All that ſhe could do in this Surprize, was to ſhut up the thrice-aſtoniſh'd *Don Pedro* in a large gilt Cupboard where ſhe kept her perfum'd Waters; which done, ſhe put the Key in her Pocket, and threw her ſelf upon the Bed. The Duke, who was at leaſt Threeſcore Years old, came into his Wife's Cloſet, and found her as gay

and

and freſh as a Roſe upon the Stalk. He told her, he had juſt receiv'd a Letter from the King, which oblig'd him to return ſooner than he thought. He was very hungry, and therefore order'd the Servants to bring whatever they had ready in the Houſe, into the ſame Cloſet; and the Dutcheſs, who had no great Stomach to eat, while her Traveller perhaps wiſh'd himſelf ten Foot under Ground, took a Chair near the Table. She was exceeding chearful and briſk, and of a Gaiety that beſtow'd new Youth upon her old Huſband, ſo much did it revive his Spirits. It was a cuſtomary thing for her to lay extravagant Wagers with him, eſpecially when ſhe wanted Money, which her good Man always took a Pleaſure to loſe to her, being perfectly charm'd with ſo agreeable a Wife. He never fancy'd her more beautiful than now. She told him a hundred merry Stories, by the ſame Token that our Duke had like to have choak'd himſelf with laughing at 'em; for eating heartily, and laughing heartily at the ſame time, a bit of Meat happen'd to go down the wrong way, but Heaven be prais'd, it did him no harm. At laſt the Dutcheſs, who was of a Humour to turn every thing into Merriment, had a mind to divert her ſelf at the Expence of her Gallant in the Sweating-tub; ſays ſhe to the Duke, Methinks it is a long while ſince we laid a Wager laſt; now I would fain lay a hundred Piſtoles, that I have Occaſion for, upon the firſt Subject that offers it ſelf. The Duke told her he was ready, and that he would leave it to her to propoſe the Subject. The Dutcheſs propos'd ſeveral, which ſhe knew he wou'd not accept, and at laſt ask'd him, whether he would lay that he could reckon up all the things in a Family that are made

made of Iron. The Duke agreed to do it, tho' he thought it a very fooliſh thing to lay a Wager on, and calling for Paper and Ink, ſo ſoon as the Cloth was remov'd, and his Chaplain had ſaid Grace, (for the Duke, you muſt know, kept a good *Decorum* in his Family) he writ down the Names of all the Iron Utenſils he could think of; but it fell out luckily for the Dutcheſs, that he forgot to mention a Key. She got him to read over what he had written two or three times, and when he had ſo done, ask'd him if he was ſatisfied with it, and whether he had any thing to add? She then folded the Paper, telling him ſhe wou'd examine it at her leiſure, and in the mean time relate to him one of the prettieſt Adventures he ever heard. A little while after you were gone upon your Sports, I was, continues ſhe, looking out of one of our Windows that faces the high Road, when I ſaw a Man of an extraordinary Mien mounted on a Mule, who prick'd and ſpurr'd his Beaſt to make all the haſte he could. I had the Curioſity to know whither he was going in ſo much haſte, and diſpatch'd one of my Pages to tell him I would ſpeak with him. To be plain with you, I never in all my Life ſaw a Man better ſhap'd, or more likely to make even a Woman of Virtue diſpenſe with a Conjugal Vow. I ask'd him whence he came, and who he was? He anſwer'd me ſo genteely, and with ſo much Wit, that I was deſirous to have more of his Converſation. So I engag'd him to ſtay with me the remainder of the Day, and to acquaint me with all his Adventures, which I imagin'd muſt needs be very curious and entertaining. He perform'd what I deſir'd to my Expectation, and I muſt frankly own, I was never better diverted with any Hiſtory in all my Life, and

am

am reſolv'd, quoth ſhe, to divert your Grace likewiſe with it. Then ſhe recounted to the Duke all that had happen'd to *Don Pedro* at *Granada*, *Sevil*, and *Madrid*, and her good Man, who was as merry a Wight as is poſſible for a Duke to be, fell a laughing as if he would have burſt his Hoops, which made the Dutcheſs and ſome of his chief Servants, whom he allow'd to be familiar with him, to join in this merry Conſort. After this, ſhe acquainted him with all that had befallen our *Granada* Gentleman in *Italy*, which was very pleaſant as I have been told, for I could never yet inform my ſelf what the Particulars were. All I know is, that the Duke laugh'd heartily at them, and *Don Pedro* himſelf could not forbear doing the like in the Cheſt. In ſhort, after ſhe had very well diverted her ſelf with making her Huſband laugh, and all the Company, and even *Don Pedro* into the bargain, who till now had had his Share in the Mirth, ſhe told her Huſband, that our Traveller, after he had recounted all his Adventures, was ſo hardy as to make Love to her, and did it with ſo much Addreſs, that ſhe cou'd not find in her Heart to be angry with him for carrying his Gallantry ſo far, and who could not but perceive that he was by no means diſpleaſing to her. But why ſhould I multiply Words in vain? (continued the Dutcheſs) a Gentleman ſo well made as he, may attempt any thing without danger. We ſpent the greateſt part of the Day together, to our mutual Satisfactions, and had done ſo ſtill, but that you came home when I little expected you. Not to mince Matters, your Return both afflicted and ſurpriz'd me. My lovely Stranger ſeem'd to be in a greater Conſternation than my ſelf, ſo I haſtily ſhut him up in my Cheſt of perfum'd Waters, from whence

whence he muſt needs hear me, if he is not already dead with Fear. But knowing what an Aſcendant I have over you, and being in my own Temper uncapable of diſſembling even thoſe very things, where my too great Freedom may do me harm, I was reſolv'd to divert you at the expence of this poor Gentleman, whom I will draw out of his Hole, ſo ſoon as you are gone to your own Apartment, and leave him to purſue his Journey to *Granada*, where he is going, as he tells me, to find out a Woman who is *Fool enough*, it ſeems, to deſerve to be his Wife. The Dutcheſs gave ſuch an Air of Probability to this true Story, that the Duke quitted his good Humour, and turn'd ſerious all on a ſudden: He look'd pale, was afraid that what his Wife had told him was true, and could not forbear aſking for the Keys of the Cheſt, wherein, as ſhe pretended, the Stranger was ſhut up. She chang'd the Diſcourſe, and by that means encreas'd both his Suſpicion and Fears. He ask'd her once more for the Keys, which ſhe refus'd him. He was reſolv'd to have them, and aroſe from his Seat in a Paſſion. Very well, Sir, very well, quoth the Dutcheſs, before you aſk me for the Keys in ſuch haſte, pray be pleas'd cooly and calmly to read over your Catalogue; you have forgot to ſet down Keys in it; you cannot deny but that they are made of Iron, and that you owe me a hundred Piſtoles upon the Wager; pray give 'em me now, as you are oblig'd in Honour, and take notice, that if I have told you a merry Story, 'twas only to put you in mind of what you had loſt, and at the ſame time to divert you, that you might part the freer wirh your Money. The next time I would have you to be wiſer, than to take an invented Story for a Truth: 'Twas not pro-

probable that ſo many extraordinary Adventures ſhould befal one ſingle Man, and much leſs, that I would have told you ſuch a Story if it had been true. He laugh'd as if he had been diſtracted, admir'd the prodigious Wit of his Wife, and commended it before his Servants, who were perhaps as arrant Fools as himſelf. See now, cries he as loud as he was able, and laugh'd at the ſame time, ſee now by what a cunning Fetch the Gypſie has given me to underſtand I have loſt. The Dutcheſs had lik'd to have kill'd her ſelf with laughing, her Woman ſeconded her, and *Don Pedro* was half dead with ſtifling his Laughter in the Cheſt. At laſt the Duke, after he had order'd the Steward to pay his Wife a hundred Piſtoles, leaves her to go to his own Apartment, often ſaying to himſelf, that ſhe was a true Devil, and ſometimes, that ſhe had the Wit of a Devil. The Duke's Servants repeated the ſame Words after their Maſter, ſo that all the while the Duke was going towards his Chamber, you could hear nothing elſe upon the Stairs but different Voices, crying, *My Lady Dutcheſs has the Wit of a Devil, my Lady Dutcheſs is a true Devil.* In the mean time the Steward paid the Dutcheſs her hundred Piſtoles, and went his way. The Dutcheſs ſhut her Chamber-door, and having freed *Don Pedro* out of his Little-eaſe, who had ſcarce recover'd of his Fright, ſhe endeavour'd to convince him, that a Woman of Wit cou'd diſengage herſelf with Honour out of a ſcurvy Buſineſs, the very Thoughts of which would have made a Fool to die with Fear. She would have had him take part of a Collation, which her Women had juſt then ſet upon the Table, but he beg'd her Pardon, and deſir'd her to let him go. She gave him the hundred Piſtoles ſhe had won

won of her Huſband, together with a Gold Chain, and her Picture, that were worth as much more, conjuring him withal not to forget her, but to let her hear from him now and then. After this, ſhe tenderly embraced him, and put him into the hands of her Maids, who let him and his Mule out privately by a Back-door. He did not think convenient to lie in that Place, but rode two Leagues farther till he came to the Town, where he intended to have dined the Day before, if the Dutcheſs had not ſtopt him. This odd Adventure with the *Catalonian* Dutcheſs ran perpetually in his Head: He could not enough wonder at her falling in love with him ſo on the ſudden, before ſhe knew him; at her Raſhneſs, in relating to the Duke a Story ſo nice, but ſo true; and laſt of all, at her great Addreſs in applying it to her Wager. He likewiſe admir'd the good Temper of the Duke, pitied his Condition, and fortified himſelf more than ever in his Opinion, that a Woman of Wit was hardly worth looking after; and doubted not but that if the Dutcheſs had not too much rely'd upon the Goodneſs of her Invention, ſhe durſt never have carried on her Intrigue ſo far, nor had the Boldneſs to communicate it to her Huſband. He promis'd himſelf that he would never run any ſuch Riſque of being ill married, becauſe he wou'd either take no Wife at all, or if he did, pitch upon one that was ſo fooliſh, that ſhe ſhould not be able to diſtinguiſh between Love and Averſion. As he was making theſe wiſe Reflections, he arriv'd at *Madrid*, where he found his Couſin *Don Rodriguez* had inherited his Father's Eſtate, and was married to his Kinſwoman. He was inform'd by him, that *Violante* had diſpos'd of herſelf in Matrimony, and, that the beautiful

*Vir-*

*Virginia* was gone to the *Indies* with her Huſband. From *Madrid* he arriv'd at *Granada*; The firſt Viſit he paid was to his Aunt, who welcom'd him with a thouſand Embraces; told him, that *Seraphina* lived like a Saint, and that her Lover had died of Grief, becauſe he could not perſuade her to quit the Cloyſter to marry him. Next Day he went in Company with his Aunt to ſee young *Laura*, *Seraphina*'s Daughter: She had been put into a Convent when ſhe was but four Years old, and now might be about ſixteen. He found her as beautiful as all the Angels put together, and as fooliſh as all the Nuns that come into the World without Brains, and are taken out of it in their Infancy, to be buried alive in a Convent. He gaz'd upon her, and was charm'd by her Beauty; he made her talk, and admir'd her Innocence. He now flatter'd himſelf he had found what he had been ſo long looking after; and what made him take the greater Fancy to *Laura* was, that ſhe much reſembled *Seraphina*, with whom he had once been paſſionately in Love, tho' the Copy infinitely exceeded the Original. He told his Aunt, ſhe was not his Daughter, and acquainted her with his Reſolution to marry her. The old Gentlewoman approv'd his Choice, and communicated the good News to *Laura*, who neither rejoyc'd, nor was ſad at it. *Don Pedro* furniſh'd his Houſe, and look'd out for the moſt fooliſh Servants he could find: He likewiſe endeavour'd to get a ſet of Maids full as ſimple as *Laura*, which however gave him no ſmall Trouble. He preſented his Miſtreſs with the richeſt Cloaths and the fineſt Things that *Granada* could afford. All the Perſons of Quality in that City were invited to the Wedding, and were as much pleas'd with *Laura*'s Beauty,

ty, as they were diſguſted at her Simplicity. The Company broke betimes, and our new-marry'd Couple were left alone to themſelves. *Don Pedro* ſent his Servants to Bed, and having order'd his Wife's Maids likewiſe to retire ſo ſoon as they had undreſt her, he ſhut the Chamber-door; and now the Devil put it into his Head to execute the moſt nonſenſical Frolick that ever one was guilty of, who had paſs'd all his Lifetime for a Man of Senſe. He ſate down in a Chair, making his Wife to ſtand all the while before him, when he ſpoke the following Words to her, or others much more impertinent: You are my Wife, and I hope I ſhall have reaſon to bleſs God for it, ſo long as we live together; be ſure you remember what I tell you, and carefully obſerve it while you live, leſt you otherwiſe offend God, and diſpleaſe me: At theſe Words the innocent *Laura* made him many profound Courtſies, whether ſeaſonably or not, ſignifies nothing; and with her two little roguy blinking Eyes look'd as fearfully upon her Huſband as a new-come Scholar does upon an imperious Pedagogue. Do you know (continued *Don Pedro*) how marry'd People ought to live? Not I, forſooth, (reply'd *Laura*, dropping him a Courtſie much lower than ſhe had done before) but if you'll teach me, I'll remember it better than my *Ave Maria*; and then ſhe dropt him another. *Don Pedro* thought himſelf the happieſt Man upon Earth, to find more Simplicity in his Wife than he durſt to have hoped. He took from his Armoury a very rich, but light, Suit of Armour, which he had wore formerly at a magnificent Reception the City had made the King of *Spain*: With this he equipp'd his pretty Idiot, put a little gilt Murrion on her Head finely adorn'd with Plumes, girt a Sword by her Side, and putting

a Lance into her Hand, gravely told her, it was the Duty of all Wives, who had a mind to be thought virtuous, to watch their Huſbands while they ſlept, arm'd in all points as ſhe was. She anſwer'd him with her uſual Courtſies, and kept on courtſing till he bid her take two or three turns about the Chamber, which ſhe happen'd to perform with ſo good a Grace, her Natural Beauty and Military Habit not a little contributing to ſet her off, that our too-refined Politician of a Huſband was perfectly charm'd with her. He went to Bed, and *Laura* continu'd in motion till five a-Clock in the Morning. Our Gentleman, who was the moſt conſidering and diſcreet of all Huſbands in the Univerſe, or at leaſt thought he was ſuch, got up, dreſs'd himſelf, diſarm'd his Wife, help'd her to pluck off her Cloaths, put her to Bed, which he had juſt quitted, and kiſs'd her a thouſand times, weeping for meer Joy, that he had at laſt found ſo ineſtimable a Jewel. He then wiſh'd her a good Repoſe, and forbidding his Servants to awake her, went to Maſs, and about his other Affairs: For I had forgot to inform the courteous Reader, that he had purchas'd a Place in *Granada* much like to that of our *Mayors*, or *Provoſts* of the Merchants. The firſt Night of their Marriage paſs'd after the manner I have related, and the Huſband was ſuch a confirm'd Sot, as to imploy the ſecond no better: Accordingly Heaven puniſh'd him for his Stupidity. An unlucky Buſineſs happen'd, which oblig'd him to take Poſt that very Day, and ride to Court. He had only time to change his Cloaths, and take leave of his Wife, enjoining her, under pain of offending God and diſpleaſing him, to obſerve exactly in his Abſence the Duty of a married Woman. Thoſe that have Buſi-

neſs

neſs at Court, let them be as good Aſtrologers as they pleaſe, cannot aſſign the preciſe time when it ſhall be concluded. *Don Pedro* did not think of ſtaying there above five or ſix Days at fartheſt, but however was forced to wait five or ſix Months. All this while the ſimple *Laura* did not fail to paſs her Nights in her Armour, and to ſpend her Day in working at her Needle, which ſhe had learnt in the Convent. A Gentleman of *Cordoua* came to *Granada* at this time about a Law-Suit; he was no Fool as to his Intellectuals, and was well made as to his Perſon. He often ſaw *Laura* in her Balcony, thought her exceeding pretty, paſs'd and repaſs'd before her Windows a hundred times a Day at leaſt, after the Mode of *Spain*; but *Laura* let him fairly paſs and repaſs without knowing what it meant, or ſo much as deſiring to know it. There liv'd over-againſt *Don Pedro*'s Houſe a poor ſort of Woman, but charitable in her Nature, and ready to relieve the Wants of her Neighbours, who ſoon perceiv'd both the Stranger's Love, and the ſmall Progreſs he had made on the charming *Laura*'s Affections: She was a Woman of Intrigue, and her chief Buſineſs was that of bringing good People together, for which ſhe was admirably fitted by her Trade, which lay in Commodes, Towers, Waſhes, Eſſences, Elixirs, and ſome fine Secrets for beautifying the Skin, and taking off Freckles; but what recommended her moſt for this virtuous Employment, was her being ſuppos'd to be skill'd in the Black Art. She ſo punctually bow'd to the *Cordouan* Gentleman, and good-morrow'd him ſo often as he paſs'd before *Laura*'s Window, that he fancied ſhe did not do it for nothing. He accoſted her, and all at once ſtruck up an Acquaintance and Friendſhip with her;

he diſcover'd his Paſſion to her, and promis'd to make her Fortune, if ſhe cou'd but ſerve him in his Amour. This old Agent of *Lucifer* loſes no Time, gets her ſelf introduced by the fooliſh Servants into the Company of their fooliſh Miſtreſs, under pretence of ſhewing her ſome fine Curioſities. She commended her Beauty, lamented her being ſo ſoon forced to loſe her Huſband's Company, and when ſhe found her ſelf alone with her, ſpoke to her of the fine Gentleman that paſs'd ſo often before her Window. She told her, he lov'd her more than his Life, and that he had a violent Inclination to ſerve her, if ſhe thought fitting. In truth, I am very much oblig'd to him, reply'd the innocent *Laura*, and ſhou'd like his Service well enough, but our Houſe is ſo full of Servants, and ſhou'd any of them go away, I durſt not receive him in my Huſband's Abſence: However, I will write to him about it, if the Gentleman deſires it, and don't doubt but I ſhall obtain what I aſk of him. This was enough to ſo experienc'd a Bawd as ours, to convince her that *Laura* was Simplicity it ſelf. She therefore endeavour'd to explain to her as well as ſhe was able, after what manner this Gentleman deſir'd to ſerve her: She told her he was full as rich as her Huſband, and that if ſhe had a mind to ſee any Proofs of it, ſhe would bring her from him the fineſt Jewels, and the richeſt Cloaths that could be. Alas! Madam, ſays *Laura*, I have ſo much of what you talk of, that I don't know where to put them. Since 'tis ſo, anſwer'd this Ambaſſadreſs of *Satan*, and you don't care that he ſhould preſent you, ſuffer him at leaſt to viſit you. He may do that, ſays *Laura*, whenever he pleaſes, no one will hinder him. That is as much as can be deſir'd, replies this venerable Bawd,

Bawd, but yet 'twould be much better ſtill if your Foot-men and Maids knew nothing of it. That's eaſie enough, anſwer'd *Laura*, for my Maids don't lie in my Chamber, I go to Bed without their help, and that very late. Take this Key along with you, continues ſhe, which opens all the Doors in the Houſe, and about eleven at Night he may come in at the Garden-door, where he will ſee a little Stair-caſe, that will lead him to my Chamber. This old Bel-dame took her Hands, and kiſs'd them a hundred times, telling her, ſhe was going to beſtow new Life upon a poor Gentleman, whom ſhe had left a dying. And how came that about? cries *Laura* all in a Fright. Why 'tis you that have killed him, replies this diſſembling Gypſie. *Laura* hereat look-ed pale, as if ſhe had been convicted of Murther, and was going to declare her Innocence, if this wic-ked Woman, who did not think it convenient to abuſe her Ignorance any longer, had not left her, throwing her Arms about her Neck, and aſſuring her the ſick Man would not die. You may imagine ſhe underſtood her Trade too well to forget the miracu-lous Key that cou'd open all the Doors. Some malapert Critick now will fall upon my Bones a-bout this Key, and tell me 'tis all over Witchcraft, and ſmells of a Fable; but let him know from his moſt humble and moſt obliged Servant, that the Gentlemen in *Spain* have ſuch ſorts of Keys, which they call *Miſtreſſes*, and that in the Days of yore, People were better bred, and more civil than to find fault with what they did not underſtand. Let him maul me Fore-ſtroke and Back-ſtroke, all that lies within the compaſs of his little Capacity, but I ſhould be reckon'd as great a Coxcomb as he, to trouble my Head any more about him. To return

then to our old Matron : She went to find out the impatient Lover, and told him with an infernal Sneer what Progreſs ſhe had made in his Buſineſs : He rewarded her like a liberal Gentleman, and expected the Night with Impatience. The Night at laſt arriv'd, he open'd the Garden-door, and ſtole up as ſoftly as he could to *Laura*'s Chamber, at the time when this ſilly Creature was walking up and down in her Room arm'd Cap a-pé, with a Lance in her Hand, according to the ſalutary Inſtructions of her extravagant Huſband. There was only a ſmall Light in a Corner of the Room, and the Door ſtood wide open, without queſtion to receive the *Cordouan* Gallant : But our Spark ſeeing a Perſon all in Armour, did not doubt but he deſign'd to get him into his Clutches. His Fear then prevail'd over his Love, as violent as it was, and away he fled faſter than he had come, fearing that he ſhould not get into the Street time enough. He went to his truſty Goer-between, and inform'd her what a hazard he had run, who being mightily concern'd at what had happen'd, went directly to *Laura*'s Houſe, to diſcourſe her about the matter. Our ſilly Innocent no ſooner ſaw her, but ſhe aſk'd her why the Gentleman did not come, and whether he was ſtill ſick? He is not ſick, replies old Iniquity, but came to wait on you laſt Night, and ſaw an arm'd Man in your Chamber. At this *Laura* made a long-winded Laugh, then fell into a ſecond Fit, and then into a third; all which while the old Woman could not tell what to make on't. At laſt, when ſhe had fully ſatisfied her ſelf with laughing, and was at liberty to ſpeak, ſhe told the reverend Beldame, that it was plain the Gentleman was not married, and that it was ſhe who had walk'd in Armour in her Chamber.

Our

Our virtuous Matron could not tell what to make of theſe Words, and for a pretty while thought that *Laura* was a downright *Natural*; but after ſhe had put her ſeveral Queſtions, ſhe came to underſtand what ſhe could not otherwiſe have imagin'd, as well the great Simplicity of a Girl of fifteen, who ought to have known what was what at that Age, as the extravagant Precaution her Huſband had uſed to ſecure his Wife's Chaſtity. However, ſhe thought it was beſt to leave *Laura* in an Error, and inſtead of ſhewing any Surprize at the Novelty of the Thing, fell a laughing with *Laura*, at the great Fright the Gallant had been in. A meeting was appointed that Night, the old Woman encouraged the Gallant, and admir'd as well as he at the ſtrange Stupidity of our Huſband and Wife. The Night came, he got into the Garden, crept up the little Stair-caſe, and found his Lady again in Armour, performing her Conjugal Duty, as ſhe thought. He embrac'd her all cover'd as ſhe was with Iron, and for her part, ſhe receiv'd him as if ſhe had known him from her Cradle. At laſt he enquir'd what ſhe deſign'd to do in this Armour. She fell a laughing, and told him, ſhe durſt not take it off, nor paſs the Night in any other Equipage; and inform'd him withal, ſince it ſeems he knew it not before, that it was a mortal Sin to do otherwiſe. Our charitable wheedling *Cordouan* took abundance of pains to undeceive the poor Creature, and perſuade her that ſhe was abuſed, and that married Perſons paſs'd their time after another manner: At laſt he prevail'd upon her to diſarm, and learn a more eaſie and pleaſant way of performing the Duties of Matrimony, than her rigid Huſband had

taught her, which *Laura* own'd to be a cruel Fatigue. He was not long in getting off her Armour, he likewiſe help'd her to unrig, finding ſhe was too long about it herſelf, and threw himſelf into the Bed by her ſide, where he made her confeſs, that Chalk and Cheeſe were not more different than his Precepts of Matrimony, and thoſe of her Huſband. In ſhort, he taught *Laura* all he knew, who for her part was not backward to learn, while her Huſband danc'd Attendance at Court. At laſt ſhe receiv'd a Letter from him, wherein he ſent her Word, that his Buſineſs being now over, he was preparing to come home: And at the ſame time our *Cordouan* having diſpatch'd his Affairs at *Granada*, return'd to *Cordoua*, without ſo much as taking leave of *Laura*, being, as I ſuppoſe, not very much concerned to part with her, ſince nothing is ſo ſhort-liv'd as our Love for a Fool. *Laura* was not much mortify'd at it, and receiv'd her Huſband with as much Joy, and as little Concern for the loſs of her Gallant, as if ſhe had never ſeen him. *Don Pedro* and his Wife ſupp'd together, to their mutual Satisfactions. The Night was now pretty well ſpent; *Don Pedro* went to Bed according to Cuſtom, and you may judge what a Surprize he was in when he ſaw his pretty Conſort in her Smock coming to lie by him. Being much diſturb'd in his righteous Spirit, he aſk'd why ſhe was not in her Armour? Oh, ſays ſhe, I now know a much better way of paſſing the Night with one's Huſband, which my other Huſband taught me, I thank him. What! Have you got another Huſband then, replies *Don Pedro*? Yes, ſays ſhe, and ſo fine and handſome a Huſband too, let me tell you, that you'd be pleas'd to ſee him; but

but in truth I don't know when we ſhall ſee him again, for ever ſince the laſt Letter you ſent me he has not been here. *Don Pedro* diſſembling his Vexation, aſk'd her who he was; but ſhe could not reſolve him, and like a loving Tit, propos'd to *Don Pedro* to ſhew him what a pretty Game her other Huſband had taught her. Our unfortunate Gentleman pretended to be ſick, and perhaps was really ſo, at leaſt in Mind. He turn'd his Back, and chewing the Cud upon the bleſſed Choice he had made of a Wife, who had not only violated the Honour of his Bed, but had not Senſe enough to conceal it from him, bethought himſelf of the wholſome Advice of the *Catalonian* Dutcheſs, deteſted his Errors, and own'd (but it was ſomewhat of the lateſt) that a Woman of Wit knows how to preſerve the Laws of Honour; or if out of Weakneſs ſhe breaks them, knows at leaſt how to keep her Tranſgreſſion private. At laſt he comforted himſelf as well as he could for a Calamity that was not to be redreſs'd: He feign'd to be indiſpos'd for ſome time, to ſee whether the Inſtructions of his Deputy would have any other Effect than juſt teaching her a Leſſon, which he had done better to have taught her himſelf. He liv'd ſeveral Years with her, had always a watchful Eye over her Actions, and when he dy'd left her all his Eſtate, upon condition ſhe would take upon her the Habit of a Nun, in the ſame Convent where *Seraphina* liv'd, who was at the ſame time inform'd by him, that *Laura* was her Daughter. He ſent all the Particulars of this Hiſtory to his Couſin *Don Rodriguez* at *Madrid*, and confeſs'd to him how finely he had found himſelf miſtaken in his erroneous Opinion. He dy'd; *Lau-*

*ra* neither rejoic'd nor griev'd at his Death. She enter'd her ſelf in the ſame Convent where her Mother liv'd; who finding what a great Eſtate *Don Pedro* had left her Daughter, founded a Religious Houſe with it.

The Hiſtory of *Don Pedro* was divulg'd after his Death, and convinc'd all thoſe People who doubted of it before, that Virtue cannot be perfect without good Senſe; that a witty Woman may be honeſt of her ſelf, but that a Fool cannot be ſo without Aſſiſtance and good looking after.

## NOVEL III.

# THE HYPOCRITES.

IT was in that lovely Seaſon of the Year, when *Flora* and *Apollo*, no, I beg your pardon, when *Apollo* and *Flora*, dreſs the Earth in her gayeſt Livery, that a Woman arriv'd at *Toledo*, the moſt ancient and moſt renowned City of *Spain*. She was fair and young, as ſubtle as the old Serpent, and ſo great an Enemy to Truth, that for ſeveral Years ſhe never ſuffer'd that Virtue to approach her Lips; and what is more wonderful, did not find her ſelf a jot the worſe, at leaſt ſhe never complain'd of it. Thus ſhe traffick'd in Lies, and generally made a good Market of them; for nothing is more certain, than that a Cheat of our Heroine's Complexion has ſometimes ſtole her ſelf into the Approbation even of thoſe Perſons who have a mortal Averſion to Falſhood. She had a Magazine of Fiction large enough to furniſh all the Poets, Heralds, Viſion-mongers, Quacks, and Aſtrologers in *Chriſtendom*. In ſhort, this natural Qualification, which ſhe had taken care to cultivate from her Infancy, join'd to the Charms of her Face,

had got her in a ſhort time a fine parcel of Piſtoles. Her Eyes were black, lively, brillant, large, as fine as fine could be, but withal moſt notorious Killers, convicted of ſome four or five Murthers, ſuſpected of fifty more that were not ſufficiently prov'd; and as for the Wretches they had wounded, their numbers could not be computed, nor even imagin'd. No Woman in the Univerſe dreſt finer; the leaſt Pin fix'd by her Hand carried a peculiar Charm with it. She advis'd with no other Counſellor as to her Dreſs than her Looking-glaſs, which was her chief Miniſter of State, her Treaſurer, and Father-Confeſſor. She was a moſt dangerous Woman to look upon, that's certain; for a Man could not for the Heart of him help loving her, and yet cou'd not be long her Gallant, without being her Slave as long. Well, our Lady, ſuch as I have deſcrib'd her, arriv'd at *Toledo* towards the Evening, juſt at the very nick when all the Cavaliers of the City were preparing a Maſquerade for the Wedding of a young Gentleman of the Neighbourhood, who was to marry a Lady deſcended of one of the beſt Families in that City. The Windows were illuminated with Torches, but much more with the brighter Eyes of the fair Ladies, and the incredible number of Wax-lights triumph'd o'er the vanquiſh'd Night, and reſtor'd the foregoing Day. Women of the leaſt Quality ſhew'd all their Finery upon this occaſion. A world of Beaux had moſt nicely ſpruced up their fine Perſons with a felonious Intention to murther the Ladies; I mean thoſe empty Fops that all great Cities are plagued with, who don't care a Farthing whether they make real Conqueſts or not, provided they can but have the Reputation or Scandal of them; who never attack but in a Troop,

Troop, and that always with Inſolence; and who, by virtue of a handſome Face, red Stockings, a gilt Snuff-box, and a fine Perriwig, think they can command the Lives of all they meet, and murther all the Women with Love, and all the Men with Fear. Oh! what a fine time had the Men of Compliment that Day, to ſhew the Fruitfulneſs of their Imaginations! and, how much glittering Rhetorick was thrown away upon Goddeſſes, who had not been deify'd a full Hour! Among the reſt, a dapper Younker, who from a School-boy had advanc'd himſelf to the Dignity of a Page, ſurpaſs'd himſelf in talking magnificent Nonſenſe before our Heroine, and never was better pleas'd with his dear Perſon than then. He had ſeen her alight out of the Stage-Coach, by the ſame token he was terribly ſmitten with her; but reſolving not to ſtop there, follow'd her to the very Door of the Houſe where ſhe hired a Room, and from thence to all the ſeveral places where her Curioſity led her. At laſt our Stranger ſtopt at a certain place, where ſhe might behold the Maſks at her eaſe; and our eloquent Page, who had put on his beſt Linnen that Day, and was finer than ordinary, immediately enter'd into a Converſation with her, and began to diſplay his Talent. She was a Woman that underſtood the World very well, and lov'd dearly to banter and laugh at your forward young Prigs, that think they are born with a Patent to be troubleſome. Judge therefore, if finding our Page an everlaſting Talker, that car'd not what came uppermoſt, ſhe did not ſoon carry the ſhallow Sot out of his depth, and manage him as ſhe pleas'd. She intoxicated him with her Praiſes, ſo that both his Heart and Soul were at her Service. He told her, that he

waited

waited on an ancient Cavalier of *Andalouſia*, Uncle to the young Gentleman that was to be marry'd, for whom the City made all this rejoicing; That he was one of the richeſt Men of his Quality; and, that he had no other Heir but this young Nephew, whom he lov'd exceedingly, altho' he was one of the moſt extravagant young Fellows in *Spain*, a Lover of all the Women he ſaw, and beſides, of a little Army of Whores, and other Women, whom he had inveigled, either by fair Speeches or Money; and laſtly, that he had committed ſeveral Rapes, without reſpect either to Age, Degree, or Condition. He added, That his Follies had been very expenſive to his old Uncle, who was the more deſirous to link him in Matrimony, that he might ſee whether he would not alter his Manners with his Condition. While the Page diſcover'd all theſe Affairs and Secrets of his Maſter, ſhe made him giddy with her Flatteries, commending every word he ſpoke, bidding the Company to obſerve with what a Grace he told his Story; and, in ſhort, omitting nothing that might help to turn the Head of a young Fop, who had already but too good an Opinion of his own Parts.

The Commendations and Applauſes that proceed from a fair Mouth are dangerous and deceitful: Our indiſcreet Page had no ſooner inform'd *Helen* that he was a Native of *Valladolid*, but ſhe began to expreſs her ſelf very much in favour of that City and its Inhabitants; and after ſhe had put her ſelf to the expence of ſome Hyperboles in praiſing them, aſſur'd our young Coxcomb, that of all the fine Gentlemen ſhe had known of that Country, ſhe never yet ſaw one ſo well made and accompliſh'd as himſelf. This was the finiſhing Compliment that pinn'd

pinn'd up the Basket. Just as our Page was going to take his leave of her, she invited him to conduct her to her Lodgings, and you must not ask the Question why she gave her Lilly-white Hand to him rather than another. This unexpected Favour made his Heart to jump within him, so that he was perfectly out of his little Senses; and he concluded within himself, that a Man ought not to despair of his good Fortune, altho' he were never so miserable. When our charming Flatterer came into her Room, she placed the Page in the best Seat: He was so confounded at this kind Treatment, that for want of taking due Care, he came souse with his Breech to the Ground: His Cloak fell one way, his Hat and Gloves another; and besides, he had like to have run himself through with his Ponyard, which dropt out of the Scabbard as he fell. *Helen* went to help up our poor Spark, and seem'd to be mightily concern'd at his Mischance: She put up his Ponyard, and told him she could not see him wear it any more that Day, after the slippery Trick it had play'd him. The Page pick'd up the scatter'd Remains of his Shipwreck, and made several wicked Compliments suitable to the Occasion. All this while *Helen* made as if she could not recover her self from her late Fright, and began to admire the fine Workmanship of the Ponyard. The Page gave her to understand it belong'd to his old Master, who had formerly bestow'd it upon his graceless Nephew, with a Sword, and other Accoutrements belonging to it; and that he had chosen it among several more that were in his Master's Wardrobe, on purpose to make a better Figure upon a Day of such publick Solemnity. *Helen* made the Page believe she had a mind to go out in Disguise, to see after what manner

ner People of Quality were marry'd at *Toledo*. The Page told her, the Ceremony would not be perform'd till Midnight, and offer'd her a ſmall Collation in the Apartment of the Maſter of the Houſe, who was his Friend. He rail'd at his unpropitious Stars, that he was forced to quit the moſt agreeable Company in the World to wait upon his Maſter, who kept his Bed by reaſon of his Illneſs. He added, that his Gout was the reaſon why he did not aſſiſt at the Wedding, which was to be kept in a great Houſe in the City, at a good diſtance from his own, that was call'd the *Hotel* of the Count of *Fuenſalida*. He was pumping his Brains to make ſome pretty Compliment at parting, when he heard ſomebody knock very hard at the Door.. *Helen* ſeem'd to be ſtrangely diſcompos'd at it, and deſir'd the Page to retire into a little Cloſet, where ſhe ſhut him up longer than he imagin'd. He that made ſuch a rapping at the Door was *Helen*'s Gallant, half Pimp and half Bully; whom, to ſtop the Mouths of the wicked, ſhe was pleas'd to call *Brother*. He was the truſty Accomplice of all her rueful Actions, and Drudge in ordinary to her private Pleaſures. She told him how ſhe had diſpos'd of the Page, and diſcover'd to him beſides her Deſign to finger ſome of his old Maſter's Piſtoles, which requir'd as much Speed as Dexterity in the Execution. The Mules, tho' very well haraſs'd, were immediately put into the Coach that had brought them from *Madrid*; when *Helen*, with her Company, (which was compos'd of the terrible *Montafar*, the venerable *Mendez*, and a ſmall Lacquey) embark'd in this founder'd Veſſel, which carried them to a ſort of *Long-lane*, where a parcel of Chriſtian Jews liv'd, whoſe Faith was as thread-bare as the ſecond-hand Cloaths they

they ſold. The Maſkers ran ſtill about the Streets; and it ſo happen'd, that the Bridegroom, who was maſk'd as well as the reſt, met *Helen*'s Coach, and in it beheld our dangerous Stranger, who ſeem'd to him to be *Venus* in Diſguiſe, or the Sun hurrying about the Streets. He was ſo ſtrangely tempted by this bewitching Sight, that he was within an Ace of leaving his Bride elect in the lurch, to run after this unknown Fair; but at that time his Prudence had power enough to ſtifle this growing Paſſion. He follow'd his Companions in the Maſks, while the Stage-Coach drove furiouſly on towards the aforeſaid Street, where the Brokers liv'd; and here, without much haggling and making of Words, *Helen* ſoon equipt her ſelf in Mourning from top to toe, together with the ancient *Mendez*, *Montafar*, and the little Boy. After this, getting into the Coach again, ſhe order'd the Fellow to ſtop at the *Hotel* of the Count *Fuenſalida*. Our diminutive Lacquey went in firſt, enquir'd the Apartment of the Marquis of *Villafagnan*, and told him, that a Lady from the Mountains of *Leon* was at the Door, who had ſome Buſineſs of great Importance to communicate to him. The good Gentleman was ſurpriz'd to hear of a Viſit from ſuch a Lady, and at ſuch an Hour: He rais'd himſelf up in his Bed as well as he could, adjuſted his wrinkled Cravat, and order'd two Cuſhions to be put under his Back, to receive ſo important a Viſit with the better Grace. He kept himſelf in this poſture, with his Eye ſtill fix'd upon the Chamber-door, when he ſaw enter the Room (not without the greateſt Admiration of his Eyes, and as great a Palpitation of his Heart) the ſorrowful *Montafar*, muffled up in as much black Crape as would ſerve half a ſcore Hearſes, follow'd by two Women in the ſame

Ha-

Habit, the youngeſt of whom he led by the Hand, and who covering part of her Face with her Vail, ſeem'd to be the moſt ſorrowful and conſiderable of the two. A Lacquey held up her Train, which was ſo enormouſly prolix, that when it was ſpread out, it cover'd the whole Floor. At the Door they ſaluted the ſick old Gentleman with three profound Reverences, not reckoning that of the little Lacquey, which is not worth mentioning: In the middle of the Room with three other Reverences, all at the ſame time, and three more before they took their Seats, which were brought them by a young Page, Comrade to him whom *Helen* had lock'd up ſafe in the Cloſet; but theſe three laſt Reverences were ſo extraordinary, that they effaced the remembrance of the former. The courteous Soul of our old Gentleman was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd at ſo odd a Scene, the Ladies took their Seats, and *Montafar* and the little Lacquey retir'd bare-headed towards the Door. The gouty Cavalier was at his Wits-end to find them Compliments, and afflicted himſelf at their Mourning, before he knew the Cauſe of it, which he entreated them to be ſo kind as to let him know, as likewiſe the reaſon why they did him the Honour of that Viſit at ſo unuſual an Hour for Perſons of their Quality to be abroad. *Helen*, who needed not to be inform'd what a ſtrange Efficacy and Perſuaſion there was in Tears that came from beautiful Eyes, immediately pour'd out a Torrent of them, intermix'd with violent Sobs and Sighs, raiſing and falling the Tone of her Voice as ſhe ſaw moſt proper. She diſcover'd ever and anon her Lilly-white Hands, with which ſhe wiped her Eyes, and ſometimes ſhew'd her Face, to let him ſee ſhe was as beautiful as afflicted. The old Gentleman expected with

with Impatience when she would open, and began now to hope it, since that impetuous Flood of Tears which had overflow'd her charming Field of Lillies and Roses, was in a manner stopt; when the venerable *Mendez*, who judg'd it convenient to re-assume this mournful Harmony, which the other had just finish'd, began to weep, sob, and lay about her with that Violence, that it was equally a Misfortune and Shame to *Helen* that she had not griev'd enough. The old Matron stopt not here, but resolving to out-do *Helen*, thought that to tear off a handful or two of her Hair would not have an ill Effect upon the Audience. It was no sooner thought of but done; she committed most horrible Ravage upon her Locks, but in truth this was no mighty Loss to her, since there was not one single Hair of the growth of her Head. After this manner did *Helen* and *Mendez* strive who should exceed the other, when *Montafar* and the Lacquey, at a Signal concerted between them, began a doleful Consort at the Door, and wept and sigh'd so cruelly, that one would have thought they had design'd to out-rival the two pensive Ladies near the Bed, who, by this new striking up of the Chorus, began to play their Parts again so furiously, as if they had been too remiss before. The old Gentleman was almost distracted to see 'em weep so immoderately, and yet could know nothing of the Occasion: He wept however to keep them company, sobb'd as strenuously as the best of 'em, and conjur'd the afflicted Ladies by all that was good and sacred, by their seraphical Eyes, and their celestial Charms, to moderate their Afflictions a little, and to acquaint him with the Cause of them; protesting, that his Life was the least thing he would hazard for their sakes, and regretting the loss of his

his Youth, which hinder'd him from ſhewing the Sincerity of his Heart by his Actions.

At theſe Words the Sky began to clear up a little, their Countenances were not ſo overcaſt as before, and they thought they had wept enough in all Conſcience, ſince they could weep no longer without ſpoiling the Jeſt: Beſides, they were good Huſbands of their Time, and knew that they had not a minute to loſe. Our old Matron therefore lifting up her Vail above her Head, to the end her venerable Looks might give her all the Credit ſhe wanted on this Occaſion, declaim'd in the following manner: *God of his Almighty Power and Goodneſs preſerve and ſhield my Lord Marquis of* Villafagnan *from all harm, and reſtore him to his former Health: Altho', to ſpeak truth, the tragical Story we are going to tell him, is not very proper to give him Joy, which is the Elixir of Health; but our Misfortune is of that nature, that we muſt communicate it.* At this the poor Marquis of *Villafagnan* ſtriking himſelf with the Palm of his Hand upon his Thigh, and fetching a deep Sigh from the bottom of his Heart, cry'd, *Heaven grant that I am not miſtaken, but my foreboding Mind tells me that this is ſome fooliſh Frolick, or rather ſome Extravagance of my Nephew. Go on, Madam, go on, and excuſe me for interrupting you.* Our old Matron fell a weeping, inſtead of returning an Anſwer, when the penſive *Helen* took up the Diſcourſe thus: Since you know by ſorrowful Experience, ſays ſhe, that your Nephew is a Slave to his extravagant Appetites, and have been but too often troubled to compound his Outrages, you will make no difficulty to believe his brutal Uſage of me. When you unhappily ſent him to *Leon* laſt Spring, he ſaw me at Church,

Church, and at this Interview ſaid ſome things to me, which, had they been true, neither of us ought to have ſtirr'd off from that holy Ground; my ſelf, for fear of Juſtice, as being his Murtherer, and he as a dead Man, and fit to be put in his Grave: He told me a hundred times, that my Eyes had kill'd him, and omitted none of thoſe inſinuating wheedling Tricks that Lovers employ to abuſe the Simplicity of poor Virgins. He follow'd me home to my Lodgings, rode before my Windows every Day, and ſerenaded me every Night. At laſt, finding all his amorous Arts ſignified nothing, he by his Money corrupted a black Wench, a Slave of ours, to whom my Mother had promis'd her Liberty, and by her infernal Treachery ſurpriz'd me in a Garden we have in the Suburbs of the City. I had none but this perfidious Maid with me: He was accompanied by a Man as wicked as himſelf, and had brib'd the Gardener to go to the other end of the Town, under pretence of Buſineſs. What need I ſay more? He clapt his Ponyard to my Throat, and finding that my Life was leſs dear to me than my Honour, by the help of the Companion of his Crime, he took that by Force which he could never have obtain'd by fair Promiſes. The Black acted the Part of a diſtracted Woman, and the better to hide her Perfidy, wounded her ſelf ſlightly in the Hand, and then vaniſh'd. The Gardener return'd: Your Nephew, affrighted at the blackneſs of his Crime, leap'd over the Garden-Wall with ſo much Precipitation, that he dropt his Ponyard, which I took up. However, this inſolent young Man had nothing then to fear; for not being in a condition to ſtop him, I had Command enough over my ſelf to diſſemble the inexpreſſible Misfortune that had befallen me. I did all I could

could to appear no more concern'd than I us'd to be: The wicked Slave was not to be ſeen from that moment. Soon after I loſt my Mother, and I might ſay I loſt every thing in her, if my Aunt, whom you ſee there, had not been ſo kind as to take me to her own Houſe, where ſhe makes no difference between her two beautiful Daughters and my ſelf. There I came to be inform'd, that your Nephew was ſo far from deſigning me Reparation for the Injury he had done me, that he was upon the point of marrying in this City. Upon this I flew hither with the greateſt haſte I could, and expect, before I go out of your Chamber, that you will give me, in Money or Jewels, the Value of two thouſand Crowns, to ſettle me in ſome Convent; for after what I have known by fatal Experience of the Temper of this Cavalier, I can never bring my ſelf to marry him, altho' he and all his Relations ſhould endeavour to perſuade me to it by all ſorts of Offers and Entreaties imaginable. I know well enough that he is to be married to Night, but I'll ſoon ſtop all Proceedings, and raiſe ſuch an Hurricane, as ſhall make his Heart ake as long as he lives, if you don't comply with my Propoſal. And to let you ſee, continued this diſſembling Hypocrite, that what I have told you of your Nephew is ſo true, that nothing can be more, ſee the fatal Ponyard which he clapt to my Throat; and would to God he had done ſomething more, than only threatned me with it. She began to weep afreſh at the Concluſion of her Story. *Mendez* took it in a higher Key, and the harmonious Conſort at the Door, of which the little ſqueaking Lacquey made the Treble, and *Montafar* the Baſs, tuned their Pipes to Admiration. Our old Gentleman, who had already but too eaſily believ'd what the greateſt Cheat

of

of her Sex had told him, no ſooner ſaw the Ponyard, but he immediately knew it to be the ſame he had formerly beſtow'd upon his Nephew; therefore all his Care was to prevent this Story's taking Air, leſt it ſhould hinder his Match.

He would have ſent for him with all his Heart, but he was afraid, leſt ſome People ſhould be ſo curious as to enquire into the Occaſion; and as 'tis natural for us to fear where we deſire, he no ſooner ſaw the afflicted Ladies riſing from their Seats, and making as if they were going to break this Marriage to pieces, which he ſo earneſtly deſir'd, and had taken ſo much pains to bring about, than he order'd his Page to bring him his Cabinet, and bid him tell out Two thouſand Crowns in Four-Piſtole Pieces. *Montafar* receiv'd them, counting them one by one; and the old Marquis having made them promiſe to honour him with a Viſit next Morning, excus'd himſelf a hundred times to the Ladies, for not being able to wait upon them to their Chariot. Away they went very well ſatisfied with their Viſit, and order'd the Coachman to drive back to *Madrid*, concluding with themſelves, that if they were purſued, it would be on the Road to *Leon*. In the mean time, their Landlady finding her Lodgers did not come home, went into their Chamber, where ſhe found the Page in the Cloſet, who could not imagine why they had ſhut him up there, and whom ſhe let go about his Buſineſs, by reaſon ſhe knew him, or rather becauſe upon enquiry ſhe found none of her Moveables miſſing. Thoſe People that make a Trade of Robbing, and wholly ſubſiſt by it, tho' they don't fear GOD, yet always fear Man. They are of all Countries, and yet are of none, as having no ſettled Habitation; as ſoon as they ſet Foot in

one

one place, they make the moſt on't they can; and when they have graz'd it bare, remove to freſh Quarters. This curſed Occupation, which is learnt with ſo much Pains and Danger, differs from all others in this reſpect, that whereas we leave the reſt when we grow old, purely for want of ſtrength to follow them, that of Robbing generally leaves a Man in his Youth, and yet 'tis for want of living longer. One would think that the Gentlemen that follow it muſt needs find ſome unaccountable Charms in it, ſince for its ſake they venture a great number of Years, which are ſooner or later concluded by the Hangman. *Helen*, *Mendez*, and *Montafar* had none of theſe pious Reflections in their Heads, but rather were in perpetual Fears leſt they ſhould be purſued. They gave the Coachman double his Fare to make the more haſte, who, without queſtion, did all he could to pleaſe his Paſſengers, that had paid him ſo liberally; ſo that we may reaſonably conclude, never did any Leathern Vehicle make more haſte to *Madrid*. *Montafar* was very uneaſie, and ſhew'd by the many Sighs that eſcap'd from him, that he was rather in a penitential than a merry Strain. *Helen*, who had a mind to divert his Melancholy, by recounting the Particulars of her Life, which till that moment ſhe had carefully conceal'd, began thus: Since I find thou art in ſuch a muſty Humour, ſaid ſhe to him, I will ſatisfie the great Longing thou haſt always expreſt to know who I am, and what Adventures have befallen me before we came acquainted. I could tell thee, I am deſcended from a noble Family, and according to the Vanity now predominant, give my ſelf an illuſtrious Name as eaſily as my Neighbours; but I will be ſo ſincere as to acquaint thee, even with the leaſt Faults

of

of thoſe who ſent me into the World. You muſt know then, my Father, of happy Memory, was a *Gallician* by Birth, a Lacquey by Profeſſion, or, to ſpeak more honourably of him, a Footman. He held the Memory of the Patriarch *Noah* in ſingular Veneration, for his noble Invention of the Vine; and were it not for his particular Reſpect to the Juice of the Grape, one might ſay of him, that he cared but little for the Vanities of this wicked World. My Mother was of *Granada*, to ſpeak frankly, a Slave; but you know there's no contending with one's Deſtiny. She anſwer'd to the Name of *Mary*, which her Maſters gave her at her Baptiſm, but was better pleas'd to be call'd *Zara*, which was her *Moriſco* Appellative; for ſince I am to tell you the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth, ſhe was a Chriſtian in Complaiſance and Faſhion only, but a Moor in Reality: Nevertheleſs ſhe frequently confeſs'd, but that rather the Sins of her Maſter than her ſelf; and as ſhe amus'd her Confeſſor, not with her own Failings, but the things ſhe was forced to ſuffer as a Servant, and ſhew'd him of what a meek, humble, and patient Spirit ſhe was, the charitable old Father, who was a godly Man, and judg'd of others by himſelf, believ'd her upon her Word, and commended inſtead of reproving her, ſo that any one that ſtood near enough, would have heard nothing but Praiſes on both ſides. Perhaps you are in pain to know how I came acquainted with ſo particular a Secret, and may very well imagine my Mother never diſclos'd it to me; but I muſt inform you, that I am very inquiſitive in my Nature, and as young as I was at that time, my Mother never confeſs'd her ſelf, but I got as near as I cou'd to over-hear her Confeſſion. But to proceed;

as tawny, or to expreſs my ſelf more properly, as black as ſhe was, her Face and Shape were not diſagreeable, and there were more than ſix Cavaliers, Commanders with red and green Croſſes, that were her Admirers, and ſtrove who ſhould be moſt in her good Graces. She was of ſo charitable a Temper, that ſhe granted them all they aſk'd of her, and her Gratitude to her Maſters was ſo great, that to make them ſome Amends for the Pains they had been at in rearing her from her Childhood, ſhe did all that lay in her Power to bring them every Year a little Slave, Male or Female; but Heaven did not ſecond her good Intentions, for all her motly Progeny, her chequer'd Iſſue, I mean all the ſquawling Demi-*Negroes* of her making, dy'd as ſoon as they were born. She was happier in bringing up the Children of other People. Her Maſters, that had loſt all their own in the Cradle, got her to nurſe a young Child, deſpair'd of by the Phyſicians, who in a ſhort time, by her good looking after it, and the good Qualities of my Mother's Milk, was perfectly recover'd. For this piece of Service my Mother's Miſtreſs gave her her Liberty when ſhe died. Being now at her own diſpoſal, ſhe ſet up for waſhing and whitening of Linnen, and ſucceeded ſo well that way, that in a ſhort time there was hardly a Beau or Courtier in *Madrid* that thought his Linnen well waſh'd, unleſs it had paſs'd her Hands. And now ſhe began to practiſe over thoſe Leſſons again, which her Mother had formerly given her; I mean, to renew her Acquaintance with her Correſpondents in the other World. She had laid aſide this tickliſh Employment rather out of Modeſty, and becauſe ſhe was tired with the Encomiums that were given her for being ſo well ſkill'd in this Art, than for any fear of Juſtice,

Juſtice, or apprehenſion of the Magiſtrate. In ſhort, ſhe apply'd her ſelf afreſh to it, only to oblige her Friends, and in a little time made ſo great a Progreſs in this noble Science, and acquir'd ſuch Credit in the Kingdom of Darkneſs, that Dæmons of the higheſt Reputation were not thought to be worth a Farthing, if they were not in League with her. I am not vain, neither do I love to tell Lies, added *Helen*; for which reaſon I will not beſtow any good Qualities upon my Mother which ſhe did not poſſeſs, but am oblig'd at leaſt to pay this Teſtimony to her Virtue. The Secrets which ſhe ſold, thoſe which ſhe reveal'd, and her Oracles, which made her pointed at in the Streets, were vulgar Talents among thoſe of her Nation, in compariſon of what ſhe knew in the Myſtery of Maidenheads: That incomprehenſible Flower was much better after ſhe had ſent it a lifting Hand, than before it was gather'd, and bore a greater Price at its ſecond Edition, with my Mother's Corrections and Amendments, than at the firſt. She might be about forty Years old when ſhe married my Father, the good *Rodriguez*. All the Neighbourhood wonder'd, a Man who lov'd Wine ſo well, would marry a Woman that never taſted it, as if ſhe ſtill continued a Diſciple of *Mahomet*, and who had her Hands always in Water, being a Laundreſs by Profeſſion. But in anſwer to this, my Father worthily replied, That Love clear'd all Difficulties, and made every thing eaſie. Some time after, her Belly ſwell'd to her Chin, and ſhe was happily deliver'd of me; but this Joy did not laſt long in our Family. I was about ſix Years old when a certain Prince cloath'd a hundred Lacqueys in his own Livery againſt a Bull-Feaſt: My Father was one of the number, drank a large Morning's

Draught, and being Pot-valiant, muſt needs encounter a wild Bull, who toſs'd him two or three Story high, and tore out his Guts. I remember they made Ballads upon my Father's Death, and the Burthen of the Song was, *That two of a Trade can never agree.* I did not underſtand the meaning on't then, but have ſince been inform'd, that it alluded to his being a cornuted Animal; but you know 'tis impoſſible to ſtop Peoples Mouths, if they have a mind to prate, and vent their ill-natur'd Mirth.

My Mother was afflicted at my Father's Misfortune, and ſo was I; ſhe was comforted, and ſo was her Daughter. When I was grown up, my Beauty began to make People talk of me; and, Lord! what preſſing and thronging there was to carry me to the Park, to the Playhouſe, and to give me Collations on the Banks of the *Manzanares!* My Mother watch'd me like a ſecond *Argos*, inſomuch that I grumbled to be ſo confined; but ſhe ſoon made me ſenſible it was for my Advantage. Her Severity, and the high Price ſhe ſet upon me, enhanced the Value of her Merchandize, and rais'd a terrible Competition among thoſe that pretended to my Favours. I was as it were put up by Auction, each Man thought he had the better of his Rival, and each fancied he had found that, which was long gone and vaniſh'd. A rich *Genoeſe* Merchant, who courted me in private, ſo dazzled the Eyes of my prudent Mother with his yellow Metal, and bled ſo plentifully, that ſhe favour'd his good Intentions: He poſſeſs'd the firſt place in my Affections, but this Superiority prov'd very expenſive to him. We continued faithful to him, ſo long as we believ'd he doubted us; when we found him no longer upon his Guard, we fairly duped him. My Mother was

too

too tender-hearted, and ſenſible of the Pains of Love; not to be touch'd with the continual Complaints of theſe Gentlemen, who were all topping Cards at Court, and as rich as *Cræſus*. 'Tis true, they did not throw their Money about ſo plentifully as the *Genoeſe*, yet my Mother, as ſhe knew how to ſet a Value upon great Gains, ſo did not deſpiſe the ſmaller; and beſides, was obliging rather out of a Principle of Charity than Intereſt. The *Genoeſe*, in ſhort, was declar'd Bankrupt, and I don't know but we might lend a helping Hand to his breaking. He was engag'd in ſeveral Scuffles and Quarrels about me: The Magiſtrates came to viſit us more out of Civility than any other reaſon; but my Mother had a natural Averſion to the Gentlemen of the long Robe, and no leſs hated your Bullies and rakehelly Red-coats that began to beſiege us: She therefore thought convenient to remove to *Sevil*, turn'd all her Plate and Furniture into ready Money, and took me along with her in the Stage-Coach. We were betray'd by our villainous Coachman, robb'd and ſtript of all we had; and beſides, my Mother was ſo bruiſed and batter'd, by reaſon ſhe defended her own Goods as long as her little Strength would give her leave, that before I could drag her to a wretched Inn, ſhe gave up the Ghoſt at the Foot of a Rock. I arm'd my ſelf with Reſolution, altho' I was but very young: I bundled up every Rag belonging to the old Gentlewoman, but our Thieves had been ſo careful, that they had left me but little to carry off. Thus I left her to the Diſcretion of the next Paſſengers, not doubting but that upon ſo great a Road as that between *Madrid* and *Sevil*, ſome charitable Chriſtians would come by, and take care to ſee her Corps interred. I arriv'd at *Madrid*; my Lovers

were acquainted with my Misfortune, and in a short time I was equipp'd with new Rigging and Furniture. About that time I happen'd to meet with thee at one of my Female Companion's, and I was perfectly charm'd with thy good Qualities: What has happen'd since I need not relate to thee, since we have never been asunder. We came to *Toledo*; we left it in haste, but made so good a Market there, that if thou art a Man of that Courage I take thee to be, thou wilt be merrier than thou art. But since this long Story has made thee inclinable to take a Nap, as I find by thy yawning and nodding thou art, lay thy Head upon my Lap, and sleep; but know, that if there is any thing either good or useful in Fear, 'tis before we have committed a Crime, for 'tis the vilest and most dangerous Quality in the World afterwards. Fear always discomposes the Minds of the guilty, in such manner, that instead of flying from those that pursue them, they frequently throw themselves into their hands. *Montafar* fell asleep, and in the Morning awak'd, so beautiful and charming, that the Birds, the Flowers, and Fountains saluted her, each after its manner; the Birds by singing, the Flowers by perfuming the Air, and the Fountains by smiling or murmuring, no matter which, for one is as true as the other. And now the Nephew of the Marquis of *Villafagnan*, the sensual *Don Sancho*, was getting up from his new Bride, tired enough in all Conscience, and perhaps already glutted with the Pleasures of Matrimony. He could think of nothing but the pretty Stranger, I mean the dangerous *Helen*, whom he had seen the Night before in the Stage-Coach, and fancied to be the Phœnix of her Sex; but in this Particular he was guilty of great Injustice to his own Lady, who was very

very beautiful, and so amiable, that several Lovers in *Toledo* died for her, while at the same time she sigh'd for her ungrateful Husband; and that Monster of Inconstancy did the like for an infamous mercenary Strumpet, that would have lick'd the Devil's cloven Foot for Half a Crown. But nothing is so irregular as our Appetites. A Husband that has a pretty Wife runs after a draggle-tail'd nasty Servant-wench. A Nobleman, that has his Ragous and Ortolans, despises what he sees before him, and calls for the sturdy Beef and Pottage that his Footmen dine on: All the World has a deprav'd taste in many things, but your Men of Quality more than any. As they have more Wealth than they know what to do with, and fondly perplex themselves in searching after what is not to be found, so they chuse course ordinary things only for Variety sake. Thus we see they spare neither Pains nor Money to purchase Trifles; and sometimes court some common Jilt a Twelve-month before they can obtain those Favours of her, which she flings away upon others without asking. Heaven permits this, on purpose that they may punish themselves with an Evil of their own seeking. Wretched Man! on whom Heaven has bestow'd those two things that contribute to make Life happy, Riches in abundance, and a lovely Wife: Riches to support and relieve those that deserve, but have 'em not, and to secure thee from stooping to those Meannesses, to which Poverty often exposes the most generous Souls; and a Wife that equals thee in Quality, beautiful both in Body and Mind, wholly perfect in thy Eyes, but much more so in those of others, who see farther into the Affairs of their Neighbour than their own; and, in short, possess'd of those shining Qualifications, Mo-

deration, Chaſtity, and Virtue. What is it thou art looking for elſewhere? Haſt thou not at home thy other half, thy Wife, whoſe Wit can divert thee, who yields her Body entirely to thy Pleaſure, who is jealous of thy Honour, frugal of thy Fortune, careful to preſerve thy Eſtate; who gives thee Children to divert thee in their Childhood, to ſupport thee in thy Old-age, and to keep up thy Name after thou art dead? What is it, I ſay, thou art looking after abroad? I will tell thee in few Words, to ruin thy Eſtate and Reputation, to enfeeble thy Body, to loſe the Eſteem of thy Friends, and, in a word, to create thy ſelf abundance of Enemies. Think'ſt thou that thy Honour is ſafe, becauſe thou haſt a virtuous Wife? Alas! thou haſt little Experience of the things of this World, and art little acquainted with human Frailty. The moſt tractable and quiet Horſe grows reſtiff under an ill Rider, and throws him to the Ground. A Woman may now and then reſiſt a Temptation to do ill, and yet commit a Crime of much greater conſequence, when ſhe fancies her ſelf moſt upon her Guard: One Fault draws many after it, and the diſtance between Virtue and Vice is ſometimes not above a Day or two's Journey. And now methinks I ſee a malapert Critick cock his Hat, toſs his Wig over his Shoulders, look fierce, and aſk how theſe moral Aphoriſms come to be thus brought in Hand over Head. Why, pray Sir don't be ſo cholerick, make uſe of them, or let them alone, as you ſhall ſee fit, 'tis all a caſe to your humble Servant, I'll aſſure you; but under Favour, Sir, methinks you ought to thank the Man who gives you them for nothing. But to return to our Story: *Don Sancho* was ready to riſe from his young Wife, when his Uncle's Steward brought

brought him a Letter, wherein the old Gentleman ſent him word of the ſtrange Lady who had viſited him the Night before, and whom he ſuſpected to have cheated him, becauſe ſhe was not to be found in any of the Inns in *Toledo*, whither he had ſent to enquire after her. He deſir'd him in the ſame Letter to lend him one of his Servants, to purſue this notorious Cheat to *Madrid*, whither he ſuppos'd ſhe had ſteer'd her Courſe, becauſe he had ſent his People upon all the great Roads from *Toledo* to the neighbouring Cities, and could hear no News of her. *Don Sancho* was not made of Braſs or Marble: He found himſelf attack'd in the weakeſt part of his Soul, and was wondrous fierce and uppiſh to be once in his Life wrongfully accus'd of a Fault, who had been found guilty of ſo many before. The loſs of ſo great a Sum, and the Sham that had been put upon his Uncle, equally incens'd him. He told the Story to his Wife and ſome of his Relations, who came to give our new-married Couple the Good-morrow; and being not to be diſſuaded from his Reſolution by the Entreaty of his Spouſe, or the Advice of his Friends, dreſs'd himſelf in a Minute, eat a little Breakfaſt, and ran to his Uncle's Houſe as hard as he could drive. The Page who had introduc'd *Helen* into the old Marquis's Chamber deſcrib'd the Coach to him, inform'd him how many they were in company, and by what Marks they might be diſcover'd. He took Poſt from *Toledo* to *Madrid*, attended only by two Footmen, whoſe Courage was not unknown to him. He rode four or five Stages ſo faſt, that he had no leiſure to think of the beautiful Stranger; but when his Indignation was a little evaporated by his Journey, *Helen* took place again in his Fancy, ſo beautiful and charming

was she in his Imagination, that he was in the mind once or twice to return to *Toledo* to find her out. He wish'd himself a hundred times at the Devil, for concerning himself so far about his Uncle's Robbery; and call'd himself Sot, Blockhead, and Enemy to his own Pleasure as often, to fatigue himself thus in riding Post, whereas he might have imploy'd his Time to much better purpose, in seeking a Happiness, the possession whereof, in his Opinion, would have made him the happiest Man in the World. While these amorous Reflections took up his Thoughts, he often talk'd to himself, as Fools use to do, and that so loud, that his Servants, who rode before him, often stopt short, and turn'd back to enquire what he would have. Why, wou'd he often say to himself, did I leave the Place where I first beheld her? And shall not I be the most unhappy of Men, if this Stranger leaves *Toledo* before my Return? Well, 'tis no more than what I deserve, who must needs take the Office of a Thief-catcher upon me unask'd, unsought; but, continued he, if I return to *Toledo* without doing any thing, what will my Friends say, who would have dissuaded me from this Enterprize? And ought I to leave those Villains unpunish'd, that have robb'd my Uncle after so unheard-of a manner; and besides, have so perfidiously wounded my Reputation? These different Agitations imploy'd the Mind of our young Extravagant, when near *Xetaffe* his Footmen discover'd *Helen*'s Coach by the Tokens had been given of it. They cried out with one Voice to their Master, *Yonder are the Thieves*, and without staying for him, rode up to the Coach with their Swords drawn. The Coachman stopt, being terribly affrighted, and *Montafar* was much more than he:

*Helen*

*Helen* order'd him to let down the Glaſſes, and look'd out to ſee how ſhe could prevent ſo dangerous a Storm. She ſaw *Don Sancho* riding towards her with Sword in Hand, whoſe angry Countenance boded no good; but our amorous Gentleman no ſooner caſt his Eyes upon theſe two bewitching Stars, which had ſo terribly wounded him, than his Wounds bled afreſh, and he immediately believ'd his Servants had miſtaken; for we have always a good Opinion of the Perſon we love; and as if he had known *Helen* from her Cradle to have been a Lady of unblemiſh'd Virtue, laid about his Footmen with his Sword, like a diſtracted Man. You Dogs, cry'd he, you Villains, did not I bid you have a care you did not miſtake? and, Don't you deſerve to have your Throats cut for offering this Rudeneſs to a Lady who deſerves Reſpect from all Mankind? The poor Footmen, who had fallen ſo haſtily upon the Coach, ſeeing it had all the Marks the Page had given them, and found within it a Lady of ſo much Beauty, which commands Veneration even from the moſt brutal Clowns, kept off at a diſtance to avoid their Maſter's Fury, who thought he had Reaſon on his ſide for what he had done, and that he was kind to them not to cut them to pieces. *Don Sancho* begg'd *Helen*'s Pardon, and acquainted her with the Occaſion why thoſe Sons of a thouſand Whores, his Footmen, had attack'd her ſo rudely, which ſhe knew as well as himſelf. See, I beſeech you, Madam, ſays he, in what Premunires theſe Raſcals may engage their Maſters; had not I happen'd to be with them, theſe Blockheads, upon a few fooliſh Marks, might have ſet the whole Country in an Uproar, rais'd the Mob, and by meer Force have carried you to *Toledo* for a Thief: Not

but

but that you are one, cries our Gentleman, ſmoothing his Countenance, but, Madam, you ſteal Hearts, and nothing elſe. *Helen* thank'd Heaven within her ſelf, for giving her a Face that ſtood her in ſuch ſtead, by clearing her from the wicked Actions ſhe us'd to commit; and recovering out of her Fright, anſwer'd *Don Sancho* with a great deal of Modeſty, and in few Words, knowing that to take a world of Pains to clear one's ſelf of a thing that is laid to one's charge, rather encreaſes than leſſens the Suſpicion. *Don Sancho* was ſurpriz'd to find that Treaſure by meer Accident, which he had ſo violently long'd to ſee, and was ſuch a Fool as to think that Heaven favour'd his Paſſion, ſince it had hinder'd him from going back to *Toledo*, as had been in his Thoughts, which had he done he had miſs'd this Happineſs. He aſk'd *Helen* what her Name was, and where ſhe liv'd in *Madrid*, and moreover, beg'd her to give him leave to wait on her, that he might by his Actions confirm the Services he offer'd her. *Helen* told him both falſe; adding, ſhe ſhould think her ſelf very happy to be honour'd with his Viſits. He offer'd to ſee her ſafe home, but ſhe would by no means conſent to it, repreſenting that ſhe was married, and that her Huſband was to meet her on the Road, therefore whiſper'd him in the Ear, that ſhe was afraid even of her Domeſticks, but much more of her Huſband's jealous Temper. This ſmall Confidence ſhe ſeem'd to repoſe in him, made *Don Sancho* believe ſhe did not hate him. He took his leave of her, and being carried ſwifter by his Hopes than his truſty Steed, (if I may be allow'd ſo to expreſs my ſelf) made the beſt of his way to *Madrid*. He no ſooner arriv'd there, but he enquir'd after *Helen*, and her Habitation, by the Marks ſhe had given

given him. His Footmen were founder'd in looking after her; nay, he imploy'd all his Friends upon this occaſion, but to no purpoſe. When *Helen*, *Montafar*, and the venerable *Mendez* came to *Madrid*, their firſt Care was how to get out of it: They knew well enough it would be impoſſible for them to eſcape the *Toledo* Cavalier, and that if they ſtaid to give him a more particular Knowledge of their Merits, they ſhould find him as dangerous an Enemy as they took him now to be their humble Servant. *Helen* diſpos'd of all her Moveables, and next Day after her arrival bought Pilgrims Habits for her ſelf and Companions. In this Equipage they beat the Hoof towards *Burgos*, where *Mendez* was born, and where ſhe had a Siſter of her own Profeſſion ſtill living. In the mean time *Don Sancho*, having loſt all Hopes of meeting with *Helen*, return'd to *Toledo*, but ſo confounded and aſham'd, that he did not ſpeak one Word from his ſetting out of *Madrid* till he came to his own Houſe.

After he had ſaluted his Wife, who gave him a thouſand Careſſes, ſhe ſhew'd him a Letter from his Brother, who liv'd in one of the fineſt Cities in *Spain*, where he had very good Preferment in the Cathedral Church, and was one of the richeſt Clergymen in all the Country, wherein he ſent him word that he was at the point of Death. He ſtaid but a Night at *Toledo*, and next Morning betimes took Poſt, either to contribute to his Brother's Recovery, or in caſe he dy'd, to take poſſeſſion of his Eſtate. In the mean time *Helen* purſued her Journey to *Burgos*, being as much diſſatisfied with *Montafar* as ſhe had formerly loved him. He had ſhewn ſo little Bravery when *Don Sancho* and his Footmen ſtopt their Coach, that ſhe did not queſtion but he was a rank

rank Coward. This render'd him ſo odious to her, that ſhe could ſcarce endure the Sight of him; her Thoughts were wholly imploy'd how to deliver her ſelf from this Domeſtick Tyrant, and ſhe flatter'd her ſelf with Hopes that ſhe ſhould ſoon get out of his Clutches. It was the venerable *Mendez* that firſt put it into her Head, and ſhe fortified this pious Reſolution with all the Reaſons her Prudence could ſuggeſt. This induſtrious Matron was vex'd to the very Heart, to ſee a lazy uſeleſs Lubber command her, govern *Helen*, and enjoy all the Fruit of their Labour, while he did nothing to obtain it. She inceſſantly repreſented to *Helen* the Unhappineſs of her Condition, which ſhe compar'd to that of a Slave's working in the Mines, who enriches his Maſter with the Gold he digs out of the Earth with incredible Labour and Hardſhip, and inſtead of being the better treated for it, is commonly rewarded only with Drubs and Baſtinadoes: She continually preached to her, that Beauty was a Bleſſing but of a ſhort duration, and that her Looking-glaſs, which ſhew'd her nothing now but what was amiable, and never ſpoke but to her Advantage, would in a ſhort time preſent her with a Sight that would by no means pleaſe her, and tell her moſt diſmal News. Madam, ſays ſhe to her, a Woman that has ſeen Thirty loſes every ſixth Month one of her Charms, and ſees ſome new Blemiſh or Wrinkle riſe up every Day in Judgment againſt her Face and Body. That wicked thing call'd Time makes young Women old, and old Women wrinkled. If a Woman that has enrich'd her ſelf at the expence of her Chaſtity and Reputation, is for all that deſpis'd by the World, notwithſtanding her Wealth and Fortune, think how wretched and miſerable ſhe muſt needs be that

joins

joins Poverty to Infamy; and, What reaſon has ſhe to flatter her ſelf that any one will relieve her in her Miſery? If with the Money you have acquir'd by certain means not approv'd by all the World, you ſhould free an honeſt Fellow out of Jail, and marry him, you would do an Act pleaſing both to GOD and Man, and the End of your Life would make ſome ſort of Atonement for the Beginning of it; but you on the contrary throw away your ſelf and all you have upon a Raſcal, who is as villainous as he is cowardly; and who makes it his ſole Ambition to fleece poor Women, whom he only gains by his Menaces, and keeps under by his Tyranny: Now, under the Roſe be it ſpoken, this is to ſquander away one's Wealth on purpoſe to make one's ſelf the greateſt Wretch alive, and to take pains to further one's Ruin. By theſe and ſuchlike Diſcourſes the judicious *Mendez*, who knew much better how to talk than act, endeavour'd to remove the heroick *Montafar* from the good Affections of the virtuous *Helen*, who had no other Reaſon almoſt for loving him, but that ſhe had been ſo long us'd to his Company: Beſides, ſhe was a Woman of too good Senſe not to approve thoſe Reaſons in her own Thoughts, which the old Matron had laid before her. In ſhort, they were not urg'd to no purpoſe; *Helen* receiv'd 'em in good part, and ſo much the more readily, in that *Mendez*'s Intereſt alone was not concern'd in them, becauſe at that time *Montafar* was coming up to them, that they might enter *Guadarrama* in a body, the place where they intended to dine. They adjourn'd to a more convenient Opportunity their thinking of Ways and Means how to give him the ſlip, and get rid of him. He ſeem'd much diſguſted all Dinner-time, and going to riſe from Table,

ble, was ſeiz'd with a great Shivering, and afterwards a violent Fever, which held him the reſt of the Day, and all Night, and which encreaſing upon him next Morning, gave *Helen* and *Mendez* ſome hopes that this lucky Diſtemper might aſſiſt their Deſigns. *Montafar* finding himſelf ſo weak that he was hardly able to crawl, gave our Ladies to underſtand, that they muſt not ſtir out of *Guadarrama*, but muſt ſend for a Doctor whatever it coſt, and take all imaginable Care of him. He ſpoke this with as much Haughtineſs and Authority as if he had talk'd to his Slaves, and was Maſter of their Lives as well as their Money. In the mean time the Fever found a way to his Pericranium, and brought him ſo low, that if he had not call'd now and then for Drink, one wou'd have ſwore he had been as dead as a Door-nail. The People of the Inn wonder'd why they delay'd ſo long to ſend for a Confeſſor to him, when *Helen* and *Mendez*, who did not doubt but this Fever would give him a Lift into the other World, ſitting on both ſides the Bed, *Helen* began the following Diſcourſe. If thou canſt remember, my dear *Montafar*, ſaid ſhe, after what manner thou haſt always liv'd with me, to whom thou haſt had all the Obligations imaginable, and likewiſe with *Mendez*, venerable for her Age and Virtue, thou may'ſt eaſily imagine we ſhall not much importune Heaven to reſtore thee to thy Health; but altho' I ſhould deſire it as heartily as I have juſt reaſon to wiſh thy Death, yet the Will of Heaven muſt be done, and I ought to offer up with the utmoſt Reſignation what I once lov'd moſt. To deal frankly by thee, quoth ſhe, (for this is not a time to diſſemble) both of us began ſome time ſince to be ſo weary of thy Tyranny, that our parting was unavoidable,

dable, and if Providence had not kindly viſited thee with this Sickneſs, which will ſoon, we doubt not, do thy Buſineſs, (for know to thy Conſolation that thou art riding full gallop to another World) we would have endeavour'd at leaſt to have ſettled in ſome place in *Spain*, where we ſhould have had no more thought of thee than if thou hadſt never had a Being. In ſhort, whatever fooliſh Inclination thou may'ſt have to live, thou ought'ſt to be very well pleas'd with thy Death, ſince Heaven, for Reaſons unknown to Men, affords thee a more honourable End than thou doſt deſerve, permitting a Fever to do that for thee, which either the Hangman generally does for ſuch Villains, or Fear, for ſuch mean-ſpirited Raſcals as thou art. But, my dear *Montafar*, proceeded ſhe, before we part for good and all, tell me ſincerely once in thy Life, Didſt thou ever think I was ſuch an arrant Fool as to ſtay here to watch thee a Nights, give thee thy Juleps, Potions, Cordials, and adminiſter thy Clyſters to thee? Do not ſuffer ſuch Vanities as theſe to come into thy Noddle when thou art ſo near Death; for tho' it concern'd not only thy Health, but that of thy whole Family, I would not ſtay here a quarter of an hour longer. Cauſe thy ſelf therefore to be immediately carried to ſome Hoſpital; and ſince thou haſt always follow'd my Advice, don't deſpiſe this I now give thee, and which is the laſt thou art like to have from me. I mean, my poor *Montafar*, don't ſend for a Phyſician, for he will moſt aſſuredly forbid thee Wine, and that alone, without the help of a Fever, were enough to kill thee in four and-twenty Hours. While *Helen* talk'd thus, the charitable *Mendez* ever now and then felt *Montafar*'s Pulſe, put her Hand on his Forehead, and finding her Miſtreſs had

had done ſpeaking, ſhe re-aſſum'd the Diſcourſe: In truth, Signior *Montafar*, your Head is as hot as a Glaſs-houſe, and I am mightily afraid this Diſtemper will carry you off, without ſo much as giving you leave to reflect on your paſt Life: Take therefore this Chaplet, added ſhe, and run over your Beads devoutly till your Confeſſor comes; this will do full as well for the diſcharge of your Conſcience: But if we may believe the Annaliſts of the Hangman of *Madrid*, that have ſo often imploy'd their Pens to deſcribe your gallant Exploits, your Excellence's exemplary Life will not require much Repentance; beſides, Heaven will reckon to you, without doubt, the dolorous Perambulation you made in the principal Streets of *Sevil*, in the ſight of ſo many People, and guarded by ſo many Officers on Horſeback, that one would have taken you for the Sheriff, but that he always marches at the Head, and you were content at that time to march in the Rear. And what may yet farther help to wipe off your Scores, is your notable Life at Sea, where, for ſix Years together, you did abundance of things pleaſing to your Maker, working much, eating little, and always in Action: And what is more conſiderable, you were ſcarce twenty Years old when, to the great Edification of your Neighbourhood, you began that holy Pilgrimage. Nor is this all, ſays our ancient Matron, for 'tis not to be ſuppos'd, but that you will be amply rewarded in t'other World for the Care you have taken in this, that the Women that liv'd with you ſhould not be lazy and unactive, making them maintain themſelves, not only by the Labour of their Hands, but the Sweat of their whole Bodies. After all, if you die in your Bed, it muſt be an inexpreſſible Conſolation to you, in that you will thereby put

a

a pleaſant Cheat upon the Judge of *Murcia*, who ſwore a great Oath he would make you die in your Shoes, who expects to have the Satisfaction to ſee you cut Capers in the Air, and, in a word, who will be ready to hang himſelf, when he comes to hear you were ſo malicious as to die in your Bed, without the help of a third Man. But I loſe time in talking to thee, not conſidering 'tis high time to begin our Journey, which we ſo earneſtly deſire: And therefore, old Friend of mine, continued ſhe, receive this Embrace with as good a Heart as I give it, for I am of Opinion we ſhall ſee one another no more. As ſoon as ſhe had concluded this comfortable Speech, *Mendez* threw her Arms about his Neck, *Helen* did the like, and ſo they went out of the Chamber, and ſoon after out of the Inn. *Montafar*, who had been accuſtom'd to their Raillery, and could upon occaſion return them a *Rowland* for their *Oliver*, thought they had ſaid all this meerly to divert him, and had not the leaſt Suſpicion when he ſaw them quit the Room, fancying to himſelf they were but gone down to make him ſome Water-gruel or Poſſet-drink. After this he fell into a Slumber, and tho' he could not be properly ſaid to be faſt aſleep, yet it held him ſo long that our Damſels were got a League of their way before he awak'd. He aſk'd the Woman of the Inn where they were; ſhe told him they were gone, and had given her Orders not to diſturb him, becauſe he had not ſlept a wink the Night before. *Montafar* then began to believe the Laſſes had left him in good earneſt: He curs'd the Innkeeper and Inn to the Pit of Hell; threatned even the Ground they walk'd upon, and the Sun that gave them Light: He muſt needs riſe to put on his Cloaths, but was ſo feeble, he had like to have broke

broke his Neck. The good-natur'd Hoſteſs endeavour'd to excuſe the two Damſels, and back'd what ſhe ſaid with ſuch impertinent Reaſons, as ſet our ſick Man a raving like one diſtracted, when he call'd her all the vile Names he could think of. He was ſo vex'd that he would not eat a Morſel for four and twenty Hours; and this No-diet, join'd with plenty of Choler, had that good effect, that after he had recruited himſelf with a little Water-gruel, he found himſelf luſty enough to purſue his fugitive Slaves. They were got two Days Journey before him, but two hackney Mules that were ſending back to *Burgos* further'd his Deſign, as much as they ruin'd that of our two pretended Pilgrims. He overtook them within ſix or ſeven Leagues of *Burgos*, they chang'd Countenance as ſoon as they ſaw him, and excus'd themſelves as well as they were able. *Montafar* did not ſeem to be in the leaſt angry with them, ſo great was his Joy to have them again in his clutches. He laugh'd as heartily as they did at this merry Frolick of theirs, and acted his Part ſo well, that they believ'd him in their Thoughts to be a downright paſſive Blockhead. He perſuaded them they had loſt their Way to *Burgos*, therefore leading them among ſome Rocks, where he very well knew no body would come to interrupt him, he put his Hand to a Bayonet, to which they had always paid a world of Reſpect, and told them, like a mercileſs Devil as he was, that they muſt immediately deliver all their Gold, Silver, and Jewels. At firſt they believ'd their Tears would have accommodated the Buſineſs: *Helen* threw her Arms about his Neck, and wept moſt plentifully; but our Cavalier was ſo haughty, now he had them in his power, that he was deaf to all their Prayers and Entreaties, and

ſignify'd to them his laſt Will and Pleaſure, that they muſt ſurrender all in a quarter of an Hour, otherwiſe they knew what they muſt expect. Thus our Poor Damſels were forc'd to ſacrifice their Purſes for their Safety, and it was with the laſt Regret they parted with their Money, which they loved ſo dearly. But *Montafar*'s Revenge did not ſtop here, for he produc'd certain things call'd Cords, which he had purpoſely provided; and binding each of them to a Tree, juſt over-againſt one another, told them with a treacherous Smile, that knowing how remiſs and negligent they had been in doing Penance for their Sins, he was reſolv'd to give them holy Diſcipline with his own Hands, that they might remember him in their Prayers. He executed his pious Deſign with ſome Broom-branches, and after he had ſatisfied himſelf at the Expence of their Backs, he ſat himſelf down between theſe two meek-hearted Sufferers, and turning towards *Helen*, ſpoke to her as follows. My dear *Helen*, ſaid he, take not in ill part what I have done, but conſider my good Intention, and know that every one is bound in Conſcience to follow his Vocation: 'Tis thine to be malicious; for alas, the World is compos'd of bad as well as good, and 'tis mine to puniſh the malicious. Whether I have acquitted my ſelf as I ought, thou knoweſt better than any one; and if I have heartily chaſtis'd thee, be ſatisfy'd I as heartily love thee. If my Duty did not render me deaf to all Pity, I would not leave ſo virtuous and honourable a Damſel naked, tied to a Tree, and expos'd to the Mercy of the next Paſſenger. Thy illuſtrious Birth, with which thou didſt lately acquaint me, deſerves another Deſtiny; but I know thou wilt at

the

the ſame time own, that thou wouldſt do the ſame that I have done, if thou wert in my place. What falls out moſt unlucky is, that being ſo publick as thou art, thou wilt be ſoon known; and then 'tis to be fear'd that our Magiſtrates, out of a Maxim of Policy, will order this wicked Tree, with which thou art as it were incorporated, to be burnt, together with the wicked Fruit it produces; but know, to thy great Comfort, that if thy wicked Actions put thee now in bodily Fear, the time will come, when it will be a Pleaſure to thee to relate them, and when among thy other laudible Qualities, thou wilt poſſeſs that of being able to paſs a long Winter's Night, and ſet Folks aſleep with the Recital of thy famous Exploits. But I ſhould give the good *Mendez* juſt Occaſion to complain of my Unkindneſs, ſhould I addreſs my Diſcourſe any longer to thee, without taking notice of her: Nay, I ſhould be wanting in my Duty to my Neighbour, if I ſhould not in Charity give her ſome Advice, that may be uſeful to her in the preſent Poſture of her Affairs. They are, continues he, and turning himſelf towards *Mendez*, in a worſe Condition than you imagine, let me perſuade you therefore, to recommend your ſelf ſeriouſly to your Maker, once in your Life at leaſt, ſince your old founder'd Carcaſs will ſcarce be able to ſupport the Fatigue of this Day; and oh! that my Prayers cou'd as eaſily procure you a Confeſſor, as 'tis certain you want one. Not but that your exemplary Life may leave your Conſcience in repoſe; you have been ſo publick-ſpirited and charitable all your Days, but inſtead of cenſuring and magnifying the Faults of others, you have repaired thoſe of thouſand young Maidens; and ſince you have taken ſuch pains to

ſtudy

ſtudy the darkeſt and moſt conceal'd Sciences, ought you not to be commended for it? 'Tis true, the Inquiſition has no great Kindneſs for you upon this Score, nay, and has given you ſome publick Marks of its Diſpleaſure; but you know that's compos'd of wicked Men, and that 'tis natural for People of the ſame Profeſſion to hate one another. This is not all, for thoſe Gentlemen have a very ill Opinion of your Salvation; but altho' what they ſay ſhould be true, yet a little time will reconcile one to the worſt of Places, that is, even to Hell its ſelf, where you may take it for granted, you will ſoon receive all imaginable Marks of Civility from the Inhabitants, having convers'd and dealt with them from your Infancy. I have one Word more to ſay to you, and then I have done: I might have chaſtis'd you, Madam, after another manner, but I conſider'd that old People, according to the Proverb, turn Children again, and your Ladyſhip is old enough to be in your firſt State of Innocence, and therefore whipping was more proper for the little Trick of Youth you play'd me, than any other Chaſtiſement. And thus, Ladies, I take my leave of you, earneſtly deſiring you to have a care of your dear Perſons. Having rally'd them after this Faſhion, juſtly or not, as the Reader pleaſes, away he went, and left them rather dead than alive, not ſo much for Grief of their having been whipt, as becauſe all their Money was gone, and they were left in a lonely Place ty'd to Trees, where they might expect every Minute to be devour'd by Wolves. With theſe melancholy Contemplations in their Pates, as they were looking ſorrowfully one upon another, without ſaying a Word, a Hare croſs'd the Road before them, and ſome time after

a Grey-hound thundering after poor Puſs, and a Cavalier well mounted thundering after the Grey-hound. Who ſhou'd this now be but *Don Sancho de Villafagnan*, who had made a Journey to *Burgos* to ſee his ſick Brother, and keep him Company at a Country Houſe not far from thence, whither he had retir'd to take the freſh Air: He was extreamly ſurpriz'd to behold two Women thus bound to their good Behaviour, but much more, when he found one of them to reſemble the beautiful Stranger whom he had ſeen at *Toledo*, whom he ſought after at *Madrid*, and whom he had ever ſince perpetually in his Mind. Being firmly perſuaded ſhe was a Woman of Quality and marry'd, he doubted whether this was ſhe, for he cou'd not imagine what ſhould bring her into that part of the World in ſo wretched an Equipage: But *Helen*'s Face having loſt nothing of its former Luſtre, tho' ſomewhat diſorder'd by her Fright, made him to conclude, that he at laſt had accidentally met with that Treaſure, which had coſt him ſo many Deſires and Inquietudes in the Purſuit of. So he rais'd himſelf in his Stirrups to ſee whether the Coaſt was clear, and was fool enough to ſuſpect that this was nothing but a diabolical Illuſion, which Heaven had permitted to puniſh him for his Senſuality. *Helen* on her part was taken up with a Thought full as mortifying, for ſhe fancied her ill Stars had choſen this unlucky Day, to ſhew her to all that had any thing to ſay to her. *Don Sancho* look'd upon her with great Amazement, and ſhe on him with no leſs diſorder; each expected when the other ſhould ſpeak, and *Don Sancho* at laſt was going to begin, when a Servant came full ſpeed to tell him, that ſome of his Relations

lations were going to kill one another. Upon this he ſpurr'd his Beaſt, attended by the Servant; and when he came to the place where he left his Company, he found ſome four or five drunken Fellows, calling one another Rogue and Raſcal, with their Tilters in their Hands, and flouriſhing them notably in the Air, to the Prejudice of ſome neighbouring Trees, that loſt ſome of their beſt Branches by the bargain. *Don Sancho*, tho' enrag'd to be depriv'd of the charming Viſion he had ſo lately ſeen, did nevertheleſs all he could to reconcile theſe furious, terrible Gentlemen; but all his Arguments, Entreaties, and Menaces had ſignified nothing, had not the Wine, that overloaded their Brains, and downright Laſſitude, tript up their Heels, and left 'em ſnoring on the Ground, as peaceably as if they had never fallen out. *Don Sancho* ſeeing this, ſpurred his Horſe back towards the happy Tree, which kept the Idol of his Heart, and was at his Wits end when he ſaw the Women were gone: He turn'd his Eyes round him, to ſee which way they could be eſcap'd, but ſaw nothing but a lonely melancholy place: He ſpurr'd his Horſe afreſh, and examin'd every Corner, and at laſt came back to his beloved Oak, which, like a good-natur'd Tree as it was, ſtill kept its old Station. But as *Don Sancho* was a Poet, and what is more, a tender-hearted whining Poet, he had not the ſame Indifference for this inſenſible Tree as other Men have. He alighted from his Horſe, and harangu'd it after the following manner, or at leaſt ſhould have done ſo, if he were really ſo great a Coxcomb as I have been told he was: Oh, thrice happy Trunk! ſince thou haſt had the Honour to be embrac'd by that divine Creature, whom I love without knowing her, and whom I

know only becauſe I love her, may thy Leaves ever ſhine among the Stars; let the ſacrilegious Axe never preſume to wound thy tender Bark; may the Thunder reverence thy Boughs, and the Worms of the Earth not dare to approach thy Root; let the Winter ſpare, and the Spring adorn thee; let the proudeſt Pines envy thy Condition; and laſtly, may Heaven protect thee in every Part. While our worthy Gentleman was ſpending himſelf in theſe vain Contemplations, or, if you pleaſe, theſe Poetical Follies, which, by the bye, are of greater Importance than others are, and ought not to be us'd every Day in the Week, his Servants, who knew not what was become of him, after they had look'd for him a pretty while, at laſt found him, and brought him home. He return'd to his Brother's Houſe very much concern'd at his late Adventure; and, unleſs I am mightily miſtaken, I have heard ſome People ſay, he went Supperleſs to Bed. Some Criticks now will perhaps tell me, I have left my Reader too long in ſuſpenſe, who, without queſtion, is impatient to know by what ſtrange Enchantment *Helen* and *Mendez* came to diſappear to the amorous *Don Sancho*; but let him have Patience, and I will ſoon inform him. *Montafar* was at firſt pleas'd with that piece of Juſtice he had done upon the two Fugitives; yet no ſooner did the heat of his Revenge begin to cool, but Love inflam'd him, and repreſented *Helen* to his Thoughts, infinitely more charming than he had ever fancy'd before. He conſider'd within himſelf, that the Prize he had taken from her would be ſoon ſpent, whereas her Beauty was a certain Revenue to him, ſo long as he kept in with her, whoſe Abſence was already become inſupportable to him. So he came back the

ſame

ſame Way he went, and with thoſe individual barbarous Hands, that had ſo rigorouſly bound the two Dames to the Trees, and afterwards ſo unmercifully laſh'd them, broke their Chains, that is to ſay, either cut or unty'd their Cords, (for Hiſtorians differ) and by that means ſet them at Liberty, at the ſame time that *Don Sancho* was imploy'd, not far off, to reconcile his drunken Companions, who were in a very fair way to cut one another's Throat. *Montafar*, *Helen*, and *Mendez* ſhook Hands upon this Reconcilement, and after they had mutually promis'd to forget all was paſt, embrac'd with as much Tenderneſs as if nothing had happen'd, doing juſt as your great People do, who neither hate nor love, but accommodate theſe two contrary Paſſions to their Intereſt, and the preſent State of their Affairs. They deliberated which Road to take; and 'twas agreed *nemine contradicente*, that it was by no means adviſable for them to go to *Burgos*, where they would be in danger of having their Quarters beaten up by the *Toledo* Cavalier. Therefore they pitch'd upon *Sevil* for the Place of their Retreat, and Fortune ſeem'd to favour their Deſigns; for coming into the *Madrid* Road, they met a Muleteer with three empty Mules, who agreed to carry them to *Sevil* at the very firſt Propoſal *Montafar* made him. He took care to regale our Damſels on the Road, to make them forget the ill Treatment they had receiv'd from his Hands. At firſt they could hardly bring themſelves to truſt him, and had reſolv'd to be reveng'd on him the firſt Opportunity that preſented; but at laſt, rather for Reaſons of State than any Principle of Charity, they became better Friends than ever: They conſider'd that Diſcord had ruin'd the greateſt Empires, and believ'd

they were in all probability born for one another. They did not think fit to give any Specimen of their Profeſſion upon the Road to *Sevil*; for, as their Deſign by ſhifting their Country was only to get at a diſtance from thoſe that might purſue them, ſo they were afraid of bringing themſelves into new Trouble, which might hinder their getting to *Sevil*, where they had great Deſigns to put in Execution. They alighted within a League of the City, and having ſatisfied the Muleteer, got thither about the Dusk of the Evening, and took up their Lodgings at the firſt Inn they found. *Montafar* hired a Houſe, furniſh'd it with very ordinary Furniture, and dreſs'd himſelf all in black, with a Caſſock, and a long Cloak of the ſame Colour. *Helen* took upon her the Habit of a Religious Sifter, that had devoted her ſelf to Works of Piety, and *Mendez* went dreſs'd like a Saint, valuing her ſelf upon her hoary Locks, and a huge monſtrous Chaplet, each Bead of which was big enough to load a Demi-culverin. The very next Day after their Arrival, *Montafar* ſhew'd himſelf in the Streets, apparell'd as I have already deſcrib'd him, marching with his Arms acroſs, and looking on the Ground whenever he met any Women. He cry'd out with a ſhrill Voice that was enough to have rent a Rock, *Bleſſed be the Holy Sacrament of the Altar, and the thrice happy Conception of the immaculate Virgin!* and utter'd many more devout Exclamations, with the ſame everlaſting Lungs of Leather. He made the Children whom he met in the Streets repeat the ſame Words after him; and moreover, aſſembled them ſometimes together, to teach them to ſing Hymns and Songs of Devotion, and to inſtruct them in their Catechiſm. He repair'd to the Goals, and preach'd

to

to the Priſoners, comforting ſome, and relieving others, begging Victuals and other Proviſions for them, and frequently walking thither with a heavy Baſket upon his Back. O deteſtable Villain! thou wantedſt nothing, but to ſet up for a Hypocrite to be the moſt profligate accompliſh'd Raſcal in the Univerſe. Theſe Actions of Virtue, in a Fellow that was the leaſt Virtuous of all Mankind, procur'd him in a little time the Reputation of a Saint. *Helen* and *Mendez* likewiſe did all that in them lay to deſerve Canonization: The one call'd her ſelf the Mother, the other the Siſter of the thrice bleſſed Friar *Martin*. They went every Day to the Hoſpitals, where they aſſiſted the Sick, made their Beds, waſh'd their Linnen, and did all this at their own Expence. By theſe Means the moſt Vicious People in *Spain* obtain'd the univerſal Admiration of all *Sevil*. About this time, a Gentleman of *Madrid* happen'd to come thither about ſome private Affairs; he had formerly been one of *Helen*'s Lovers, for Women of her Character have commonly more than one String to their Bow: He knew *Mendez* to be a notorious Cheat, and *Montafar* to be no better. One Day as they came out of the Church, encompaſs'd by a great number of Perſons, who kiſs'd their very Garments, and conjur'd them to remember them in their Prayers, they were known by the aforeſaid Gentleman; who burning with a Chriſtian Zeal, and not able to ſuffer three ſuch notorious Impoſtors to abuſe the Credulity of a whole City, broke through the Crowd, and giving a hearty Box o' th' Ear to *Montafar*, You wicked Cheats, cry'd he, do you neither fear GOD nor Man? He would have ſaid more, but his good Intention, which in truth was ſomewhat of the raſheſt, had not the Succeſs it

deſerv'd: All the People fell on him, whom they believ'd to have committed Sacrilege, in offering this Violence to their Saint. He was beaten to the Ground, and had certainly been torn to pieces by the Mob, had not *Montafar* by a wonderful Preſence of Mind undertaken his Protection, by covering him with his Body, keeping off thoſe that were moſt enrag'd againſt him, and expoſing himſelf even to their Blows. *My Brethren*, cry'd he to them as loud as he could bawl, *let the poor Wretch alone for the Love of GOD; be quiet for the Love of the Bleſſed Virgin.* Theſe few Words having appeas'd this horrible Tempeſt, the People made room for Brother *Martin* to paſs, who went up to the unfortunate Gentleman, well pleas'd in his Heart to ſee him ſo us'd, tho' ſhewing outwardly a mighty Concern for him. He rais'd him up from the Ground, embrac'd and kiſs'd him all cover'd as he was with Blood and Dirt, and reprimanded the People for their rude Behaviour. I am a wicked Man, ſaid he to the Standers by, I am a Sinner, I am one that never did any thing pleaſing in the Eyes of GOD. Do you believe, continued he, becauſe you ſee me dreſs'd in this Religious Garb, that I have not been a Robber all my Life-time, the Scandal of others, and Deſtruction of my ſelf? Alas! you are miſtaken, my Brethren; make me the Mark of your Contumelies, pelt me with Stones, nay, draw your Swords upon me. Having ſpoken theſe words with a counterfeit Sorrow, he threw himſelf with a Zeal yet more counterfeit at the Feet of his Enemy, and kiſs'd them, not only begg'd his Pardon, but likewiſe gather'd up his Sword, Cloak, and Hat, which he had loſt in the Scuffle. He help'd him on with them again, and leading him by the Hand

Hand to the end of the Street, took his leave of him, after he had beſtow'd abundance of Embraces, and as many Benedictions on him. The poor Man was as it were out of his Wits at what he had ſeen, and with what had been done him, and was ſo full of Confuſion, that he durſt hardly ſhew his Head in the Streets all the while his Affairs detain'd him at *Sevil*. *Montafar* had won the Hearts of all the City by this pretended Act of Devotion; the People gaz'd at him with Admiration, and the Children cry'd after him, *a Saint*, *a Saint*, as they cry'd out, *a Fox*, *a Fox*, when they ſaw his Enemy in the Street. From this moment he liv'd the happieſt Life in the World; Some Nobleman, Cavalier, Magiſtrate, or Prelate perpetually invited him to Dinner, and ſtrove who ſhould have moſt of his Company. If he were aſk'd his Name, he would anſwer, *He was a Beaſt of Burthen*, *a Sink of Filth*, *Veſſel of all Iniquity*, and ſuchlike noble Attributes, which his counterfeit Devotion dictated to him. When he viſited any of the Ladies, he complain'd to them inceſſantly of the nothingneſs of his Diſpenſation, and the deadneſs of the inward Man; adding, he wanted Concentration of Heart, and Recollection of Spirit: In ſhort, he always talk'd to them in this magnificent Cant and holy Gibberiſh. No Alms were given in *Sevil* but what paſs'd thro' his Hands, or thoſe of *Helen* and *Mendez*, who were not wanting likewiſe to act their Parts to Admiration, and ſtood as fair for a red-letter'd Preferment in the Almanack (I mean, to be Sainted) as *Montafar* himſelf. A Lady of Quality, who was a Widow, and devout even to Superſtition, ſent 'em every Day two Diſhes of Meat for Dinner, and as many for Supper; and, you muſt know, theſe Diſhes

were dreſs'd by the very beſt Cooks in all *Sevil*. Their Houſe was too little to receive the numerous Preſents were daily ſent them. A Woman that had a mind to be with Child put her Petition into their Hands, to the end, by their Mediation, it might be preſented to the Tribunal of Heaven: Another that had a Son in the *Indies* did the ſame; as likewiſe a third, that had a Brother Priſoner in *Algiers*. Nay, the poor Widow who had to conteſt with a powerful Adverſary before an ignorant or a covetous Judge, did not doubt the Succeſs of her Cauſe, when ſhe had once made a Preſent to them according to her Ability. Some gave them Sweetmeats and Conſerves, others Pictures and Ornaments for their Cloſet. Several charitable Perſons truſted them with great quantities of Linnen and Woollen Cloth, to diſpoſe among the Needy that were aſham'd to beg, and with conſiderable Sums of Money, to diſtribute as they ſaw convenient. No one came to viſit them empty-handed; and their future Canonization was as firmly believ'd as an Article of Faith. At laſt the Credulity of the People ran ſo high, that they came to conſult them about their doubtful Affairs, and Things to come. *Helen*, who was as ſubtle as a Devil, manag'd all the Anſwers, delivering her Oracles in few Words, and thoſe capable of receiving different Interpretations. Their Beds were mean and homely, cover'd in the Day-time with courſe Blankets, but at Night with all the fine Furniture a Man could deſire, that loves to ſleep deliciouſly; their Houſe being plentifully furniſh'd with good Feather-beds, fine Coverlids, and, in ſhort, with all ſorts of Moveables that contribute to the Convenience and Pleaſure of Life; and all this they pretended was to be given to ſome poor Widow,

whoſe

whoſe Goods had been ſeiz'd in Execution, or to furniſh ſome young Woman's Houſe, who had married without any Fortune. Their Doors were ſhut up in Winter at Five, and in Summer at Seven a-Clock, as punctually as in a well-regulated Convent; and then the Jack was wound up, the Spits turn'd merrily round, the Capons put down to the Fire, the Table handſomely ſpread, when our hypocritical Triumvirates eat heartily, and drank plentifully to their own, and the Healths of thoſe People they had cheated. *Montafar* and *Helen* lay together for fear of Spirits, and their Footman and Maid, that were of the ſame Complexion, copy'd ſo pious an Example. As for the good *Mendez*, ſhe always lay alone, being more taken up with Contemplation than Action, ever ſince ſhe had addicted her ſelf to the Black Art. This was their conſtant Practice, inſtead of imploying their Time in mental Prayer, or in doing Penance. 'Tis no wonder if, living ſo jolly a Life, they look'd plump and fat; all the City bleſs'd Heaven for it, and were mightily ſurpriz'd that Perſons of ſo much Auſterity and Self-denial ſhould look better than thoſe that liv'd in Luxury and Eaſe. For the ſpace of Three Years they deceiv'd the Eyes of all the Inhabitants of *Sevil*, and by receiving Preſents from every one, and appropriating to their own uſe the Alms that paſs'd thro' their Hands, they heap'd together an incredible number of Piſtoles. All good Succeſs was aſcrib'd to the Efficacy of their Prayers; they ſtood Godfathers to all Children, made Matches for all the City, and were the common Arbitrators of Differences. At laſt Heaven was weary of conniving any longer at their impious Lives. *Montafar*, who was cholerick

in his Temper, us'd frequently to beat his Valet, who cou'd not bear it, and had quitted his Service a hundred times, if *Helen*, who was more diſcreet than her Gallant, had not prevented it, by appeaſing him with fair Words and Preſents. One Day, having drubb'd him immoderately for little or no reaſon, the Boy got to the Door, and blinded by his Paſſion, ran directly to the Magiſtrates, to inform againſt theſe three Hypocrites, whom the World took for Saints. *Helen*'s diabolical Spirit foretold what would happen, therefore adviſ'd *Montafar* to rub off with all the Gold they had in the Houſe, and retire to ſome place of Security till this Tempeſt, which threatned them, had ſpent it ſelf. It was no ſooner ſaid than put in execution; they carried off the moſt valuable things, and walking down the Street as unconcern'd as if they had dreaded nothing, went out at one Gate, and came in at another, on purpoſe to baulk the Scent of their Purſuers. *Montafar* had inſinuated himſelf into the good Graces of a Widow, as vicious and rank a Hypocrite as himſelf: He had communicated this Secret to *Helen*, who was no more jealous of this Matron than *Montafar* would have been of a Gallant, that would have promoted the Good of their little Commonwealth: Here they abſconded in Safety, and liv'd luxurioufly, the Widow loving *Montafar* for his own ſake, and *Helen* for *Montafar*'s. In the mean time the Juſtice was conducted by the vindicative Valet to the fam'd Manſion of our pretended Saints. When he came there he found the Birds flown, and the Maid not able to inform him whither they were gone; however, he ſeal'd up all their Trunks, and took an exact Inventory of all that

was

was in the Houſe. The Serjeants found more Proviſion in their Kitchen than would have ſerv'd to regale them one Day, and you may be ſure they took care to loſe nothing that they could privately ſink to their own uſe. In the midſt of this Buſtle the Venerable *Mendez* enter'd the Houſe, little imagining what had happen'd. The Serjeants apprehended her, and carried her to Priſon with a vaſt Concourſe of People at her Heels. The Servant and Maid were likewiſe ſent thither to bear her company; and having talk'd too much, were condemn'd, as well as ſhe, to receive two hundred Laſhes. *Mendez* died three Days after this Chaſtiſement, it being ſomewhat of the ſevereſt for a Perſon of her Age, and the Servant and Maid were baniſh'd *Sevil* for their Lives. Thus the foreſeeing *Helen* preſerv'd her dearly-belov'd *Montafar* and her ſelf from the Hands of the Magiſtrates, who ſearch'd after them in vain, both within and without the City. The People were all aſham'd to be ſo notoriouſly cheated; and the Ballad-ſingers, who had ſung their Praiſes the Week before, now imploy'd their Hackney-Sonnetiers to expoſe theſe pretended Saints in lamentable Doggrel. Theſe Inſects of *Parnaſſus* exhauſted all their little Stock of Scandal upon this Subject, and the wretched Rhimes they compos'd againſt theſe godly Cheats, who not long before were the Idols of the People, are ſtill ſung in *Sevil*. *Montafar* and *Helen* took the Road to *Madrid* as ſoon as they could do ſo with Safety, and arriv'd there rich, and in the Circumſtances of Huſband and Wife. The firſt thing they did, was to enquire after *Don Sancho de Villafagnan*, and finding he was not at *Madrid*, appear'd in publick: He dreſs'd as fine as a Lord, and ſhe in the Equi-

Equipage of a Woman of Quality, and as beautiful as an Angel. She was married to *Montafar*, as has been ſaid before, but it was upon this Condition, that like a Huſband of good Senſe and great Patience, he ſhould not take ill the Viſits her Beauty might occaſion her; and ſhe on the other hand oblig'd her ſelf to receive none but ſuch as would turn to their common Advantage. Your Goers between, otherwiſe ſtiled Promoters of good Intelligence between the two Sexes, vulgarly call'd *Bawds*, or, to ſpeak more honourably of 'em, *Women of Intrigue*, ſoon came acquainted with *Helen*, and directed her how to manage her ſelf. One Day they made her ſhew her ſelf at the Play, next Day in the Park, and ſometimes in the high Street of *Madrid* in her Coach, where beſtowing a Glance upon one, a Smile upon another, and giving Hopes to all, ſhe ſoon furniſh'd her ſelf with a Sett of Lovers enough to Man a Galley. Her dear Huſband religiouſly obſerv'd every Article of the original Contract; he encourag'd his Wife's baſhful Gallants by his obliging Behaviour, and led them as it were by the Hand to her Apartment, where he was ſo courteous and diſcreet, that he always pretended ſome extraordinary Buſineſs or other call'd him out, in order to leave 'em by themſelves. He ſcorn'd the Acquaintance of any that were not rich, and would not ſpend their Money freely, and never knock'd at the Door till he was aſſur'd by a certain Signal that always hung out of his Window when his Virtuous Spouſe was taken up in private Buſineſs, that his Preſence would ſpoil no Sport; and if the aforeſaid Signal forbid his coming in, he troop'd off merry and well ſatisfied, as knowing Buſineſs went on in his abſence, and paſs'd away an Hour or ſo at ſome Gaming-Academy, where

where every one careſs'd him for his Wit's ſake. Among the reſt that paid Tribute to *Helen*, a certain Gentleman of *Granada* ſurpaſs'd all his Competitors in his Exceſs of Love and Expences; he was deſcended of ſo good a Family, that the Titles of his Nobility were to be found in the Archives of the capital City of *Judea*; and thoſe that were particularly acquainted with his Pedigree have affirm'd, that his Anceſtors were the Hangmen of *Jeruſalem*, both before and after *Caiaphas*. His great Affection for *Helen* made him releaſe a great number of Piſtoles out of an obſcure Dungeon, where he had impriſon'd them for many Years. In a ſhort time *Helen*'s Houſe became the beſt furniſh'd of any in *Madrid*: A Coach and Four, that coſt her nothing the keeping, came punctually every Morning to receive her Orders, and waited on her whither ſhe pleas'd to command them till Night. This prodigal Lover took one of the ſide-Boxes at the Playhouſe for her, for a whole Twelve-month, and ſcarce a Day paſs'd over his Head, but he provided ſome magnificent Collation or other for her and her Friends, at one of the Summer-houſes near *Madrid*. *Montafar*, who lov'd his Belly like to any Church-man, never fail'd to make one of the number. He went as fine as a Prince, had as much Money in his Pocket as a Clerk of the Treaſury, eat like a *Frenchman*, and drank like a *German*. He paid a wonderful Deference to our *Granada* Gentleman, who was ſo very liberal of his Money, and indeed he had naturally an Eſteem for Perſons of that Character; but at laſt the Wind veer'd about, and rais'd a terrible Storm: *Helen* now and then us'd to receive Viſits from a young ſwaggering Spark,

one

one of thoſe furious Heroes that never made a Campaign in their Lives, yet talk of nothing but ſlaſhing and killing, that live upon ſome wretched Harlot, whom they inſult at diſcretion, that go every Day to the Playhouſe to pick Pockets, or create Quarrels, and who at Night draw their Swords and hack againſt ſome paſſive Wall, ſwearing next Morning they had been engag'd in a dangerous Rencounter the Night before with at leaſt half a dozen Bullies. The ſage *Montafar* often told *Helen*, he was not at all pleas'd to ſee ſuch a Viſitant in his Houſe, from whom they could expect nothing; but for all he cou'd ſay to her, ſhe was not in the mind to part with her Gallant. *Montafar* was angry with her, and to make himſelf ſome Amends out of her Carcaſs, treated her with the ſame Chaſtiſement which *Mendez* of happy memory and ſhe had formerly undergone in the Mountains of *Burgos*. *Helen* pretended to be eaſily reconcil'd, however meditated ſecret Revenge in her Heart: The better to accompliſh her End, ſhe careſs'd him ſo lovingly for eight Days together, that he perſuaded himſelf ſhe was one of thoſe tractable Ladies that adore their Tyrants, and uſe their humble Servants ſcurvily. One Day that our *Granada* Gallant had promis'd to ſup with them, but by reaſon of ſome unexpected Buſineſs could not come to the noble Entertainment he had provided for them, *Montafar* and *Helen* drank Hand to Fiſt ſeveral Bumpers to their Benefactor, to whom they were oblig'd for all this good Chear: *Montafar* got fuddled, according to his laudable Cuſtom, and towards the end of the Repaſt, muſt needs taſte a Bottle of perfum'd Hippocras, which the Gentleman had ſent them as an extraordinary

Pre-

Preſent: 'Tis not certainly known whether *Helen*, who open'd the Bottle before Supper, put any poiſonous Druggs in it or not; but this is agreed on all hands, that ſoon after *Montafar* had empty'd it, he felt a ſtrange Heat in his Bowels, and intolerable Pains after that: He ſuſpected he was poiſon'd, and ran towards his Sword, at the ſame time that *Helen* did the like towards the Door, to avoid his Fury. *Montafar* went into his Chamber, thinking ſhe had hid her ſelf there, and lifting up the Tapeſtry, diſcover'd *Helen*'s young Gallant, who, without any more Ceremony, whipt him thro' the Guts. *Montafar*, tho' he had receiv'd his Death's Wound, yet held him faſt by the Throat. The Servants made ſuch a helliſh Noiſe with crying out *Murther*, that the Juſtice coming that way, ran into the Houſe juſt as the young Bravo who had done *Montafar*'s Buſineſs was making his eſcape. In the mean time *Helen*, who had got into the Street, and knew not which way to take, ran into the firſt Houſe ſhe found open: She ſaw a Light in a lower Room, and a Cavalier walking up and down in it: Without aſking him any Queſtions, ſhe threw her ſelf at his Feet, to implore his Aſſiſtance and Protection, and was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to find it was *Don Sancho de Villafagnan*, who on his part was no leſs aſtoniſh'd to ſee the Idol of his Heart thus proſtrate, this being the fourth time of his meeting her by Accident. *Don Sancho* had lately fallen out with his Wife, who had procur'd her ſelf to be divorc'd from him, upon the ſcore of his ill Uſage of her, and his diſorderly Life: He had obtain'd a Commiſſion to go and ſettle a new Colony in the *Indies*, and was to embark at *Sevil* in a ſhort time. *Helen* told him a thou-

thouſand Lies, and he was raviſh'd to find ſhe was ready to follow him into *America*. The Juſtice apprehended the Aſſaſſine of *Montafar*, and made a ſtrict Search after *Helen* in *Madrid*, and ſeiz'd all they could find in her Houſe. *Don Sancho* and *Helen* arriv'd happily in the *Indies*, where ſeveral Adventures befel them, that cannot be contain'd in ſo ſhort a Volume as this is, and which I promiſe to oblige the Publick with, under the Name of the *Perfect Courteſan*, or the *Modern Lais*, if I find the World inclin'd to receive it.

## NOVEL IV.

### THE

# Innocent Adultery

THE *Spaniſh* Court at *Valladolid* was very much be-daggled and be-mir'd, where they are as much be-daggled as they are at *Paris*, according to the Obſervation of a *Spaniſh* Poet, when one of the coldeſt raw Nights of a very cold raw Winter, and about the time when moſt of our Convents ring to Mattins, a young Gentleman, *Don Gracias* by Name, came out of a Houſe where he had ſpent the Evening in Converſation, or elſe Play. He was now got into the Street where he lodg'd, and altho' the Night was exceeding dark, by reaſon the Sky was over-caſt, yet had he no Light with him, whether it was becauſe his Foot-man had loſt his Link, or becauſe he was a Gentleman that did not ſtand upon theſe Punctilio's, I cannot tell; when a Door opening all on the ſudden, he ſaw ſome body thrown out of it with that Violence as to fall on the other ſide the way. If he was ſurpriz'd at ſo odd an Adventure, he was much more ſo, when going to lend his Hand to this Perſon who had been ſo rudely treated, he perceiv'd ſhe was in her Smock, and

and heard her ſigh and lament, without making the leaſt Effort to riſe. He concluded ſhe might be hurt with the Fall, therefore by the help of his Foot-man having ſet her on her Legs again, he deſir'd to know wherein he might ſerve her. 'Tis in your Power to ſave both my Life and Honour, anſwered this unknown Perſon in a Voice interrupted with frequent Sobs, and which diſcover'd ſhe was a Woman. I conjure you, added ſhe, by the ſame Generoſity that inclin'd you to pity my miſfortunes, to carry me to ſome place of Security, provided none but your ſelf, or ſuch whoſe Fidelity you can truſt, may know where I am. *Don Garcias*, cover'd her with his Cloak, and commanding his Foot-man to bear her up on one ſide, as he did on the other, ſoon arriv'd at his Lodging, where every body was gone to Bed but the Maid, who open'd the Door, and curs'd them heartily for making her ſit up ſo late. All the Anſwer the Foot-man made her was blowing out the Candle, which while ſhe went to light, calling him a hundred Rogues for his pains, *Don Garcias* conducted, or rather carry'd the afflicted Lady, who could ſcarce make a ſhift to ſtand, to his Room, which was up one pair of Stairs. His Man ſoon brought a Light, and then *Don Garcias* beheld one of the moſt beautiful Women in *Spain*, who at the ſame time inſpir'd him with both Love and Compaſſion. Her Hair was as bright and blach as Jet, her Complexion a mixture of Lillies and Roſes, her Eyes two Suns, her Breaſts above all Compariſon, her Arms admirable, her Hands much more ſo, and her Shape like that of a Queen of one's own creating: But this black Hair was in diſorder, this charming Complexion was eclipſed, theſe piercing Eyes were top'

full

full of Tears, theſe incomparable Breaſts were bloody, theſe Arms and Hands were in no better Condition, in ſhort, this fine Body ſo delicately ſhap'd was cover'd all over with black and blue Marks, as if it had undergone the Diſcipline of a Dog-whip, a Cat-of-nine-tails, or ſomething as bad. If *Don Garcias* was raviſh'd to behold ſo beautiful a Creature, this beautiful Creature was as much concern'd to ſee her ſelf in her preſent Circumſtances, in the Power of an unknown Gentleman, who ſeem'd not to be above twenty five Years of Age. He was ſenſible of it, and did all that in him lay to perſuade her, ſhe had no reaſon to fear any ill uſuage from a Man, who ſhould think himſelf happy to die in her Service. In the mean time his Foot-man made a little Coal-fire, for in *Spain* they uſe ſcarce any other firing, which by the Bye is none of the beſt in the World. He laid a pair of clean Sheets, or at leaſt he ought to have laid them, on his Maſter's Bed, who wiſhing the Lady a good Night, left her in Poſſeſſion of his Chamber, which he double lock'd, and went to lie, upon what Pretence I cannot imagine, becauſe our Hiſtory is ſilent in the Matter, with a Gentleman an Acquaintance of his, that lodg'd in the ſame Houſe. He ſlept in all probability much better than his Gueſt, who wept all Night long. The Day appear'd, *Don Garcias* aroſe, and dreſt himſelf as ſpruce as a Courtier for a Ball. He liſtned at his Chamber-door, and hearing the poor Lady ſtill bemoaning her ſelf, made no Difficulty to come in. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, her Grief attack'd her with new Violence. You ſee, ſays ſhe to him, a Woman who was yeſterday the moſt eſteem'd in *Valladolid*, now infamous to the laſt Degree, and that deſerves

ſerves more to be pity'd, than ever ſhe did to be envy'd; but let my Misfortunes be never ſo great, the Charitable Protection you have ſo ſeaſonably afforded me, may ſtill alleviate them in ſome Meaſure, if at Night you will ſee me conducted in a Chair or Coach to a certain Convent I ſhall name to you. But continu'd ſhe, after ſo many Obligations ought I to beg the Favour of you, to ſtep to my Houſe, and inform your ſelf what is ſaid and done there; and in ſhort, to know after what manner the Court and City talks of an unfortunate Woman, whom you have ſo generouſly protected? *Don Garcias* offer'd to go where-ever ſhe would pleaſe to command him, with all the Eagerneſs of a Man who begins to be in Love. She gave him all the Inſtructions that were neceſſary upon this Occaſion: He took his Leave of her, promiſing to return immediately, when ſhe poor Lady fell a weeping and lamenting as violently as if ſhe had begun that very Moment. *Don Garcias* did not ſtay a full Hour before he came back, and finding his beautiful Gueſt as much afflicted, as if ſhe already knew that he had ill News to impart to her: Madam, ſays he to her, if you are *Eugenia* the Wife of *Don Sancho*, I have ſomething to tell you which nearly concerns you. *Eugenia* is not to be found, *Don Sancho* is in the Hands of the Magiſtrate, accus'd of the Murder of his Brother *Don Lewis*. *Sancho* is innocent, cries ſhe, I am the unfortunate *Eugenia*, and *Don Lewis* was the moſt wicked of all Men. Her Tears which trickled down apace, and her Sighs which redoubled their Violence, would not give her leave to ſay any more; and in all probability, *Don Garcias* was not a little perplexed, to put on a ſorrowful Air to keep her Company in her Grief. At laſt,

laſt, as violent things are never of long continuance, *Eugenia*'s Affliction began to abate, ſhe wip'd off her Tears, her Sighs were gentler than before, when ſhe re-aſſum'd her Diſcourſe in the following manner. 'Tis not enough that you know the Name and Quality of the unhappy Woman, you have ſo highly oblig'd, ſhe is likewiſe willing to acquaint you with the particulars of her Life, and to teſtify in ſome manner her Gratitude to you, by repoſing this Confidence in you. I am continued ſhe, deſcended from one of the beſt Families in *Valladolid.* I was born rich, and with Beauty enough to give me ſome pretence to be proud of it. The Charms of my Perſon brought me more Lovers than thoſe of my Fortune, and the Reputation of both together provided me Adorers in the remoteſt Parts of *Spain.* Among the reſt who believ'd they ſhould be happy in poſſeſſing me, *Don Sancho*, and *Don Lewis*, two Brothers, equally befriended by Fortune and Nature, ſignaliz'd themſelves by the Exceſs of their Paſſion, and the mutual Emulation there was between them, who ſhould render me the moſt important Services. My Relations declar'd themſelves in favour of *Don Sancho*, who was the Eldeſt, and my Inclination following their Choice, I gave up my ſelf intirely to a Man of above Forty Years old, who, by the Sweetneſs of his Temper, and the extraordinary Care he took to pleaſe me, had made as great a Progreſs in my Affections, as was poſſible for any Perſon, whoſe Age had been no better ſuited to mine. The two Brothers, notwithſtanding they were Rivals, had all along liv'd very Amicably together, and *Don Sancho* when he had Marry'd me, did not loſe the Frindſhip of his Brother *Don Lewis* by ſo doing. Their Houſes were con-

contiguous, or properly ſpeaking, were but one Houſe; for the Wall that divided them, had a Door, which by common Conſent was always left open. *Don Lewis* did not forbear to pay the ſame Devoirs to me before his Brother, as he had done while he was his Rival; and *Don Sancho*, whoſe Love encreas'd after Poſſeſſion, and who lov'd me better than his Life, was not in the leaſt offended at his Gallantry. He himſelf was us'd to call me his Brother's Miſtreſs, who on his ſide made a real Love to paſs for a feigned one, with ſo much Addreſs, that I was not the only Perſon he deceiv'd by it. In ſhort, after he had accuſtom'd me to hear him talk of his Paſſion before Company, he made Love to me in private with ſo much Importunity, and ſo little Reſpect, that I no longer doubted his Intentions were Criminal. As young as I was, I had Diſcretion enough to make him ſtill think I took his Love to be only meant in Raillery. I made a Jeſt of what he ſpoke in earneſt, and tho' I was never more enrag'd than at that time, yet I labour'd as well as I could not to loſe my ordinary Temper. He was provok'd at it, inſtead of making right uſe of it, and looking upon me with Eyes, which his wicked Deſigns had made wild and ſtaring: No, no, Madam, ſays he, I feign much leſs ſince I have loſt you, than I did when I had ſome hopes to poſſeſs you; and tho' your Rigour be ſufficient to deliver you ſoon from the Importunities of your Lover, yet have you ſo long accuſtom'd me to ſuffer, that you will do much better to——— Never to be alone with you if I can help it, ſaid I interrupting him. One of my Women that came into my Room at that time, hindred him from carrying his Inſolence farther, and me from ſhewing him

him my Reſentment as he deſerv'd, and I was about to do. I was afterwards very glad I did not do it, as well for my Huſband's ſake, as becauſe I was in hopes this wicked Brother of his would at laſt love me leſs, and come to eſteem me more; but ſtill he continu'd to make feign'd Love before Company, and to ſolicit me in private. I combated his Tranſports with all the Severity I cou'd ſummon to my Aid; nay, ſo far as to threaten him to acquaint his Brother with it. I us'd all my Arts to cure him of his Folly. I pray'd, I wept, I promis'd to love him as much as any Brother ought, but he forſooth wou'd be lov'd as a Lover. In ſhort, ſometimes a Sufferer, ſometime ill-treated, but always as much in Love as he was hated, he had made me the moſt unhappy Woman in *Spain*, if my Conſcience, that can reproach me with nothing, had not preſerv'd Tranquillity to my Soul. But at laſt my Virtue, which had all along ſo well defended it ſelf againſt ſo dangerous an Enemy, abandon'd me, becauſe I abandon'd it firſt, and help'd to betray my ſelf. The Court came to *Valladolid*, and brought all its Gallantry along with it. As all new things are apt to pleaſe, our Ladies fancy'd they ſaw more in the Courtiers than they could find in the City-Gallants, and the Courtiers endeavour'd to pleaſe our Ladies, whom perhaps they look'd upon as aſſur'd Conqueſts. Among the other Cavaliers that attended the Court, in hopes of being recompenc'd for their Services, a *Portugueſe*, whoſe Name was *Andrada*, had render'd himſelf one of the moſt conſiderable, by his Wit and good Mein, but much more by his expenſive Way of Living, the moſt efficacious Charm to gain Women of no Experience, who judge of the Beauty of the Soul, by that of the

the Equipage or Habits: He had no great Fortune of his own, but Play had made him Maſter of that of other People, and his Gains this way were ſo conſiderable, that he made as great a Figure as the richeſt and moſt magnificent Nobleman at Court. I was unfortunate enough to pleaſe him, and when my own Vanity, back'd by his continual Addreſſes, had perſuaded me I was not diſagreeable to him, I reckon'd my ſelf the happieſt Woman upon Earth. I can hardly expreſs how well he knew to make himſelf belov'd, or to what exceſs I lov'd him. My Huſband, ſo good, ſo dear, and ſo reſpected, became to me in a little time as contemptible as odious, *Don Lewis* appear'd more hateful to me than ever. In ſhort, nothing pleas'd me but *Andrada*. I lov'd none but him, and in all places where I did not ſee him, I ſurpriz'd all the Company with my Diſtractions, and reſtleſs Behaviour. *Andrada* on his part lov'd me full as paſſionately. His predominant Paſſion for Gaming gave way to his Love: His Preſents gain'd my Woman; his Letters and Verſes charm'd me, and his Serenades ſet all the Huſbands in our Streets a thinking for whom they were deſign'd. In ſhort, he attackt me ſo well, or I defended my ſelf ſo ill, that I at laſt ſurrender'd. I promis'd all that lay in my Power to give him, ſo that now we had no other Difficulty to ſurmount, but that of a convenient Time and Place. My Huſband had engag'd in a Hunting Match, which would keep him ſeveral Days in the Country. I ſent to acquaint my dear *Portugueſe* with this News, and we agreed to execute our amorous Deſigns that very Night, after my Huſband was gone. I was at a certain Hour to leave the Back-door of our Garden open, and under pretence of paſſing

of

part of the Night there, by reaſon of the exceſſive Heats, was to ſet up a Field-bed in a little Summer-houſe, that was open on all ſides, and encompaſs'd with Orange Trees and Jeſſamines. At laſt my Huſband quitted *Valladolid*, and that Day ſeem'd to me the longeſt I ever knew. The Night came, and my Women having ſet me up a Bed in the Garden, I pretended to be very ſleepy, and as ſoon as my Maids had undreſs'd me, commanded them all to go to Bed, except one Chamber-maid, who knew the Secret of our Amour: I had ſcarce laid me down, and the Maid, whoſe Name was *Marina*, had hardly ſhut the Garden-door that fac'd the Houſe, and open'd the Back-door, when my Women came to tell me my Huſband was return'd. I had but juſt time to ſhut the Garden-door, which I had order'd to be let open for *Andrada*. My Huſband careſs'd me as he us'd to do, and you may imagine how I receiv'd him. He told me he was forc'd to come back, becauſe the Gentleman, who had invited him to the Sport, had unluckily fallen off his Horſe, and broke his Leg. After this he commended my Judgment for chuſing ſo cool and refreſhing a Place, and concluded he would likewiſe take up his Quarters there. He got himſelf undreſt at the ſame time, and came to Bed to me. I did all I could to conceal my Vexation at his Return, and to ſhew him by my feign'd Embraces that his were not ungrateful to me. In the mean time *Andrada* came at the Hour of Aſſignation, and finding the Door ſhut, which he thought to have found open, by the help of his Valet, leapt over the Garden-wall, where he had hop'd to paſs the Night with me. He has confeſs'd to me ſince, his Jealouſie put him upon ſo hardy and dangerous

a Deſign; and that he did not doubt but ſome happy and better belov'd Rival enjoy'd that Happineſs which I had promis'd him. Theſe Suſpicions of his, that perhaps I diverted my ſelf at his Expence with another Gallant, ſo inflam'd his Anger, that he was reſolv'd to uſe me ill, in caſe he found what he ſuſpected to be true, and to revenge himſelf upon his Rival to the laſt Extremity. He crept up to the Summer-houſe, whereby we lay together, as ſoftly as he cou'd. The Moon ſhone very bright, I ſaw him, and knew him as ſoon as he came in: He ſaw I was very much affrighted, and I made a Sign to him to be gone. At firſt he cou'd not diſcern whether the Perſon, that was in Bed with me, was my Huſband or ſome one elſe; but obſerving in my Countenance leſs Fear than Confuſion and Shame, and ſeeing upon the Table the Cloaths and Plume of Feathers he had ſeen my Huſband wear that very Day, and which were as ſingular as they were remarkable, he was ſatisfied it was *Don Sancho*, whom he ſaw a Bed with me, and found him to be faſter aſleep than a Gallant in all probability would have been. However, he drew near that part of the Bed where I lay, and ſtole a Kiſs, which I could not hinder, conſidering the Fear I was in leſt my Huſband ſhould awake. He had no mind to keep me longer in this Fright, and therefore went his way, lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, ſhrugging his Shoulders, and ſhewing all the Marks of a Man that was deeply afflicted at this Diſappointment, and ſo leapt back again over the Garden-wall, with the ſame Facility as before. Early in the Morning I receiv'd the moſt paſſionate Letter from him that ever was read, accompany'd with a pretty Copy of Verſes upon the Ty-

Tyranny of Huſbands. He ſpent the remainder of the Night, after he had parted with me, in writing them, and next Day when I receiv'd them, I could hardly do any thing elſe but read them over and over, as oft as I could do it in private. Neither of us ſufficiently reflected upon the Hazard we had run, to make it a Warning to us not to expoſe our ſelves ſo any more. But altho' I had not been inclin'd of my ſelf to grant him all he aſked of me, or had lov'd *Andrada* leſs than I did, or had not yeilded to the inſinuating Flattery of his Letters, yet I could not have reſiſted the Perſuaſion of my Chamber-maid, who talk'd to me inceſſantly in his Favour. She reproach'd me with want of Reſolution, which had made me to think no more of *Andrada*, and talk'd of the Paſſion he had for me, with the ſame Vehemence as ſhe would have told a Sweet-heart of her own, what a Kindneſs ſhe had for him. By this I found ſhe was not to learn her Trade now, and likewiſe ſaw of what Importance it is to be careful in the Choice of Perſons, that are plac'd ſo near Woman of my Age and Condition. But I was reſolv'd to ruin my ſelf, ſo that if ſhe had been more virtuous than ſhe was, ſhe had enjoy'd a leſs Share in my Confidence. At laſt ſhe over-perſuaded me to receive *Andrada* in a Dreſſing-room near my Chamber, where ſhe lay by her ſelf; and we agreed that ſo ſoon as my Husband was faſt aſleep, ſhe ſhould lie by him in my place, while I paſs'd the Night with my Gallant. Thus we got him conceal'd into my Dreſſing-room; my Huſband fell faſt aſleep, and I prepar'd to meet my Love with all the Emotions of one whoſe Deſires are violent, yet who had a great deal to fear, when a terrible Noiſe of confus'd Voices that cry'd out

*Fire, Fire,* alarm'd my Ears, and wak'd my Husband: At the ſame time my Chamber was all in a Smoke, and I could perceive the Flames thro' my Windows. A Negro Maid, that ſerv'd in the Kitching, had ſet it on Fire, being drunk, and it was not perceiv'd till it had taken hold of ſome dry Wood, and the Neighbouring Stables, and now had ſeiz'd my Apartment: My Huſband was very well belov'd: In an inſtant the Houſe was full of Neighbours that came to help us to quench the Fire. My Brother-in-law *Don Lewis,* whom the common Danger had made more active and diligent than the reſt, was one of the firſt that help'd us with his Servants, and who puſh'd on by his Paſſion, ſoon made his way into my Chamber thro' the Flames, that had already ſeiz'd the Stair-caſe. He was in his Shirt, and had nothing over it but his Night-Gown, in which he wrapt me up, when taking me between his Arms, who might more properly be ſaid to be dead than living, and that on Account of the Danger to which *Andrada* was expos'd, rather than my own; he carry'd me to his own Room, thro' the Communication his Houſe had with ours, and ſetting me down upon his Bed, left me there, accompany'd by ſome of my Woman. In the mean time my Huſband, and all that had concern'd themſelves in this Accident, that had befaln us, beſtirr'd themſelves ſo notably, that the Fire was happily put out, yet after it had done a great deal of Damage. *Andrada* made his Eſcape without Difficulty among the Croud and Preſs of People that came to help us; and you may imagine how joyful I was when *Marina* told me the agreeable News. He writ to me a hundred fooliſh Things the next Day, which I anſwer'd with more Tranſport than

he

he had ſhewn; and thus we made ſhift by writing to each other to ſoften and relieve that Pain, which Abſence occaſion'd us. After we had repair'd all the Miſchief the Fire had done us, and I had left *Don Lewis*'s Room to return to my own, *Andrada* eaſily perſuaded me to let him try the ſame way once more, which had not fail'd the laſt time but for ſo unfortunate and unexpected an Accident. That very Night we had pitch'd upon to make our ſelves full Amends for the time the Fire had made us to loſe; a Cavalier of my Huſband's Acquaintance, who was in ſome Trouble about a Duel, and had fled to an Ambaſſador's Houſe, where he did not think himſelf ſafe enough from the Civil Magiſtrate, was oblig'd to abſcond ſomewhere elſe. My Huſband carry'd him privately to his own Houſe, and took the Key of the Street-door, which he caus'd to be lock'd before his Face, leſt any Servant thro' Treachery or Indiſcretion might diſcover the Place of his Retirement. This order, at which I was equally ſurpriz'd and troubled, was unluckily put in Execution juſt as *Andrada* made the Signal in the Street, which he had told *Marina* of before. The poor Maid was in a ſtrange quandary what to do, and made him a Sign from a low Lettice Window to ſtay a Moment. We deliberated upon the Matter a little, and afterwards ſhe went and told him in a low Voice what new Obſtacle our ill natur'd Deſtiny had trump'd up to oppoſe our Deſign; ſo ſhe propos'd to him to ſtay till all our People were gone to Bed, and then he ſhould try to get in thro' one of the Kitchin Windows, which ſhe wou'd open to him. Nothing ſeem'd difficult or dangerous to *Andrada*, provided he cou'd but ſatisfie his Love. My Huſband ſaw his Friend

to Bed, and went to Bed himſelf in good time, after the Example I had ſet him; all our Servants did the like; and *Marina*, when ſhe thought the whole Family was faſt aſleep, open'd the little Window to *Andrada*, who with all the eaſe in the World got halfway through, but ſo indiſcreetly or unfortunately, that after ſeveral Efforts, which rather did him a Miſchief than helpt him, he ſtuck faſt by the Waſte between the Iron Bars, without being able to ſtir backwards or forwards. His Valet could not help him from the Street, no more cou'd *Marina* from the Place where ſhe was, without ſome one elſe to aſſiſt her. So ſhe went to call up one of the Maids, in whom ſhe cou'd repoſe Confidence, and told her that ſhe had been over-perſuaded that Night by her Sweet-heart, whom ſhe lov'd intirely, and was to marry in a little time, to try to let him in at the Kitchen Window, but that he ſtuck ſo faſt between the Iron Bars, that there was no getting him out without filing, or wrenching them out of their Places; ſhe deſir'd her therefore to aſſiſt her in this Extremity, to which the other readily conſented; but for want of a Hammer, or ſome ſuch like Utenſil, *Andrada* had not been a Farthing the better for the help of theſe two Wenches, if he had not bethought himſelf of his Ponyard, which did the Buſineſs ſo effectually, that after a great deal of ſtruggling and ſweating, the Iron Bars were by main Strength wreſted from the Wall, and my Gentleman deliver'd from the terrible Fear of being found ſo ſcandalouſly wedg'd, in a Place where he cou'd be taken for nothing but a Houſe-breaker. However, this cou'd not be done with ſo little Noiſe but that ſome of the Servants heard it, who look'd into the Street,

at

at the ſame time when *Andrada* carrying with him the Iron Hoop, which inclos'd him about the Waſte, rubb'd off as hard as he cou'd drive, attended by his Foot-man. The Neighbours and our Servants cry'd out, *Stop Thief*, after them, and made no queſtion but that ſome Villains had attempted to rob *Don Sancho*'s Houſe, eſpecially when they ſaw the Iron Bar gone. In the mean time *Andrada* got ſafe to his Lodgings, and was forc'd to file off the Iron Bar, which grip'd him as cloſe as a Belt, for notwithſtanding all the Tricks his Man and he play'd, there was no getting it off otherwiſe. This third Accident put him in a very ill Humour, as I came to be inform'd afterwards. As for me, I took it quite otherwiſe; and while *Marina*, not yet recover'd of her Fright, told me the Story, I thought I ſhould have kill'd my ſelf with laughing. However, I was no leſs concern'd than he, at this Series of Diſappointments, which rather inflam'd than cool'd our Deſires, and wou'd not let us defer the happy Minute of Enjoyment any longer, than the very next Day after this pleaſant but unlucky Adventure. My Huſband was in the City, endeavouring to make up his Friend's Buſineſs for him, which in all probability would keep him the remaining part of the Day. I ſent truſty *Marina* to *Andrada*'s Lodgings, that were not far from my Houſe, ſhe found him a Bed, ſtill diſcompos'd with the Fatigues of the laſt Night, and ſo dejected by theſe unlucky Croſſes in his Amours, that *Marina* was partly ſcandaliz'd to ſee with what Coldneſs he receiv'd the Advances I made him, and to find him ſo backward to give me the Meeting, altho' ſhe often aſſured him, this was an Opportunity that was not to be loſt. To make ſhort of my Story,

at laſt he came, and I receiv'd him with all the Tranſports of Joy which a Woman wholly abandon'd to her Paſſion can feel. I was ſo blinded by it, that I did not perceive, as well as *Marina* did, with what Indifference he made his Approaches to me, altho' it was but too viſible. However my Embraces at laſt drew on his. Hitherto our mutual Joys could not be otherwiſe expreſs'd than by our Silence, and the Thoughts of what each of us deſired with ſo much ardour, put me into ſo great a Confuſion, that I cou'd not look *Andrada* in the Face, and by this means gave him an Opportunity to attempt what he pleaſed; when *Marina*, who like a diſcreet Chamber-maid had gone out of the Room to be upon the Watch, came in all affrighted, and told me my Huſband was come home. She carried *Andrada* into my Dreſſing-room, rather dead than alive, and ſeeming to be much more concern'd than my ſelf, altho' I had more reaſon to be ſo. My Huſband gave ſome orders to his People below, before he came up into my Chamber. In this Interval I had juſt time to compoſe my ſelf, and *Marina* to empty a great Coffer full of Lumber, into which ſhe put the deſpairing *Andrada*. She had ſcarce ſtow'd her Lover in this little Sanctuary, when my Huſband came into the Room, and only kiſſing me as he paſs'd by, without any farther ſtay went directly into my Dreſſing-room, where he found a Book of Plays and unhappily open'd it. He lighted upon a place that pleas'd him, and had engag'd him to read longer, if *Marina* had not adviſ'd me to go to him, and try to bring him into my Chamber. My Misfortunes did not ſtop here, for *Don Sancho*, finding me ſtrangely diſcompos'd and thoughtful, as I had too much reaſon

to

to be, endeavour'd by his own good Humour to put me into a better. Never in his Life did he take ſo much pains to divert and pleaſe me as now, and yet never did he vex and importune me more. I begg'd him to quit my Chamber, pretending to be ſo ſleepy that I could not hold open my Eyes; but by an unſeaſonable fit of Pleaſantry, which was not uſual with him neither, he kept me Company in ſpite of all I cou'd ſay to him; and tho' he was the moſt complaiſant Man alive, yet ſhew'd he ſo little of it at this Time, that I was forc'd to turn him out. As ſoon as ever I had lock'd my Chamber Door, I ran into my Dreſſing-room to deliver *Andrada* from his Priſon. *Marina* open'd in all haſte the Coffer wherein ſhe had put him; but both of us had like to have died of Fear and Grief, when we found him without either Pulſe or Motion like a dead Man, and ſo in effect he was according to all appearance. Imagine to your ſelf what terrible Agonies this ſight occaſion'd me, and what meaſures it was poſſible for me to take in ſo cruel an extremity. I wept, tore my Hair, grew deſperate, and I believe had had Reſolution enough to have ſtabb'd my ſelf with *Andrada*'s Ponyard, if my exceſſive Grief had not ſo enfeebled me, that I was forc'd to throw my ſelf upon *Marina*'s Bed. This Maid, altho' ſhe was concern'd to the laſt Degree, yet preſerv'd her Judgment better than I in this our common Calamity, and bethought her-ſelf how to remedy it; which for my part I want-ed Strength to execute, altho' my Reaſon had not been diſorder'd after the manner it was. She told me that perhaps *Andrada* was only in a Swoon, and that a Chirurgeon either by bleeding, or ſome other ſpeedy Relief might reſtore him that Life,

which he ſeem'd to have loſt. I look'd on her without returning any Anſwer, my Grief having in a manner made me ſtupid. *Marina* loſt no time in asking more Queſtions, but went immediately to put in Execution what ſhe had propos'd; but no ſooner had ſhe open'd the Door with this Intention, than my Brother-in-law *Don Lewis* pop't in upon us, and this ſecond Diſaſter was yet more terrible than the firſt. Altho' the Body of *Andrada* had not been expoſs'd to his view, as it was, yet the Confuſion and Surprize he might read in our Faces, would have told him that we had been engag'd in ſome myſterious Affair, which he wou'd not have fail'd to examine to the bottom, being ſo much intereſted in me, both as a Brother-in-law and a Lover. I was therefore obliged to throw my ſelf at the Feet of a Man, whom I had often beheld at mine, and relying upon the Love he had for me, and upon his Generoſity, the eſſential Quality of every Gentleman, reſign'd the deareſt thing I had in the World intirely to his Will. He did what he could to raiſe me, but being reſolv'd to continue on my Knees, I frankly told him, as well as my Tears and Sighs wou'd give me leave, what a ſad Accident had befallen me, at which I don't at all queſtion but he was pleas'd in his Heart. *Don Lewis*, ſaid I to him, I don't implore thy Generoſity now to prolong my Life; my Misfortunes already have made it ſo odious to me, that I wou'd even take it away my ſelf, were I afraid that my Deſpair cou'd not effect it, but at the expence of my Honour, from which that of *Don Sancho*, and even his Life are perhaps inſeparable. Thou may'ſt believe, the Diſdain I have all along ſhewn thee, was rather the effect of my Averſion than Virtue,

thou

thou may'ſt rejoice at my Diſgrace, nay, and glut thy Revenge with it, but dareſt thou reproach me with a Crime which thou haſt ſo often tempted me to commit? and, Canſt thou want Indulgence for her, who has ſo often ſhewn it to thee? *Don Lewis* would not let me go on; but, Madam, ſays he, you ſee Heaven has juſtly puniſh'd you for beſtowing your Affections upon one whom you ought to have hated: But I have no Time to loſe, that I may convince you, by drawing you out of this Premunire, that you have not a better Friend in the World than *Don Lewis*. Having ſaid this, he left me, and return'd a Moment after with two Porters, whom he had order'd to be ſent for. *Marina* and I had, in the mean time, put *Andrada*'s Body again into the great Coffer. *Don Lewis* lent a helping Hand to put it on the Fellows Shoulders, and bid them carry it to a certain Friend's Houſe of his, to whom he had diſcover'd this Adventure, as he had before entruſted him with the Secret of his Amour. Here, after he had taken the Body out of the Coffer, he order'd it to be laid at full length on a Table, and while they were taking off his Clothes he felt his Pulſe, and put his Hand on that part of his Breaſt where the Palpitation of the Heart is beſt to be diſcover'd, whereby he found there were ſtill ſome Sparks of Life remaining in him. He ſent for a Chirurgeon in all haſte, while in the mean time they put him to Bed, and imploy'd all the Remedies were proper to bring him to life again. In ſhort, he came to himſelf, being blooded: A Servant was left to attend him, and the Company quitted the Room, to afford time to Nature and Reſt to compleat that Cure, which their Remedies had ſo ſucceſsfully begun. You may imagine how great *Andrada*'s Surprize

prize was, when after ſo long a *Deliquium* he found himſelf in Bed, and could only remember what a Fright he had been in, when they put him into the Coffer; he knew not where he was, nor what he had to hope or fear. He was taken up with theſe mortifying Thoughts, when he heard the Chamber-door open, and when the Curtains were drawn, ſaw by the light of ſome Tapers, that were brought into the Room, *Don Lewis*, whom he very well knew to be my Brother-in-Law, and who having taken a Chair, ſpoke to him as follows. Am I a Stranger to you, Signior *Andrada*? and, Don't you know I am Brother to *Don Sancho*? Yes, replied *Andrada*, I know you well enough. And do you remember, cries *Don Lewis*, what happen'd to you to-day at his Houſe? Take my Word for't, continues he, if you pretend any more to carry on your Intrigues with my Siſter-in-Law, or if I ever ſee you more in our Street, you ſhall ſorely repent it: And further know, that thou hadſt been a dead Man if I had not taken Compaſſion on a fooliſh and unfortunate Woman, who has been pleas'd to put her Life and Honour into my hands; and if I were not fully aſſur'd that thy criminal Deſigns againſt my Brother's Honour have not been put in execution: Change your Habitation therefore, continues he, and think not to eſcape my Reſentments, if you break the Promiſe I expect you ſhould make me.

*Andrada* promis'd him more than he aſk'd, he made him the meaneſt and moſt abject Submiſſions he could think of, and proteſted that he ow'd him a Life for ſaving his. He was weak enough in all Conſcience to keep his Bed, but his exceſſive Fear gave him Strength to get up: From that very Moment he conceiv'd as great an Averſion for me as

his Affection before had been violent; nay, he had my very Name in Horrour. In the mean time I was uneaſie to know what was become of him, but had not Aſſurance to aſk *Don Lewis*, nay, not ſo much as to look him in the Face. I ſent *Marina* to *Andrada*'s Lodgings, where ſhe arriv'd juſt at the ſame time as he came in himſelf, and order'd his Trunks to be got ready, to remove to another Quarter of the Town. As ſoon as he ſaw her, he forbad her to come to him any more from me; and recounting in few Words all that had paſs'd between *Don Lewis* and himſelf, added, that I was the moſt ungrateful, and moſt perfidious Woman in the World; that he wou'd only conſider me for the future as one that deſign'd to ruin him, and deſir'd I would no more think of him than if I had never ſeen him. Having ſaid this, he turn'd *Marina* out of his Chamber, who was extreamly ſurpriz'd at his Treatment; however, her Aſtoniſhment was not ſo great, but that ſhe had Preſence of Mind enough to dogg him at a diſtance, and obſerving the Houſe where his Trunks were carried, by that means came to know his new Lodgings. The Vexation I felt to be accus'd of a Crime whereof I was innocent, and to be hated by the Man whom I lov'd ſo tenderly, for whom I had hazarded both my Life and Reputation, hinder'd me from taking ſo much Satisfaction in his Safety as otherwiſe I ſhould have done. I fell into a Fit of Melancholy, which threw me into a Sickneſs, and my Diſtemper, which the Phyſicians could not tell what to make of, was no little Affliction to my Huſband. To compleat my Misfortune, *Don Lewis* began to value himſelf upon the important Service he had done me; he inceſſantly importun'd me to grant him that Happineſs which I had in-

intended for *Andrada*, reproaching me, that I was in love with the latter all the time I preach'd to him what I ow'd to my Husband, and what he ow'd to a Brother. Thus being hated by the Man I lov'd, lov'd by him I hated, seeing *Andrada* no more, seeing *Don Lewis* too often, and perpetually accusing my self for having been so ungrateful to the best Husband in the World, who left nothing undone to please me, and who was distracted at my Illness, when he had the justest Provocations to take away my Life: Being thus troubled with Remorse of Conscience, of Love and Hatred, two Passions so contrary, I kept my Bed for two Months, expecting every moment my Death with Joy, but Heaven it seems reserv'd me for greater Misfortunes: My Youth, in spite of my self, assisted me against this inconsolable Grief: In short, I recover'd, and *Don Lewis* persecuted me much more than ever he had done. I had given Orders to my Women, and particularly to *Marina*, never to leave me alone with him. Enrag'd at this Usage, and the Resistance I continually made him, he resolv'd to obtain, by the blackest piece of Treachery that ever was known, that which I refus'd him with so much stedfastness. I have already told you, there was a Way from his House to ours, thro' a Door that was seldom shut; on the Night he pitch'd upon for the Execution of his damnable Design, and at the Hour when he thought every one was asleep, both at his House and ours, he got in by this Door, open'd the Gate towards the Street, and turn'd all our Horses out of the Stable; they immediately ran into the Court, and thence into the Street. The Noise they made soon awaken'd the Servants that look'd after them, and they my Husband: He being very fond

fond of his Horſes, as ſoon as ever he knew they were got into the Street, immediately ran after 'em in his Morning Gown, ſwearing heartily at his Grooms, and the Porter, who had forgot to ſhut the great Gate. *Don Lewis*, who had hid himſelf in my Antichamber, and ſeen my Huſband go down Stairs, follow'd him into the Court, and having ſhut the Street-door, and tarried a little to give the greater Probability to what he had a mind to effect, came to Bed to me, perſonating my Huſband ſo well, that 'tis no wonder if I was miſtaken. He was exceſſive cold with ſtanding ſo long in his Shirt: Good God, Sir, ſaid I to him, how cold you are! 'Tis very true, anſwers he, counterfeiting his Voice, I had like to have been ſtarv'd in the Street. And are your Horſes, ſaid I to him, retaken? My Servants are gone after 'em, cries he; and then drawing nearer me, as to warm himſelf, embracing me very lovingly, proceeded to betray me, and diſhonour his Brother. As Heaven permitted this Crime, perhaps it reſerv'd the Puniſhment of it to me, that ſo my Honour might be retriev'd by my own Hands, and my Innocence known. Having ſatisfied his wicked Deſire, he pretended to be in pain for his Horſes; ſo up he got, and having open'd the Street Gate, retir'd to his own Lodgings, well pleas'd perhaps with his Crime, and rejoicing in that which would be the cauſe of his Deſtruction. My Huſband came in ſoon after, and getting into Bed, crept cloſe to me, half frozen and ſtarv'd as he was, and oblig'd me by his Careſſes, which I thought extraordinary, to deſire him to let me ſleep. He thought it ſtrange; for my part, I was ſurpriz'd, and did not doubt but that ſome treacherous Trick had been play'd me. I could not ſleep a wink till it was Day,

I got

I got up much earlier than I us'd to do, went to Maſs, and there I ſaw *Don Lewis* in his fineſt Cloaths, and with his Countenance gay, as mine was ſad and melancholy. He preſented me with the holy Water, which I receiv'd very coldly from him; then looking on me with a malicious Sneer, Good God, Madam, ſays he, how cold you are! At theſe Words, that were the ſame I ſpoke to him the Night before, and which made me no longer doubt my Misfortune, I turn'd pale, and then redden'd: He might eaſily find by my Eyes and the Diſorder he had occaſion'd me, how heinouſly I reſented his Inſolence. I parted from him without ſo much as looking at him, and paſs'd all the time at Maſs very uneaſily, as you may well imagine. I made my Huſband uneaſie too; when at Dinner, and all the reſt of the Day, I look'd like a diſtracted Woman, ſighing inceſſantly, and ſhewing that I was troubled in Mind, notwithſtanding all the Care I took to conceal it. I retir'd to my Chamber ſooner than I us'd to do, pretending a ſlight Indiſpoſition: I thought of a hundred different Deſigns to revenge my ſelf; at laſt my Indignation put me upon that which I reſolv'd to put in execution. The Night came, I went to Bed when my Huſband did; I pretended to ſleep, to oblige him to do the ſame; and when I ſaw him faſt, and ſuppos'd all our Servants were ſo too, I got up, took his Ponyard, and, wholly blinded and tranſported by my Paſſion, made a ſhift however, by the ſame Door, and the ſame Way thro' which my cruel Enemy had got to my Bed, to find the Way to his. My Fury made me not to do things at random: I groped out where his Heart lay with my Hand that was free, and diſcover'd it by its Palpitation; my Fear of miſſing my Blow did

not

not make the other tremble wherein I held the Ponyard. I ſheath'd it twice in the Heart of the deteſtable *Don Lewis*, and puniſh'd him by a gentler Death than he deſerv'd. In the heat of my Rage I gave him five or ſix hearty Stabs more, and return'd to my Chamber in that Tranquillity and Peace of Mind, that convinc'd me I had done nothing but what was juſt. I put up my Huſband's Ponyard, bloody as it was, into the Scabbard, I dreſs'd my ſelf in as much haſte, and with as little Noiſe as I could; I took with me all my Jewels and Money, and as much tranſported by my Love as I had been lately hurried by my Revenge, ran away from my Huſband, who lov'd me better than his Life, to throw my ſelf into the Arms of a young Man, who had not long ago taken care to let me know I was become odious to him. The natural Cowardiſe of my Sex was ſo well fortified by the impetuous Paſſions that reign'd in my Soul, that tho' it was Midnight, and I all alone, yet I walk'd from my own Houſe to *Andrada*'s Lodging, with as much Aſſurance as if I had been going to do a good Action in the Day-time. I knock'd at *Andrada*'s Door, who was not at home, being engag'd it ſeems at Play at a Friend's Houſe. His Footmen, who knew me well enough, and were not a little ſurpriz'd to ſee me there, receiv'd me with a great deal of Reſpect, and lighted a Fire for me in their Maſter's Chamber: He came home ſoon after, and, I ſuppoſe, little imagin'd to find me in his Room. He no ſooner ſaw me, but looking wildly upon me, cry'd, What has brought you hither, Madam *Eugenia?* and, What have you to ſay to me of all Men living, whom you deſign'd to ſacrifice to the Revenge of your Brother-in-law and Gallant? How *Andrada!* ſaid

I to

I to him, do you put ſo ill a Conſtruction upon an unavoidable Accident, which forced me to have recourſe to the only Man in the World whom I was moſt afraid to be oblig'd by? And could you paſs ſo diſadvantageous a Judgment on a Perſon who had given you ſo many Proofs of her Affection? I expected ſomething more than Reproaches from you, which you would not have been in a condition now to make, had I not done that very thing for which you condemn me, and charge me with as a Crime: Alas! if I have been guilty of any, 'tis not againſt you, but againſt my Huſband, to whom I ought to have been faithful, to whom I have been ungrateful, becauſe I would not be ſo to you, and whom I have left to caſt my ſelf upon a cruel Man, that uſes me ill. When your Death, which I look'd upon to be real, had flung me into that Deſpair, which how could a Woman avoid that expected every moment to be ſurpriz'd by her Huſband; and when *Don Lewis* found me in this deplorable condition, what could I otherwiſe do, than rely upon his Generoſity, and the Love he had for me? He has moſt treacherouſly betray'd me at the Expence of his own Honour, but it has been alſo at the Expence of his own Life, which I have juſt now taken from him; and 'tis this, my dear *Andrada*, that has brought me hither. 'Tis neceſſary I ſhould conceal my ſelf from Juſtice, till I find a proper time to inform the World what *Don Lewis*'s Crime was, as well as my own Misfortune. I have Money and Jewels enough to maintain you with Splendour in any part of *Spain*, whither you will think fit to accompany a miſerable Woman. I ſhall convince the whole World in a little time, that I rather deſerve to be pitied than blam'd, and my future Conduct ſhall juſtifie my paſt Acti-

Actions. Yes, yes, cried he, interrupting me, I will go and take *Don Lewis*'s place, now thou art cloy'd with him, and have my Throat cut like him, when thou art ſo with me. Ha! thou laſcivious Woman, continues he, how well does this laſt wicked Action of thine confirm me in my Belief that thou deſigned'ſt to ſacrifice me to thy Gallant? But think not to come off with Reproaches only, I will rather be the Puniſher of thy Crime than the Accomplice of it. He had no ſooner ſpoke theſe Words, but he ſtripp'd me by main force, in ſo barbarous a manner, that even his Servants were aſham'd of it; he gave me a hundred Blows, naked as I was, and after he had ſatisfied his Rage till he was quite weary, threw me into the Street, where, if I had not happily met with you, I had died e're this, or fallen into the hands of thoſe who perhaps are now ſearching for me. When ſhe had ended her Diſcourſe, ſhe ſhew'd *Don Garcias* the black and blue Marks on her Arms, and thoſe Parts of her Body which Modeſty would allow her to ſhew, and then reſum'd as follows. You have heard, generous *Don Garcias*, my deplorable Hiſtory; tell me therefore, I conjure you, what Meaſures an unhappy Woman ought to take, who has caus'd ſo many calamitous Misfortunes. Ah Madam, cries *Don Garcias* interrupting her, that I could as eaſily adviſe you what to do, as puniſh *Andrada*, if you would but give me leave! Don't rob me of the Honour of revenging your Quarrel; and don't refuſe to imploy, in whatever you think fit to command, a Man who is no leſs concern'd for your Misfortune, than the Outrage has been offer'd you. *Don Garcias* pronounc'd theſe Words with a heat, which convinc'd *Eugenia* he no leſs lov'd than pitied her. She thank'd him in the

moſt

moſt obliging Terms her Civility and Gratitude could ſuggeſt, and begg'd him to give himſelf the Trouble to go once more to her Huſband's Houſe, to inform himſelf more particularly what People ſaid of her Flight, and of the Death of *Don Lewis.* He happen'd to come there juſt at the time they were carrying *Don Sancho* to Priſon, together with his Domeſticks, and thoſe of *Don Levis*, who had depos'd, their Maſter was in love with *Eugenia.* The common Door between the two Houſes, which had been found open, and the Ponyard of *Don Sancho* yet reeking with Blood, were circumſtantial Proofs that he had murther'd his Brother, of which nevertheleſs he was as innocent as he was afflicted at it. The running away of his Wife, his Jewels and Money that were miſſing, ſo ſtrangely ſurpriz'd him, that he could not tell what to make on't; and this troubled him infinitely more than his Impriſonment and the Proceedings of the Magiſtrate. *Don Garcias* was impatient to carry this News to *Eugenia*, but could not do it ſo ſoon as he deſir'd. One of his Friends, who had Buſineſs with him, ſtopt him a long while in the Street where his Lodging was, that happen'd to be over againſt *Andrada's*, from whence he ſaw a Servant come out booted, carrying a Portmantle; he follow'd him at a diſtance, accompanied by his Friend, and ſaw him ſtop at the Poſt-houſe; he came in after him, and found he had hired three Horſes, that were to be got ready in half an hour. *Don Garcias* let him go, and order'd the ſame number of Horſes to be ready at the ſame time. His Friend aſk'd him what was the meaning of this; he promis'd to tell him, provided he would make one of the number; to which the other readily conſented, without troubling himſelf what the matter

ter was. *Don Garcias* desir'd him to put on his Boots, and stay for him at his Lodgings, while he made a short trip to his own. Thus they parted, and *Don Garcias* went immediately to wait upon *Eugenia*, to inform her what he knew of her Affair. At the same time he gave Orders to his Landlady, who was a Woman he could trust, to furnish *Eugenia* with Clothes and other Necessaries, and to carry her that very Night to a Convent, the Abbess whereof was her Relation and Friend. After this, he privately order'd his Man to carry his riding Coat and Boots to the Gentleman's Lodgings whom he last parted with; and having once more conjur'd the Woman of the House to take care of *Eugenia*, and conceal her from all the World, he went to call upon his Friend, and walk'd with him to the Post-house, where they had not been a Minute but *Andrada* came thither. *Don Garcias* ask'd him whither he was going; he told him, to *Sevil*. Why then, replied *Don Garcias*, we shall need but one Postilion. *Andrada* liked the Motion, and perhaps thought *Don Garcias* and his Friend were a brace of Cullies, whom he might easily bubble of their Money at Play. They rode our of *Valladolid* together, and gallop'd a pretty while, without doing any thing else; for I think it is agreed on all hands, that when Men ride Post, they are none of the best Conversation. *Don Garcias* finding they were now in a fine open Plain, fit for Business, and remote enough from any House, rode a little way before the Company, then came back and bid *Andrada* stop. *Andrada* asked him what he would have: I must fight you, answer'd *Don Garcias*, to revenge if I can *Eugenia*'s Quarrel, whom you have mortally injur'd by the most cowardly and villainous Action

that

that ever was known. I don't repent of what I have done, replied *Andrada* to him fiercely, without ſeeming to be ſurpriz'd, but perhaps you may have occaſion to repent of this Inſolence. He was a Man of Courage, and alighted from his Horſe at the ſame time that *Don Garcias* alighted from his, who would not vouchſafe him an Anſwer. They were now coming up to one another with their Swords drawn, when *Don Garcias*'s Friend told 'em they muſt not offer to tilt without him, and offer'd to fight *Andrada*'s Footman, who was a well-ſhap'd young Fellow, and of a promiſing Countenance. *Andrada* proteſted, that altho' he had the beſt Swordſman in all *Spain* for his Second, he would only fight one againſt one. His Footman, not contenting himſelf with his Maſter's Proteſtation, proteſted likewiſe for his part, that he would fight no Man whatever, for what Cauſe whatever, or at any Weapon whatever. So *Don Garcias*'s Friend was foreed to be an humble Spectator, or, if you pleaſe, Godfather to the two Combatants, which is no new thing in *Spain*. The Duel did not laſt long, Heaven ſo much favour'd the righteous Cauſe of *Don Garcias*, that his Enemy preſſing upon him with more Fury than Skill, ran upon his Sword's Point, and fell down dead at his Feet, loſing his Blood and Life together. *Andrada*'s Footman and the Poſt-boy, neither of which were made for Heroes, threw themſelves at the Feet of *Don Garcias*, who meant them no Miſchief. He commanded *Andrada*'s Footman to open his Maſter's Portmantle, and give him all he had taken from *Eugenia*: He obey'd him immediately, and put into his Hand a rich Manteau Gown and Petticoat, and a little Box, which by its weight would have made a Blind-man ſwear it was

not

not empty. The Footman found the Key of it in his Maſter's Pocket, and gave it likewiſe to *Don Garcias*, who bid him do what he pleas'd with his Maſter's Body, threatning to cut his Throat if he ever ſaw him in *Valladolid*. He commanded the Poſt-boy not to come back till the Duſk of the Evening, and promis'd he ſhould find the two Horſes he had hired at the Poſt-houſe. I ſuppoſe he was punctually obey'd by theſe two worthy Gentlemen, who were ready to die with Fear, and thought they were exceedingly oblig'd to him for not killing them as he had done *Andrada*. Hiſtory leaves us in the dark as to what his Footman did with his Body; and as for his Moveables, 'tis very probable he kept them for his own uſe: Our Memoirs likewiſe are wanting to inform us how the Poſt-boy manag'd himſelf in this Affair. *Don Garcias* and his Friend gallop'd it all the way to *Valladolid*, and alighted at the Imperial Ambaſſador's Houſe, where they had Friends, and ſtay'd till it was Night. *Don Garcias* ſent for his Footman, who told him *Eugenia* was in pain to ſee him. The Horſes were ſent back to the Poſt-houſe by an unknown Perſon, who cunningly rubb'd off after he had deliver'd them to one of the Oſtlers. As for *Andrada*'s Death, the People of *Valladolid* either talk'd nothing at all of it, becauſe they never heard a word of it, or, if they talk'd any thing of it, they ſaid no more but that a Cavalier had been kill'd by ſome unknown Enemy, or by Thieves. *Don Garcias* return'd to his Lodgings, where he found *Eugenia* dreſt in the Clothes which his Landlady had taken care to provide for her: I am apt to believe ſhe took them up at a Broker's; for in *Spain* 'tis a common thing for Perſons of Quality, both Men and Women, to rig themſelves in ſuch Places.

He

He reſtor'd *Eugenia* her Things again, particularly her Jewels, and inform'd her after what manner he had reveng'd her Quarrel upon *Andrada.* Being of a ſweet and tender Diſpoſition, ſhe was extreamly concern'd at the unfortunate End of a Perſon whom ſhe had once ſo dearly lov'd, and the Thoughts that ſhe was the Cauſe of ſo many Tragical Diſaſters, afflicting her as much as her own Misfortunes, caus'd her to ſhed abundance of Tears. That Day publick Notice had been given at *Valladolid*, that no one ſhould entertain or conceal *Eugenia*, and two hundred Crowns were offer'd by way of Reward to any that could bring any News of her: This made her reſolve to get into a Convent as ſoon as ſhe could; however, ſhe paſs'd that Night in the Lodging where ſhe was, and ſlept as little as ſhe did the Night before. *Don Garcias* roſe by break of Day to go viſit the Abbeſs of the Convent, who was related to *Eugenia*, and promis'd to receive and keep her private as long as ſhe was able. From thence he went to hire a Coach, and order'd it to ſtop at a By-ſtreet adjoining to his, whither *Eugenia* came, accompanied by the Gentlewoman of the Houſe, both of 'em cover'd with their Veils. The Coach carried them to a certain place, where they order'd the Coachman to ſet them down, and there alighted, that no one ſhould find out the Convent whither *Eugenia* had retir'd. She was courteouſly entertain'd there: *Don Garcias*'s Landlady took leave of her, and went to inform her ſelf how Matters were like to go with *Don Sancho.* She was told Things look'd with an ill Aſpect, and that the leaſt they talked of doing to him, was putting him to the Queſtion. *Don Garcias* communicated this News to *Eugenia*, who was ſo much concern'd to ſee her Huſband in dan-

danger of being puniſh'd for a Crime he was no ways guilty of, that ſhe was reſolv'd to ſurrender her ſelf into the Hands of Juſtice. *Don Garcias* diſ-ſuaded her from ſo doing, and advis'd her rather to write to the Judge-criminal, to let him know, that only ſhe could inform him who it was that kill'd *Don Lewis*. Upon this the Judge, who by good Luck was related to her, went attended with ſeveral other Officers of Juſtice to diſcourſe her. She freely confeſs'd to them, that ſhe had kill'd *Don Lewis*, acquainted them with the juſt Provocation he had given her to ſerve him ſo, and recounted to them the Particulars of all that had paſs'd between *Don Lewis* and her ſelf, except what related to *Andrada*. Her Confeſſion was taken down in Writing, and a Report of it made to his Catholick Majeſty; who conſidering the blackneſs of *Don Lewis*'s Crime, the juſt Reſentment of *Eugenia*, her Courage and Reſolution, the Innocence of *Don Sancho* and his Domeſticks, order'd them all to be ſet at Liberty, and granted his Royal Pardon to *Eugenia*, at the Inſtance of all the Court, who appear'd in her behalf. Her Huſband was not much diſpleas'd with her for the Death of his Brother, nay, if one knew the Truth, perhaps lov'd her the better for it. He made her a Viſit as ſoon as he was enlarg'd, and would fain have taken her home with him, but ſhe would not conſent to it, notwithſtanding all his Importunities and Entreaties. She did not queſtion but that he took *Don Lewis*'s Death as he ought to take it, yet knew very well he had heard ſomething of what had paſſed between her and the *Portugueſe* Cavalier; and that the leaſt Blemiſh in a Woman's Honour may raiſe her Huſband's Jealouſie, and ſooner or later untie the Conjugal Knot, let it be never ſo well knit. Poor

*Don Sancho* viſited her often, and endeavoured, by all the tendereſt Inſtances of Kindneſs he could ſhew her, to oblige her to return home, and be abſolute Miſtreſs of his Eſtate and him. She continued inflexible in her Reſolution, reſerving for her ſelf a Penſion ſuitable to her Quality and Fortune: But tho' *Don Sancho* could not prevail on her to go home with him, yet ſhe behav'd her ſelf ſo obligingly to this good Huſband, that he had all the reaſon in the World to ſpeak well of her; but all that ſhe did in the Convent to pleaſe him, only encreas'd his Concern that he was not able to get her out of it. This threw him at laſt into ſo deep a Melancholy, that he fell ſick, and his Sickneſs brought him to Death's Door. He conjur'd *Eugenia* to afford him the Satisfaction of ſeeing her before he parted with her for ever: She could not refuſe this ſorrowful Delight to a Huſband who had been ſo dear to her, and who had lov'd her ſo tenderly, and who ſtill lov'd her ſo well: She went to ſee him die, and had like to have died her ſelf with Grief, to obſerve him ſhew ſo much Joy at the ſight of her, as if ſhe had reſtor'd that Life to him which he was going to loſe. This Goodneſs of *Eugenia* did not go unrewarded; he left her all he had, by which means ſhe became one of the richeſt and beautiful'ſt Widows in all *Spain*, after ſhe had found her ſelf upon the very brink of being one of the moſt unhappy Women in the World. Her Affliction for the Death of her Huſband was ſincere as it was great: She gave all neceſſary Orders for his Funeral, took poſſeſſion of his Eſtate, and return'd to her Convent, reſolving to paſs the remainder of her Days there. Her Relations propos'd to her the beſt Matches in *Spain*, but ſhe was reſolv'd not to ſacrifice her Repoſe to her

Am-

Ambition: And finding her ſelf everlaſtingly perſecuted by Crowds of Pretenders, whom her Beauty and Wealth drew after her to the Parlour of the Convent where ſhe was, ſhe would at laſt be ſeen by no body but *Don Garcias*. This young Gentleman had ſerv'd her ſo opportunely upon ſo important an Occaſion, and with ſo much Zeal, that ſhe could not ſee him without ſaying to her ſelf, that ſhe ow'd him ſomething more than bare Civilities and Compliments. She diſcover'd by his Livery and Equipage that he was not over-rich, and ſhe was generous enough to offer him ſome Aſſiſtances, which a Perſon in ordinary Circumſtances may receive without Shame from one that is richer than himſelf. In the little time ſhe had been at his Lodgings, and in the Converſation he had often had with her, he made her ſenſible he had a lofty Soul, elevated above the common pitch, entirely diſengag'd from all ſordid Intereſts, and wholly devoted to Honour: She was therefore afraid ſhe ſhould affront him if ſhe made him any Preſent, which to be ſure would have been anſwerable to her generous Temper; and on the other hand, ſhe fear'd he would have but a ſorry Opinion of her Gratitude, if ſhe did not give him Proofs of it by her Liberality: But if *Don Garcias* gave her ſome Pain upon the aforeſaid Occaſion, ſhe gave him no leſs on her part, and ſo was even with him. In ſhort, he was in love with her, but tho' the Reſpect he bore her could not have hinder'd him from acquainting her with it, yet how durſt he mention Love to a Woman, whom that Word had ſo lately expos'd to ſuch terrible Misfortunes, and that at a time too when the ſorrowful Air of her Face, and the Tears which trickled down her Cheeks inceſſantly, were evident Demonſtrations, that her

Soul was yet too full of Grief to be capable of admitting any other Paſſion. Among the reſt that made their Viſits to *Eugenia*, in quality of her thrice humble Slaves, in hopes, I ſuppoſe, to become one Day her thrice imperious Maſters; among the reſt, I ſay, who had offer'd themſelves to her, and whom ſhe had refus'd, there was one *Don Diego*, who having nothing elſe to diſtinguiſh him, was reſolv'd to ſignalize himſelf by his conſtant Perſecutions. He was fooliſh as 'tis poſſible for a young Fellow to be, as unmannerly as he was fooliſh, as troubleſome as he was unmannerly, and hated by all the World for being thus troubleſome, unmannerly, and fooliſh. His Body was of a piece with his Soul, ugly and ill-faſhion'd: He was as poor in reſpect of the Bleſſings of this tranſitory World, as he was covetous to obtain 'em; but being deſcended from one of the beſt Families in *Spain*, and nearly related to one of the principal Miniſters of State, which only help'd to make him the more inſolent, People ſhew'd him ſome little Reſpect for the ſake of his Quality, altho' it was not recommended by the leaſt Merit. This *Don Diego*, who was for all the world ſuch a Spark as I have deſcrib'd him, thought *Eugenia* had every thing a Man could deſire in a Woman, and hoped to obtain her with eaſe by the Credit of his Friends at Court, who had promis'd to make up the Match for him: But *Eugenia* was not to be ſo eaſily perſuaded as they imagin'd, into an Affair of that Importance; and, to favour a private Man, the Court would not commit a Violence that muſt needs have diſguſted all the World. *Eugenia*'s retiring into a Convent, her Reſolution never to leave it, her poſitive Orders to receive no more Viſits, the Coldneſs of thoſe that at firſt encourag'd *Don Diego*

in

in his Pretenſions, made him to deſpair of ever obtaining her without difficulty: For this reaſon he was reſolv'd to carry her by main force out of her Convent, an Attempt the moſt criminal that can be undertaken in *Spain*, and which none but a Fool like himſelf would ever have dreamt of. He found, for his Money, Fellows that were as great Fools as himſelf, and gave Orders to have freſh Horſes left upon the Road down to the Sea-ſide, where a Veſſel lay ready for him: In ſhort, he forced the Convent, carried off *Eugenia*, and that unfortunate Lady had become the Prey of the moſt diſhonourable Wretch alive, if Heaven had not rais'd up an unexpected Champion for her Relief, even then, when ſhe thought her ſelf moſt abandon'd by it. One ſingle Gentleman, whom *Eugenia*'s Cries drew after her Raviſhers, oppos'd their whole Body, and hinder'd them from paſſing farther, with ſo much Valour, that he immediately wounded *Don Diego*, and ſeveral of his Accomplices, and gave time to the Townſmen, who had taken the Alarm, and to the Civil Magiſtrate, to come down upon them with ſuch numbers, that quickly forced *Don Diego* and his Companions to ſurrender, or elſe to run the hazard of loſing their Lives on the Spot: Thus *Eugenia* was deliver'd; but before ſhe would ſuffer her ſelf to be carried to her Convent, ſhe deſir'd to know what was become of that valiant Gentleman who had ſo gallantly expos'd his Life for her ſake: They found him wounded in ſeveral parts of his Body, and he had almoſt loſt all his Blood as well as his Senſes. *Eugenia* had a mind to ſee him, and no ſooner caſt her Eyes upon him, but ſhe knew him to be *Don Garcias*. If her Surprize was great,

her Compaſſion was no leſs, and ſhe gave ſuch tender Proofs of it, that the Standers-by might have interrupted it to her Diſadvantage, if ſhe had not had a juſt Occaſion beſides to afflict her ſelf. She prevail'd with them, thro' her Entreaties and Prayers, not to carry her generous Defender to Priſon, whom *Don Diego*, who was upon the point of expiring, and his Accomplices, confeſs'd not to belong to their Company, but to be the Man that had attack'd them. So he was carried to the next Houſe, which happen'd to be that where *Don Sancho* liv'd formerly, and now belong'd to *Eugenia*, who had left all her Furniture and a few Servants in it. He was put into the hands of the Chirurgeons belonging to the Court and City: *Eugenia* retir'd to her Convent, but was forced the next Day to leave it, and return to her own Houſe, becauſe a new Order was iſſued out, which prohibited all Convents of Nuns to receive any Seculars among them. Next Morning *Don Diego* died, and his Relations had Intereſt enough to hinder his Proceſs being made after his Death; but his Accomplices 'ſcaped not ſo, for they were all puniſh'd according to their Deſerts. In the mean time *Eugenia* was almoſt diſtracted to ſee *Don Garcias* out of hopes of a Cure: She implored the Aſſiſtance of Heaven, and offer'd to give the Chirurgeons whatever they could demand; but their Art was exhauſted, and they had no Hopes but in Heaven, and the Youth of the ſick Party. *Eugenia* would not ſtir from his Bed-ſide, and attended him Night and Day ſo carefully, that ſhe was in danger of bringing her ſelf into the ſame Condition, I mean, of wanting another to do the ſame Offices for her ſelf. She heard him often pro-

nounce

nounce her Name in the delirious Fits of his Fever; and among a thouſand incoherent things which his diſturb'd Imagination made him to ſay, ſhe heard him often talk of Love, and diſcourſe like a Man that is a fighting or quarrelling: At laſt Nature, aſſiſted by ſo many Remedies, ſurmounted the Obſtinacy of his Illneſs; his Fever abated, his Wounds began to cloſe up, and the Chirurgeons aſſur'd *Eugenia* there was now no Danger, provided no unexpected Accidents befel him. She gave them handſome Preſents for their Pains, and order'd Prayers to be put up in all the Churches of *Valladolid* for her Champion's Recovery. 'Twas at this time *Don Garcias* was inform'd by *Eugenia*, that ſhe was the Woman he had ſaved, and, that ſhe came to be inform'd by him how he happen'd to come ſo ſeaſonably to her Relief, as he was returning home from a Friend's Houſe. She could not forbear to let him know how many Obligations ſhe had to him; and he on his part could not conceal his exceſſive Joy for having ſerv'd her ſo opportunely, but yet durſt not preſume to acquaint her with a thing of greater Importance. One Day, as ſhe was alone with him, and had conjur'd him not to let her be any longer ungrateful to him, but to make uſe of her upon ſome important Occaſion, he thought it a proper time for him to diſcover the real Sentiments of his Soul. He ſigh'd at the very thought of what he was going to do; he look'd pale, and the Diſorder of his Mind was ſo viſible in his Countenance, that *Eugenia* was afraid ſomething extraordinary ail'd him: She aſk'd him how his Wounds fared; Alas, Madam, anſwer'd he, my Wounds are far from being my greateſt Misfortune. And what is the mat-

ter? ſaid ſhe to him, very much affrighted. 'Tis a Misfortune, replied he, that is without Remedy. 'Tis true, anſwer'd *Eugenia*, you were unfortunate to be ſo dangerouſly wounded for an unknown Perſon, who was not worth your expoſing your Life for her; but ſtill 'tis a Misfortune that can't laſt always, for your Chirurgeons don't doubt but that you'll be well in a little time. And this 'tis that I complain of, cries *Don Garcias*; if I had loſt my Life in ſerving you, continues he, I had died glorioufly, whereas I muſt drag on a wretched Life againſt my Will, and live to be the moſt unhappy Man in the World. With all the good Qualities you poſſeſs, I cannot believe you to be ſo unhappy as you talk, replies *Eugenia*. How, Madam! ſays he to her, don't you think that Man very unhappy, who knows your Value, who eſteems you more than any one living, who loves you better than his Life, and with all this, who cannot pretend to merit you, tho' Fortune had been as favourable as ſhe has hitherto been averſe to him? You mightily ſurprize me, ſaid ſhe to him bluſhing, but the great Obligations I have to you, give you a Privilege over me, which under my preſent Circumſtances I ſhould allow in none but your ſelf: Only think of getting well, continued ſhe, and reſt aſſur'd your Misfortunes ſhall not trouble you long, when it is in *Eugenia*'s Power to put an end to them. She would not ſtay for his Anſwer, and by that means ſaved him a world of Compliments; which fell out luckily for him, becauſe he muſt have ſtrain'd hard to make good ones, and that perhaps might have done him harm in this preſent Weakneſs. She call'd to ſome of her Servants to look after him, and went out of the

the Room juſt as the Chirurgeons came in. Satiſfaction of Mind is a ſovereign Remedy to a ſick Body. *Don Garcias* gather'd ſuch Hopes of the happy Succeſs of his Amour from *Eugenia*'s Words, that from the deep Melancholy wherein he had been plunged before, like a deſpairing Lover, he now gave up himſelf to Joy, and this Joy contributed more to his Cure than all the Remedies the Chirurgeons could uſe. In a little time he was perfectly cured, and out of meer good Manners quitted *Eugenia*'s Houſe, but not his Pretenſions to her Heart. She had promis'd to love him, provided he did not make any publick Diſcovery of it; and, after all, perhaps ſhe lov'd him as much as he could love her; but having lately loſt her Huſband, and been engag'd in ſome Adventures which rendred her the common Subject of Converſation in Court and City, ſhe thought it not adviſeable to expoſe her ſelf afreſh to the malicious Cenſures of the World, by a Marriage ſo unſeaſonable, and againſt the Rules of Decency. At laſt *Don Garcias* overcame all theſe Difficulties by his Merit and Conſtancy: He was ſo well made in his Perſon, as to make any Rival whatever deſpair: He was a younger Brother of one of the beſt Families of *Arragon*; and altho' he had not actually ſignaliz'd himſelf in the Wars, as he had very gallantly, yet the long Services his Father had done the Crown of *Spain*, might very well make him hope to find a Reward of as great Profit as Honour at Court. *Eugenia* could not defend her ſelf againſt ſo many noble Qualities, nor was ſhe willing to be any longer in his Debt, after ſhe had receiv'd ſo many Obligations from him. In ſhort, ſhe married him; both Court and City appro-

ved her Choice; and, that ſhe might not have any reaſon to repent it, not long after the King of *Spain* beſtow'd a Commandery of St. *Jago* upon *Don Garcias.* And before that happen'd, it ſo happen'd that our Bridegroom convinc'd *Eugenia*, the firſt Night of his bedding her, that he was another ſort of a Man than *Don Sancho*, and ſhe found in him what ſhe had not found in the *Portugueſe Andrada.* They had abundance of Children, becauſe they took abundance of Pains to get 'em; and the People of *Spain* to this Day tell their Hiſtory, which I have given you here for a true one, as it was given me.

## NOVEL V.

# THE Generous Lover:

## OR,

## *The Man of Deeds, and not of Words.*

UNder a King of *Naples*, whoſe Name I cannot tell, however ſuppoſe it might be *Alphonſo*, *Leonard de St. Severin*, Prince of *Tarento*, was one of the greateſt Lords of his Kingdom, and one of the moſt celebrated Generals of his Time. He died, and left the Principality of *Tarento* to his Daughter *Mathilda*, a young Princeſs about Seventeen Years old, as beautiful as an Angel, and as good temper'd as ſhe was beautiful: She was ſo extreamly good-condition'd, that thoſe that did not know ſhe had an infinite deal of Wit, would not have been apt to have call'd her having any in queſtion. Her Father, long before his Death, had promis'd her in Marriage to *Proſper*, Prince of *Salerno*: He was a Perſon of a haughty diſagreeable Tem-

Temper, and the ſweet and gentle *Mathilda*, by vertue of her being long accuſtom'd to bear with him, was ſo well prepar'd to love and fear him, that never did Slave depend more upon the imperious Will of his Maſter, than this young Princeſs did upon that of old *Proſper*. I think a Man of the Age of Forty-five may very well be call'd Old, eſpecially where he is mention'd with one ſo young as *Mathilda*. Her Affection to this ſuperannuated Lover may be ſaid to have proceeded rather from Cuſtom than Inclination, and was as ſincere as his was intereſted. Not but that he was as fond of her too, as 'twas poſſible for him to be; and this was no more than what any Man would have been as well as he, for indeed ſhe was all over amiable; but 'twas not in the Nature of the Beaſt (I beg his Pardon for this Expreſſion, but 'tis out) to love very much, and he rather eſteem'd a Miſtreſs for her dirty Acres and unrighteous Mammon, than for her Merit and Beauty. The Truth is, he made Love but awkwardly; however was ſo happy, or, to expreſs my ſelf more properly, ſhe was ſo eaſie to be pleas'd, that altho' he did not pay her half the Reſpect and Complaiſance which one might expect from a generous Lover, yet for all that he was abſolute Maſter of her Heart, and had brought her to ſuch a paſs as to ſubmit to all his ill Conditions: He found fault with all her Actions, and plagued her inceſſantly with thoſe muſty Advices that old Men, in their great Wiſdom, ſo often inculcate to the young, and which they ſo little care for. In ſhort, he would have been a greater Thorn in her Side than a peeviſh, malicious Covenant, if he could but have found any Faults in her Conduct. It is true, when he was in good Humour, he would

tell

tell her Stories of the old Court, play on his Guitarre, and dance a Sarraband before her. I have already told you his Age; but, to go on with his Character: He was ſpruce in his Perſon and Clothes, curious in his Perriwigs, an infallible ſign that his Hair was none of the beſt; took mighty Care of his Teeth, tho' Time began to play Tricks with them; valued himſelf upon his Lilly-white Hands, and ſuffer'd the Nail of his little Finger to grow to a prodigious length, by the ſame Token he thought it one of the prettieſt Sights in the World. He was nice to Admiration in his Feathers and Ribbons, punctually twiſted up his Moſtacho's every Night; was always perfum'd, and ever carried ſome tit Bit in his Pocket to eat, and ſome Verſes to read. As for himſelf, he was an execrable Verſifyer, a walking Magazine of all the new Songs, play'd upon moſt Inſtruments, perform'd his Exerciſes with a Grace, but his chief Talent was Dancing. He lov'd the Wits that aſk'd him nothing, had perform'd ſome Actions in his time that were brave, and ſome that were otherwiſe, and, as one might ſay, had two Buzzards for one Hawk, or, if you pleaſe, two Blanks to one Benefit. In ſhort, I may properly apply to him a burleſque Song of my own making, the latter part of which is almoſt worn into a Proverb.

SONG.

## SONG.

*HERE lies a fine Wight,*
*That cou'd ſing you at ſight,*
*And dance like a Sprite,*
*Could Verſes indite,*
*And bravely recite.*
*What's more, he could fight*
*(I ſwear by this Light)*
*Like a Fury, or Knight.*

*He knew what was what,*
*Could gallop or trot,*
*And toſs off his Pot,*
*And ſwear at the Shot.*
*Yet with all he had got,*
*It was the hard Lot*
*Of this Boaſter, God wot,*
*To be a damn'd Sot.*

With all theſe fine Qualities, one of the loveliest Princeſſes in the World was deſperately in Love with him: 'Tis true indeed, ſhe was but ſeventeen Years old, but our Noble Prince of *Salerno* did not ſtand much upon that. There is no doubt but the Princeſs *Mathilda*, being ſo rich and beautiful as ſhe was, would have had a hundred Gallants more, if it had not been univerſally believ'd in *Naples*, that her Marriage with *Proſper* was as good as concluded in her Father's time; or if that Prince's Quality had not diſcourag'd other Pretenders, who (tho' they wanted his Title) were Men of Fortune and Birth

Birth good enough to be his Rivals. Thus the greateſt part of theſe Lovers, either govern'd by a Principle of Fear or Diſcretion, were content to ſigh for her in private, without daring to ſpeak: *Hippolito* was the only Man that had the Courage to own himſelf in publick the Rival of *Proſper*, and the reſpective Lover of *Mathilda*. He was deſcended from one of the beſt Families in *Spain*, and came in a direct Line from the great *Ruis Lopez d'Avolos*, Conſtable of *Caſtile*, who was ſo remarkable an Inſtance of the Inconſtancy of Fortune, ſince from the richeſt and moſt powerful Grandee of his own Country, he was turn'd out of it poor and miſerable, forced to borrow of his Friends, and flee to the King of *Arragon*, who took him into his Protection, and gave him a Fortune ſufficient at *Naples* to ſupport him ſuitable to his Quality. This *Hippolito* was one of the moſt accompliſh'd Cavaliers of his time; his Valour had gain'd him Reputation in ſeveral parts of *Europe*, and all the World own'd him to be a Man of the niceſt Honour. As I have already told you, he was an humble Admirer of *Mathilda*, and tho' he could never hope to ſucceed, ſo long as ſhe lov'd *Proſper*, yet he reſolv'd to love her on to the end of the Chapter. He was liberal even to Prodigality, whereas his Rival was thrifty even to Avarice. He omitted not the leaſt Opportunity to ſhew his Magnificence to *Mathilda*, and altho' he carried it as far as his Fortune would give him leave, yet ſhe ſeldom ſaw it; for her Tyrant *Proſper* hindred her from giving any Countenance to theſe Gallantries of Love, let them come from what Quarter of the World they would. Our obſtinate Lover frequently ran at the Ring before his Miſtreſs's Window, often gave her Se-

Serenades, and diverted her with Tilts and Tournaments. The Cypher and Colours of *Mathilda* were to be ſeen in all his Liveries: The Praiſes of *Mathilda* rung through all *Italy*, in the Verſes he compos'd, and in the Airs and Songs he cauſed to be made; but ſhe was no more mov'd with all this, than if ſhe had known nothing of the matter: Nay, by the expreſs Order of the Prince of *Salerno*, ſhe muſt go out of *Naples* whenever there was to be any Running at the Ring, Dancing, or any Gallantries of the like nature, which the amorous *Hippolito* provided for her. To make ſhort of my Story, ſhe affected to diſoblige him upon all Occaſions, with a Cruelty that ſeem'd to be a Violence upon her Nature, and made all the World to exclaim againſt her. This did not in the leaſt diſcourage *Hippolito*, and the ill Treatment of *Mathilda* encreas'd his Love, inſtead of leſſening it. He did more than this; he ſhew'd that Reſpect to *Proſper* which he did not owe him; and, to pleaſe *Mathilda*, paid him the ſame Deference which is uſually ſhewn to Perſons of ſuperiour Quality, altho' there was no other difference between the Prince of *Salerno* and him, than in their Eſtates. In ſhort, he reſpected his Miſtreſs in his Rival, and perhaps forbore to hate him, becauſe he was belov'd by *Mathilda*. But *Proſper* was not ſo complaiſant; he hated *Hippolito* mortally, made a hundred ſcurvy Jeſts upon him, nay, would never have ſcrupled to tell Lies of him, if he thought any one would have believ'd them. But *Hippolito* was the Delight of *Naples*, and his Reputation was ſo well eſtabliſh'd there, that altho' he had actually deviated from his Character, he could hardly have deſtroy'd it. Thus *Proſper* was the happy Man, and ſtood poſſeſs'd of

*Ma-*

*Mathilda*'s Affection, though he did nothing to deſerve it. That beautiful Princeſs did not think ſhe ſaw him often enough, tho' ſhe ſaw him every Day, when Fortune all on the ſudden threw her from the heighth of Happineſs into the extremity of Miſery. She had a Couſin-German by her Father's ſide, who might have paſs'd for a Man of Merit, had he been a Perſon of leſs Ambition and Avarice: He had been bred up with the King, was of the ſame Age, and had inſinuated himſelf ſo far into his good Graces, that he was the ſole Manager of all his Pleaſures and Sports, and the Diſpenſer of all his Favours. This *Roger de St. Severin* (for ſo he was call'd) was poſſeſs'd with a Fancy, that the Principality of *Tarento* belong'd to him, and that a Daughter could not legally inherit it, to the Prejudice of the male Line: He ſpoke to the King about it, who encourag'd him to claim his Right, and promis'd to ſupport him by his Authority. The Affair was kept ſecret; *Roger* made himſelf Maſter of *Tarento*, and had placed a good Garriſon there, before *Mathilda* had the leaſt Miſtruſt of it: Our poor Princeſs, who had never been in any Trouble before, was as it were Thunder-ſtruck with this News. No one but *Hippolito* declar'd in her Favour, who ſcorn'd to truckle to the King's Favourite; and *Proſper*, who was more oblig'd to her than any Man living, did even leſs for her in this Caſe than any Man, whereas *Hippolito* not only diſcharg'd his Duty, but was carried by his Zeal beyond it: He waited on her to offer her his Service, but ſhe durſt not accept it, for fear of diſobliging her Prince of *Salerno*, who, ſince her Misfortune, did not viſit her ſo often as he had uſed to do when ſhe was peaceable Miſtreſs of *Tarento*. In the mean time

time *Hippolito* talk'd boldly of the Injuſtice was done her, and ſent a Challenge to *Roger*; for which he had Guards placed upon him, and was commanded to deſiſt; but, as he was generally belov'd by all People, he might eaſily have rais'd a Party in *Naples* ſtrong enough to have made the Favourite doubt the Succeſs of his ill Deſigns. He made ſeveral Attempts upon *Tarento*, all which miſcarried, by reaſon of the great Care *Roger* had taken to prevent all Accidents of that nature: At laſt the Breach between the two Pretenders growing wider every Day, and moſt of the *Italian* Princes intereſting themſelves one way or t'other, the Pope imploy'd his Mediation to procure a Peace, made them lay down their Arms, and prevail'd with the King of *Naples* to refer the deciſion of the Diſpute between his Favourite and *Mathilda* to Judges of known Integrity. The Reader may eaſily gueſs what an extraordinary Expence *Hippolito* had been at, being Head of the Party, and ſo liberal in his Temper: He may likewiſe eaſily imagine, that *Mathilda*, as much a Princeſs as ſhe was, was in a ſhort time reduced to very preſſing Neceſſities. *Roger* had poſſeſs'd himſelf of her Lands; he had perſuaded the King ſhe kept private Intelligence with his Enemies; her Rents were no longer paid, and no one durſt lend Money to the Woman whom the Favourite had a mind to ruin. *Proſper* abandon'd her at laſt, but ſhe ſtill lov'd him ſo violently, that ſhe leſs reſented his Ingratitude than Forgetfulneſs. *Hippolito* would not offer her Money, becauſe he knew ſhe would refuſe it, but went a more generous way to work; he ſent her ſome by one of his Friends, who took the Honour of it upon himſelf, and without telling her it came from *Hippolito*, oblig'd that Prin-

Princeſs by Oath never to ſpeak of it, leſt his Kindneſs might draw upon him the Indignation of the Favourite. In the mean time the Proceſs came on, and Sentence was given in favour of *Mathilda*. The King was diſpleas'd at it, *Roger* was enrag'd, the Court was aſtoniſh'd, every one was vex'd or rejoiced, according to his own Inclination or Intereſt, but yet the generality of People admir'd and prais'd the Probity of the Judges. *Mathilda*, who to her Glory had obtain'd ſo important a Proceſs, ſent a Gentleman to *Proſper*, in a Tranſport that can hardly be imagin'd, to acquaint him with the happy Succeſs of her Affair: *Proſper* rejoic'd exceedingly at the News, and to teſtifie his Satisfaction to this Gentleman, hugg'd and embrac'd him after a ſtrange rate, and moreover promis'd to ſerve him whenever an Opportunity ſhould offer. *Hippolito* knew nothing of the matter till after his Rival, yet he beſtow'd a Diamond Ring of great Value upon the Perſon that brought him the News: He feaſted all the Court, prepar'd Liſts before *Mathilda*'s Window, and for eight Days togèther ran at the Ring againſt all Oppoſers. Gallantries of this nature generally make a great deal of Noiſe. Several Princes of *Italy*, and moſt of *Mathilda*'s Relations and Friends were there preſent, and ſignaliz'd themſelves; nay, the King himſelf, who paſſionately admir'd this ſort of Exerciſe, was pleas'd to honour it with his Royal Preſence. *Roger* had Intereſt enough with his Maſter to have hinder'd him, but by a cunning fetch of Politicks he had reconcil'd himſelf to *Mathilda*, and declar'd to all the World, that unleſs he had really thought *Tarento* had belong'd to him, he would never have attempted to make himſelf Maſter of it. The King was mightily

ly pleas'd with his ſo readily ſubmitting to the Sentence of the Judges, and, that he might recompenſe him for the loſs of his Tryal, and his Pretenſions upon *Tarento*, gave him one of the moſt important Governments of the Kingdom, beſides the Places he had before. *Hippolito* perform'd Wonders at running at the Ring, and carried away the ſole Honour of it. *Proſper* had a mind to diſpute it with him, ſo all beplumed and befeather'd, that any one would have taken him for an *American* Prince; but he was thrown the very firſt Courſe, either thro' his own Fault, or that of his Horſe, and was ſufficiently bruis'd to boot, or at leaſt pretended to be ſo: He was carried to *Mathilda*'s Houſe, who out of Vexation quitted her Balcony, and curs'd the amorous *Hippolito* a hundred times for his pains. He came to hear of it, and was ſo concern'd that he broke up the Aſſembly, and retired in the greateſt Deſpair, to a fine Houſe he had within a League of *Naples*. In the mean time *Proſper* was ſo enrag'd at his Fall, that he treated *Mathilda* after a moſt terrible manner, telling her ſhe was the Cauſe of his Diſgrace, and reproach'd her with being in Love with *Hippolito*. *Mathilda*, always gentle, always humble, and always blindly fond of her haughty Tyrant, begg'd his Pardon, and, in ſhort, was as Chicken-hearted as he was brutal. *Hippolito* had a Siſter that was bred up with the Queen of *Spain*, and was lately return'd to *Naples*, for Reaſons I don't know, but which would ſignifie nothing to our Hiſtory if I did; beſides, ſhe was beautiful to a Miracle, and was a Lady of ſo extraordinary Merit, that render'd her deſerving of the Vows of the beſt Men in the Kingdom. At her return from *Spain*, ſhe found her Brother's Affairs in ſo low a condition, that when he

he ſet up the running at the Ring, ſhe would not appear at Court, becauſe ſhe wanted an Equipage ſuitable for a Perſon of her Quality, yet always kept at her Brother's Houſe, which was all was left him of his Eſtate, for he had already parted with his Lands. She came *incognito* to ſee the running at the Ring, and obſerving her Brother to break up the Aſſembly, and leave *Naples* ſo abruptly, follow'd him home, and found him in the moſt lamentable Condition that could be: He had broke his Lances, tore his Feathers and Hair, mangled his Clothes and Face, and, in ſhort, was in ſuch a Diſtraction, that ſhe would have deſpair'd of ever ſeeing him come to his Senſes again, had ſhe not known very well that a Smile, nay, an indifferent Look from *Mathilda*, would have made him to forget a thouſand ill Treatments. She did all that lay in her power to bring him to good Humour, gave way to his Paſſion inſtead of combating it, rail'd at *Mathilda* when he ſtorm'd againſt her; and ſaid all the good things ſhe could think of her, when after all his Tranſports the Scene was chang'd, and ſhe found him the moſt amorous Lover that ever was: But the ſurly *Proſper* had not the ſame Complaiſance for *Mathilda*; his Fall ſtill broil'd in his Stomach, and he daily laid it to her charge, tho' ſhe was by no means acceſſary to it. One Day, when after having thank'd her Judges, ſhe went to wait upon the King, to thank him likewiſe, altho' he had been againſt her; but at Court 'tis a Point of Indiſcretion to ſpeak one's real Thoughts, or receive a Denial otherwiſe than with fawning and cringing: One Day therefore, when ſhe was in the King's Antichamber, ſhe ſaw the obſequious *Proſper* come in: Ever ſince his Fall he had never made her a Viſit,

Viſit, but to ſcold and quarrel with her for ſuffering *Hippolito* to run at the Ring under her Window. Nothing could be more unjuſt than *Proſper*'s Complaints; it was not in *Mathilda*'s Power to hinder a publick Diverſion, even tho' it had not been deſign'd for her ſake, ſince her Palace took up one ſide of the great Square; and altho' it had been in her Power, yet ought ſhe not to have done it, unleſs ſhe had reſolv'd to be thought a Woman of neither Manners nor Gratitude. *Proſper* was the only Man who, by his falſe way of reaſoning, fancied ſhe had done him an irreparable Injury, and his Anger ſour'd him to that degree, that he went no more to viſit her, as if he had broke with her for good and all. The poor Princeſs was ready to run diſtracted about it, and no ſooner ſaw this Tyrant of Hearts, who was juſt going into the King's Chamber, but ſhe threw her ſelf in his way, and ſtopt him: He endeavour'd to avoid her, and preſs'd forward; ſhe caught him by the Arm, and caſting a Look at him that was enough to have charm'd any one but this haughty Brute, aſked him what ſhe had done, that he ſhould ſhun her thus. What have you not done, replied this Prince arrogantly, and how can you ever retrieve the Reputation you have loſt by ſuffering the Gallantries of *Hippolito*? I cannot hinder them, nor prevent his loving me, anſwers *Mathilda*, but 'tis in my Power not to approve either his Love or Gallantry; and I think, continues ſhe, I ſufficiently teſtified my Diſlike of them, when I went from my Balcony before the Shew was over. You ſhould not have appear'd there at all, replies *Proſper*; and the reaſon why you went away at laſt, was only becauſe you ſaw all the Company pointed at you for being there: But your Love for *Hippolito*

*lito* has made you to loſe all your Reaſon, and his Gallantries have quite effaced the Services I am capable of doing you. *Mathilda* was vex'd to the Heart to hear this, and was going to anſwer, but he would not give her leave; beſides, the Anger that appear'd in his Countenance made the Princeſs ſo afraid of him, that ſhe was perfectly ſpeechleſs. When you were no more Miſtreſs of *Tarento*, ſaid he to her, and the King order'd you to be apprehended, I had a mind to ſee how far your Indiſcretion and mean Spirit would carry you, and whether Adverſity would cure your Faults: For this this reaſon I made no Feaſts, like your Gallant, nay, I pretended to be no longer in your Intereſts. In the mean time *Hippolito* made a mighty buſtle, and did you little Service, and your Affairs for a long time ſeem'd to be in a deſperate condition; then you could condeſcend, to make ſome Advances towards me, in order to bring me back to you again, but this was only a Copy of your Countenance, ſince you ſtill preſerv'd your *Hippolito*. Your Politicks, I confeſs, were not amiſs; you drain'd this poor deſpicable Gallant while he had a drop to part with, flattering your ſelf, that after you had exhauſted him to all Intents and Purpoſes, you ſhould do me an extraordinary Favour to take me in his room; and you made account, that altho' you ſhould loſe *Tarento* at your Tryal, yet your Beauty would make you Princeſs of *Salerno* whenever you pleas'd. But no ſooner, did a favourable Decree revive your Hopes, than you chang'd your Maxim of State for your Maxim of Love: You thought a young ruin'd Prodigal would better fit your turn than me, and conſider'd, that if you married the Prince of *Salerno*, you muſt expect to live with a Maſter, authoriz'd

by

by Cuſtom and the Laws, whereas you would find in *Hippolito* a ſupple Slave, that would make it all his Buſineſs to pleaſe you. Imprudent Princeſs! continued he, durſt ſuch a poor needy Wretch as *Hippolito* pretend to make Love to a Woman of your Quality, unleſs you gave him Encouragement? and, Can any one believe, that for bare Hopes only, he would have put himſelf to ſuch an Expence, that he is utterly beggar'd by it, and ſo foolishly too, that he enrich'd, with one ſingle Preſent, the Man that came from you, to bring him the News that you had gain'd your Cauſe? Yet after all theſe Teſtimonies I have of your Indiſcretion and Infidelity, you are vain enough to believe I love you never the worſe for them. Be happy if you can with your *Hippolito*, but delude your ſelf no longer that I will be unhappy with *Mathilda*. He would have left her after he had ſpoke theſe Words, but the Princeſs ſtill kept her hold, and once in her Life had the Courage to contradict him. Ungrateful Prince! ſaid ſhe to him, one of the greateſt Proofs I can give thee that I yet love thee, is not to hate thee, after thou haſt ſaid ſo many diſobliging things to me; they rather make againſt thee than me, and I cannot imploy them better to thy Confuſion and my own Advantage, than by confeſſing they are true. Yes, continued ſhe, *Hippolito* has lov'd me: *Hippolito*, to ſerve me, neither fear'd the Hatred of a Favourite, nor the Indignation of a King; he reſpects me, he does every thing to pleaſe me; he would have protected me when I was abandon'd by all the World, nay, he has done more, for he has ruin'd himſelf for my ſake: What didſt thou ever do like this? Thou wilt tell me perhaps thou loveſt me; how! love me, and not ſhew common Civility to me! thou, who ought'ſt

ought'ſt to have ſhewn it to my Sex, altho' it were not due to my Quality. And yet what ill-condition'd Maſter ever treated Slave more unworthily than thou haſt done me, and who would have thus trampl'd on a Perſon that loves thee ſo well as I do? No, no, Prince, thou haſt no Reaſon to complain, and art oblig'd to me that I don't. But I will go farther than this: I will own, if thou wilt have me, Crimes I never committed. I will never ſee *Hippolito* more, nay will be ungrateful to him, that thou may'ſt not be ſo to me. I fine, to regain thy Heart, there is nothing ſo difficult but I will put it in Execution. And there is nothing impoſſible to thoſe bright Eyes, ſays the Prince to her, adjuſting his Perriwig. They have already diſarm'd me of my Anger, and provided they always keep their favourable Glances, the too happy *Proſper* will never adore any other than the beautiful *Mathilda*.

The amorous Princeſs thought herſelf over-paid with theſe few Compliments of her old Gallant. In a leſs publick place perhaps ſhe would have thrown herſelf at his Feet, to thank him for this mighty Condeſcenſion, but neither Time nor Place would give her leave to anſwer here. The King came out of his Chamber: She begg'd *Proſper* to ſtand by while ſhe ſpoke to him, but he ſhrinking away told her, It was not convenient for them to be ſeen together, for ſome Reaſons he could tell her. She perceiv'd well enough, he was afraid of making his Court ill, but ſhe was ſo near the King, that ſhe had not time to reproach *Proſper*, with being a better Courtier than a Lover. She preſented herſelf to the King, paid her Reſpects to him, and made her Compliment of Thanks. The King

receiv'd her very coldly, and his Anſwer was ſo ambiguous, that it might as well be interpreted to her Diſadvantage as otherwiſe. But the ſweet things *Proſper* had ſaid to her, gave her ſuch Satisfaction, that his laſt Ingratitude, in refuſing to introduce her to the King, made no Impreſſion upon her, no more than the ill Reception his Majeſty had given her, ſo much tranſported was ſhe to be reconcil'd to her imperious Lover. That Day ſhe was viſited by all the Ladies of Quality in *Naples*, who agreed to go a hunting next Morning a Horſeback, in a Campaign Dreſs, and Caps ſet off with Feathers. The greateſt Gallants at Court were there, ſo we may eaſily imagine, the Prince of *Salerno*, who was Gallantry it ſelf, made one of the Company. This was not all; he reſolv'd to make the Princeſs a Preſent, which he had never done before. He ſent her a moſt paſſionate Letter, accompany'd with a fine Cap; but to tell Truth, he himſelf had ſorted and order'd the Feathers, by the ſame Token there was not one New among them. As I take it, I have already obſerv'd, he had an admirable Fancy in Feathers. This was the only Vanity on which he would lay out his Money, tho' to do him Juſtice, he huſbanded his Plumes to a Miracle, for he would often diverſify, and tranſplant them from one Cap to another, and let them be never ſo old, knew how to make them appear freſh and gay upon Occaſion, as well as if he had ſerv'd ſeven Years Apprenticeſhip to the Trade. I am willing to believe he ſat up the beſt part of the Night to put this Cap in order, that nothing might be wanting to ſo magnificent a Preſent. The Princeſs receiv'd it as if it had been ſent her from Heaven, gave him a hundred more Thanks than it deſerv'd,

and

and promis'd in a Letter ſhe ſent in Anſwer to his, that ſhe would honour herſelf with this miraculous Cap as long as ſhe liv'd. I will not tell you what Sport they had in the Chaſe, becauſe the Particulars never came to my Knowledge. But we may reaſonably ſuppoſe, ſome of their Horſes founder'd, that the Cavaliers were ſo well-bred as to wait upon the Ladies, that *Proſper* diſplay'd all his Gallantry, and that he engroſs'd the whole Diſcourſe to himſelf, being the greateſt Talker of his Age. Our Ladies were ſo well pleas'd with the Sport, that they reſolv'd to take their Pleaſure the next Day; and in order to change their Diverſion, deſign'd to go by Sea to *Pozzuolo*, where the Princeſs *Mathilda* promis'd to give them a Collation and Muſick. They no leſs ſpruc'd themſelves up for this Voyage, than they dad done the Day before for Hunting. The Boats they went in were finely adorn'd, cover'd with rich Tapeſtry, whether of *Turky* or *China*, I won't be poſitive, and the meaneſt Cuſhions were of Silk or Velvet. *Proſper* would needs go thither by Land, and had none but his dear ſelf to accompany him, either to ſave Money, or becauſe he was Melancholy, for ſome Folks are ſo out of Pride. He was mounted upon his fineſt Horſe, had dreſs'd himſelf in his richeſt Campaign Suit, and loaded his Head with the Spoils of many an Oſtridge. *Hippolito*'s Houſe lay on the Road to *Pozzuolo*, near the Sea, and the Prince of *Salerno* muſt of neceſſity ride juſt by it. He no ſooner ſaw it, but a noble Thought came into his Head. He knew *Hippolito* was at home, and therefore alighted from his Horſe to have a little Converſation with him. *Hippolito* receiv'd him with all the Reſpect and Civility due to his Qua-

lity, altho' the other had not the Manners to return it. *Prosper* made him a very rude Compliment upon his presuming to be in Love with a Princess, who was to be his Wife. *Hippolito* bore his Impertinence for a long while, and answer'd him with all the Sweetness imaginable, that he ought not to be offended at his Gallantry, which a Love without hopes put him upon. But at last *Prosper*'s Insolence forc'd him to change his Language, and he had already call'd for his Horse to go out and fight him, when Word was brought, that the Sea was very tempestuous, and that the Boats wherein the Ladies were, which they could behold from the Shore, were in danger of being dash'd against the Rocks. *Hippolito* did not doubt but these Ladies were *Mathilda* and her Company, he persuaded *Prosper* to run to the Relief of their common Mistress, but he excus'd himself upon his not being able to swim, and that he was not yet recover'd of the Bruise he had receiv'd when he ran at the Ring. The generous *Hippolito*, detesting in his Soul the Ingratitude of his Rival, ran or rather flew to the Sea-shore. His Servants follow'd, threw themselves into the Sea after his Example, and by the Assistance of some Fisher-men, who happen'd by good luck to be at that time upon the Coast, they made a shift to save *Mathilda*'s Life, and the Ladies in her Company. Their Boats were overturn'd within a hundred Yards of the Shore; and *Naples* had bewail'd the loss of all its Beauties at once, had it not been for this seasonable Relief. *Hippolito* was so happy, that *Mathilda* ow'd her Life to him. His Love made him soon to distinguish her from the other Ladies, whom the Waves were going to dash against the Rocks that bound-

bounded the Shore. While the Fiſhermen and his Servants help'd the firſt Perſons they found, he caught hold of the Princeſs juſt as ſhe roſe above Water, and holding her with one Hand, while he ſwam with the other towards the Shore, he happily gain'd it without any one to help him. *Mathilda* found herſelf much more ill upon her Shipwreck, than the reſt of the Ladies that were ſav'd with her. After they had vomited their Salt-water, chang'd their Clothes and recover'd from their Fright, they were well enough that very Day to take Coach for *Naples*. As for the Princeſs of *Tarento*, it was a long while before they could bring her to herſelf. Even then they much doubted her Life, and *Hippolito* and his Siſter *Irene* took all the care of her that was poſſible. He ſent to *Naples* for the ableſt Phyſicians, beſides him that belong'd to the Princeſs, and quitted his Houſe intirely to her, and ſome of her Domeſticks that came to wait on her. He and his Servants made ſhift to lodge at a little Farm not far from his own Houſe, whence he ſent every Moment to enquire how the Princeſs did, when he could not go thither himſelf. As for *Proſper*, who was very well pleas'd with the rough Compliment he had paſs'd upon *Hippolito*, he left *Mathilda* and the reſt of the Ladies to ſhift for themſelves as well as they could, without troubling his Head what became of them; thinking perhaps, that ſince he was none of the fitteſt to help them, he ought not to pollute his Eyes with ſo ſad a Spectacle, and ſo jogg'd on gently towards *Naples*, expecting the doubtful Event of the Shipwreck to rejoyce at, or otherwiſe, according as it would have made him happy or unhappy. In the mean time *Mathilda*, aſſiſted by her youth, and the Reme-

dies that were given her, recover'd both her Health and Beauty at once, and was extreamly ſatisfied with the great Care of *Hippolito* and his Siſter, who dextrouſly inſinuated to her, with what Indifference *Proſper* had beheld the Peril ſhe was in. *Mathilda* did not diſcover the leaſt Token of Reſentment in her Face or Diſcourſe; whether it were becauſe her Love had maſter'd it, or becauſe ſhe diſſembled her ill Uſage, I cannot tell. The Night before ſhe deſign'd to leave *Hippolito*'s Houſe to return to *Naples*, ſhe could not ſleep, and therefore call'd for a Book and a Candle, to divert her: Her Women were goue out of her Chamber to ſleep, or do ſomething elſe, when ſhe ſaw *Proſper* come into the Room: We may eaſily gueſs what a Surprize ſhe was in, to ſee him at ſo unſeaſonable an Hour, and how much ſhe look'd upon her ſelf affronted by ſo diſreſpectful a Viſit: She ſpoke to him of it with ſome warmth; *Proſper* was warmer than ſhe, and, as if this Princeſs had thrown her ſelf into this danger of loſing her Life, on purpoſe to give *Hippolito* the Glory of ſaving it, reproach'd her with her Shipwreck, as a Blemiſh on her Honour, and taxed her with Infidelity, by reaſon ſhe was in the Houſe of one that was in love with her, lodg'd in his Chamber, and lay in his Bed. *Mathilda* would not condeſcend to ſhew him how unjuſt his Reproaches were, but retorted on him for not having endeavour'd to ſave her; and in a cutting way of Raillery, complain'd of him for not being able to ſwim, as alſo for not being fully recover'd of his late dangerous Fall. *Proſper* redden'd with Anger and Confuſion, treated her with opprobrious Language, and told her, he would never ſee her more, ſince *Roger* the King's Favourite offer'd him his Siſter, and with

with her all the Advantages he might expect from the Alliance of a Perſon in his Poſt. *Mathilda* could not hold out againſt ſo terrible a Menace, her Blood curdled within her, and her Love ſoon conquer'd her Indignation: She had begun to exert herſelf a little, but all on the ſudden became a Suppliant. He relented too on his ſide, when he ſaw her humbled as much as he thought convenient, and according to his Cuſtom cajoled her, and ſaid the ſame ſoft things he ought to have done, if in all the Love-Quarrels he had had with her, he had never treſpaſs'd againſt the Reſpect and Tenderneſs he ow'd her. He made new Proteſtations of Love to her, and ſtraining hard to ſurprize her by ſome topping Compliments, made very impertinent ones; for he wiſh'd her all ſorts of Adverſities, to the end he might have an Opportunity forſooth of convincing her how much he was her humble Servant. For God's ſake, Madam, ſaid he to her in a paſſionate Tone, why are you not out of Favour at Court? Oh that you were ſtill perſecuted by *Roger!* that you might ſee with what Zeal and Ardour I would ſollicite the King for you! with what Vigour I would eſpouſe your Cauſe againſt your Enemies, and whether I ſhould be afraid to venture my Perſon, and all I were worth in the World, to re-inſtate you in what was uſurp'd upon you. Come, come, ſays the Princeſs, there's no neceſſity I ſhould be more unfortunate than I am, to give you the Opportunity of ſhewing your Generoſity; and I would not willingly put your Love to ſo dangerous a Tryal. They were engag'd in this Diſcourſe, when a Noiſe of confus'd and dreadful Voices that cry'd out *Fire*, made them to run to the Windows, where they ſaw all the lower part of the Houſe vomiting Fire and

Smoke, and that at the ſame time the Flames beginning to enter the Chamber by the Staircaſe, took from them all hopes of ſaving themſelves that way, as *Proſper* was preparing to do. The Princeſs, all in a Fright, conjur'd him not to abandon her in ſo great a Danger, and propos'd to make uſe of the Sheets and Hangings to get out of the Window. The Prince, as much affrighted as ſhe, told her, they could not have Time to do it; and meaſuring with his Eyes the height of the Windows, and conſidering which would be the beſt way to leap into the Court, told *Mathilda* very plainly, that upon theſe Occaſions every one ought to ſhift for himſelf. But thou ſhalt not go without me, ſaid ſhe to him very reſolutely, and I will run no Danger here, which the moſt ungrateful and ungenerous Man alive ſhall not partake with me. She had no ſooner ſaid theſe Words, but ſhe caught hold of *Proſper*, and her Indignation at his Baſeneſs gave her ſo much ſtrength, that in ſpite of all his ſtriving and ſtruggling, he could not diſengage himſelf from her; he ſwore, call'd her Names, was Brute enough to threaten to drub or kill her, (I don't know whether) and had certainly been as goon as his Word, if at the time he was ſtruggling with her, as rudely and fiercely as if he had been to deal with an Enemy, the generous *Hippolito* had not come into the Room. The Princeſs ſeeing him, left *Proſper*, and came up to *Hippolito*, who without giving her time to ſpeak, cover'd her with a wet Sheet, which he had brought on purpoſe, and taking her up in his Arms, threw himſelf (like a Lion with his Prey) thro' the Flames, which now had fill'd all the Staircaſe. He had no ſooner ſet her down in a place of Safety, but he was ſo generous as to do the like

Ser-

Service for his Rival. 'Tis true, he burnt his Clothes, and ſindged his Hair and Eyebrows; but I would fain know what ſignifies the burning one's Clothes, or ſindging one's Hair, to a Man whoſe Heart had been already burnt to a Coal by Love? While *Mathilda* recover'd her Spirits, and *Preſper* got back to *Naples*, without ſo much as thanking his Deliverer, *Hippolito* beheld his Houſe burnt down to the Ground, together with his Furniture, Horſes, and, in ſhort, all that his former Profuſeneſs had left him. *Mathilda* was afflicted at it, I will not ſay more than he was, for, alas! he ſcarce thought of it at all, but as much as if ſhe had ſeen all that was dear to her in the World deſtroy'd: She look'd upon her ſelf to be the Occaſion of this Misfortune to him, and indeed was not miſtaken: Her Couſin *Roger*, who had reconcil'd himſelf to her with no other Intent than to accompliſh her Ruin more eaſily, had brib'd ſome of *Hippolito*'s Servants, that were Villains enough to take his Money, to lay a great deal of combuſtible Stuff in the Vaults and Cellars, which they were to ſet on fire in the dead of the Night, when all the Family were aſleep. This unjuſt Favourite made no Conſcience to ruin a poor Gentleman, nay, procure his Death too, provided he could but do the ſame to a Relation, whoſe Eſtate he hoped by this Means to inherit; and, as if her Death would not ſatisfie him, which had almoſt infallibly happen'd, in caſe his Deſign had ſucceeded, he likewiſe endeavour'd to make her Memory odious. At the time when *Hippolito*'s Houſe was on fire, *Roger* had manag'd his Cards ſo dexterouſly, that Meſſengers were order'd to ſearch *Mathilda*'s Palace, who opening her Cloſet, found ſome forg'd Letters there, which ſeem'd to be written to

the Duke of *Anjou*, and which plainly convicted her of keeping a private Intelligence with that dangerous Enemy of the Government. Our unfortunate Princeſs receiv'd this unlucky News, juſt as ſhe was going to ſend to *Naples* for her Coaches to bring her home: She was extreamly troubled at it, and without ſtaying any longer, ran to *Naples* with all her Servants a-foot, in the moſt lamentable condition that can be imagin'd. *Hippolito* offer'd to accompany her, but ſhe poſitively forbad him, fearing, I ſuppoſe, to diſoblige her muſty Spark *Proſper*. And thus our unhappy Lover ſaw her depart, and was infinitely more concern'd at this laſt Misfortune which had befallen the Princeſs, and at her commanding him to leave her, than at the burning of his Houſe. *Mathilda* no ſooner came to *Naples*, but ſhe was taken into Cuſtody: She demanded to have Audience of the King, but it was refus'd her: She ſent to ſpeak with *Proſper*, but the old Gentleman pretended to be wondrous ſick; and thus *Mathilda* beheld her ſelf all at once abandon'd by her Friends, as if ſhe had been infected with the Plague. The very ſame Day ſhe receiv'd an Order from the King to leave *Naples*. Her own Domeſticks baſely and ſcandalouſly deſerted her; her Creditors, without any reſpect to her Quality, perſecuted her moſt unmercifully: In ſhort, ſhe was reduc'd to ſo wretched a Condition, that ſhe could not procure either Coach or Horſe, to carry her to a certain Prince of *Italy*, who was the neareſt Relation ſhe had in the World next to *Roger*, and who had always eſpous'd her Quarrel againſt that haughty Favourite. Being thus forſaken by all her Friends, deſtitute even of the Neceſſaries of Life, and uncapable of obeying ſo rigorous an Order, ſhe took Sanctuary in a Convent,

vent, where they would not receive her without his Majeſty's Permiſſion, who granted it on Condition that ſhe ſhould leave it that very Night. She went out of it in Diſguiſe, and ſo ſecretly, that with all the Search and Enquiry *Hippolito* could make, he could not meet the leaſt Information which way ſhe was gone: However, he reſolv'd to follow her juſt as Chance directed, rather than ſit ſtill at home, and make no Enquiry after her. While he was in queſt of her, or at leaſt fancied he was, ſhe thought no more of him, and *Proſper* no more of her: He repreſented her as a State Criminal, made his Court very regularly to the King and his Favourite; and, as the generality of Mankind uſe to alter their Meaſures with the Time, he made Love to *Camilla*, *Roger*'s Siſter, and begg'd of the King to help on the Marriage. The King, who look'd upon this as an advantageous Match for his Confident's Siſter, whom he lov'd the beſt of any Subject in his Dominions, ſpoke about it to this Favourite, who always liked that which his Maſter liked. This Siſter of *Roger*'s was one of the moſt beautiful Ladies of *Naples*, and tho' ſhe ſhar'd in her Brother's good Fortune, yet had ſhe no hand in his wicked Deſigns. As ſhe was look'd upon at Court to be the beſt Match in the Kingdom, ſhe in like manner look'd upon *Hippolito* to be the compleateſt Gentleman of his time, and perhaps lov'd him, or at leaſt would have lov'd him, if ſhe had not obſerv'd him ſo paſſionately in love with another. She took *Mathilda*'s Misfortune ſo to Heart, and was ſo generous in her Temper, that if ſhe had in the leaſt ſuſpected it was all owing to her Brother, ſhe would moſt undoubtedly have reproach'd him for ſo black an Action, and been one of the firſt that ſhould have exclaim'd againſt it.

She

She was so afflicted at *Hippolito*'s late Loss, that not valuing what the World might say of her, she went to find him at his Habitation that was burnt down, to offer him Money, or whatever else he wanted that lay in her power to bestow on him. She met with his Sister there, who little expected such a Visit, much less to be invited to take up her Quarters at *Camilla*'s House. This beautiful Lady could not refuse so obliging an Offer, and accordingly went with her to *Naples*. What better Course could a young Person of her Sex and Condition take, who found her self without a Farthing to relieve her, without a House to cover her, without Hopes of mending her Fortune, in a Country too where she scarce knew any one but her Brother, who was nevertheless as good as lost to her, since as soon as ever he had been inform'd that *Mathilda* had left *Naples*, he ran in quest of her, like a Madman, without knowing whither she was gone. The Day on which *Camilla* went to find *Irene* at her Brother's House, with Design to carry her home with her, the King was pleas'd to honour her with a Visit, and presented to her our gallant Prince of *Salerno* with all his Gallantry. *Camilla*, who had *Hippolito* always in her Thoughts, receiv'd *Prosper*'s Compliments with as great Indifference, as she expres'd Thankfulness to the King for condescending to visit her. The sorrowful *Irene* bore her company, and under all her Affliction appear'd so charming to the young King, that he fell in love with her: His Love was violent even in its Infancy. He approach'd her with as much Respect and Awe, as if she had been in his Condition, and he in hers. He said a thousand fine things to her upon her Beauty, and this lovely young Lady, who demean'd her self neither with too much Haughti-

Haughtineſs nor Submiſſion, diſcover'd at once ſo much Wit, Prudence, and Modeſty, that he conſider'd her from that very moment, as the only Happineſs that was wanting to his Fortune. He ſtay'd at *Camilla*'s Houſe as long as poſſibly he could, and the Pleaſure he took in converſing with *Irene* was ſo much the more taken notice of, as the young King had always ſeem'd inſenſible to Love, and behav'd himſelf with great Coldneſs towards all the moſt celebrated Beauties of *Naples*. *Irene* was ſo charming, that it was impoſſible for a Man, tho' never ſo little inclin'd to Love, and never ſo uncapable to judge of her Merit, to avoid falling in love with her. *Camilla*, before ſhe knew her, intended to ſerve her for her Brother's ſake only, but no ſooner came ſhe acquainted with her, than ſhe lov'd her for her own. She eaſily believ'd the King was in love with her, becauſe ſhe deſir'd it; and being far from envying her good Fortune, as any other handſome Lady but her ſelf would have done, ſhe rejoic'd at it exceedingly. She congratulated *Irene* upon ſo important a Conqueſt, and had without queſtion flatter'd the Vanity and Hopes of any Lady leſs preſuming than her. But this modeſt Damſel could not be perſuaded but that the King was more a Gallant than a Lover; that he had no other Deſign than only to divert himſelf; and, that he would think no more of her when he was out of her ſight. But ſhe was miſtaken; for it was not long before the King came again to acquaint her with his Paſſion, which was ſo impetuous, that it would not ſuffer him to be longer without ſeeing her, than that very Evening after he fell in love with her. He told the Prince of *Salerno*, he was reſolv'd to go *incognito*, after the *Spaniſh* Mode, to make Love to *Irene* un-

under *Camilla*'s Balcony. *Proſper* was mightily pleas'd to be made the Confident of his Maſter's Pleaſures, and to accompany him in an amorous Adventure. In all probability *Roger* had been choſen for this Affair, or at leaſt had bore his ſhare in it, had not he that very Day taken his leave of the King to go to *Tarento*, whither ſome important Buſineſs had call'd him. The Night came, and the King, accompanied by *Proſper* arm'd like himſelf after the *Italian* manner, that is to ſay, with more offenſive Arms than a ſingle Man can be ſuppos'd to want, came under *Camilla*'s Balcony, who had been beforehand acquainted with his coming by *Proſper*: She knew the Method and good Breeding of the Court too well, not to leave the King at liberty to entertain himſelf with his Miſtreſs in private; for this reaſon ſhe retir'd to another Balcony, notwithſtanding all the Entreaties *Irene* could uſe to get her to ſtay with her. The King reproach'd this young Lady for her Uneaſineſs to be alone with him, and told her, ſhe ow'd at leaſt ſome Complaiſance to a King, who had for her ſomething above it. I ſhould owe all to your Majeſty, replied *Irene*, if I did not likewiſe owe ſomething to my ſelf, which I cannot owe to any one elſe. And what do you owe to your ſelf, ſays the King, which you do not owe to my Love? Why not to believe you have any for me, anſwers *Irene*. Alas! cries the King ſighing, there is nothing ſo ſure, and nothing I would not willingly do to hinder you from doubting it. If I could believe what you tell me, ſays ſhe, I ſhould have more reaſon to complain of your Majeſty, than to thank you. How, cruel Damſel! anſwer'd the King, and can a Paſſion ſo ſincere as mine offend you? It would be an Honour to ſome great

great Queen, replies *Irene*, but it would very much call in queſtion the Judgment of any one elſe. 'Tis true indeed, ſays the King, you are no Queen; but ſhe that deſerves to be one, is in a Poſſibility of being one. I am not ſo conceited of my own Merit, anſwers *Irene*, as to expect any ſuch Alteration in my Fortune; and your Majeſty, I hope, has more Goodneſs than to divert your ſelf any longer at the expence of an unhappy Creature. Beautiful *Irene*, ſays our amorous Prince, I love you as much as 'tis poſſible for the moſt paſſionate and faithful Lover in the Univerſe to love, and if my Tongue has inform'd you what my Looks and Sighs could not have acquainted you with in ſo ſhort a time, don't think I have any Deſign to diſpenſe, on account of my Quality, with any of the Pains of a long Servitude, or the Services and Cares which the moſt charming Woman upon Earth may expect from the moſt reſpectful Lover: But ſo violent a Pain as mine wants a ſpeedy Remedy, and you ought to reſt ſatisfied in my Opinion, however ſcrupulous and rigid you may be towards a King, who is afraid to diſpleaſe you with this Declaration of his Love. He ſaid to her abundance of things more paſſionate than this, which the Perſon who overheard them might unluckily forget, as I can aſſure you he did: So I leave the diſcreet Reader to imagine them; for to make a King of *Naples* expreſs himſelf ſo tenderly as ours did, and at the ſame time not to maim his Thoughts, a Man muſt be as much in Love as he was, which, I humbly preſume, is none of my Buſineſs to be at preſent. *Irene* always anſwer'd him with her uſual Modeſty, and without ſhewing her ſelf either too hard or too eaſie to be perſuaded, ſhe diſengag'd her ſelf ſo handſomly from ſo nice a Con-

Converſation, that it encreas'd the King's Eſteem for her, who parted from her infinitely more in Love than he had been before. From that time there paſſed not a Day in which he did not viſit *Camilla* and *Irene*, nor a Night but he came to that Lady's Balcony, where he imploy'd all his amorous Eloquence, to perſuade her of the Sincerity of his Paſſion. One Night, when he had given Orders to his Guards not to attend him, he walk'd in Diſguiſe thro' the Streets of *Naples*, accompanied only by the Prince of *Salerno*. He took ſo much Diverſion in this Ramble, that the greateſt part of the Night was ſpent when he came to *Camilla*'s Balcony. He found his Poſt already taken up by two Men, or at leaſt they ſtood ſo near it, that they muſt needs overhear whatever he ſhould ſay to *Irene*. One of theſe parted from the other, and went into *Camilla*'s Houſe, while his Companion tarried in the Street: The King ſtaid a while, to ſee whether he would not go away of himſelf, and leave him the Street free; but finding he ſtirr'd no more than a Statue, he grew impatient, and commanded *Proſper* to go and ſee what the Fellow meant by ſtaying there, and to oblige him to retire. The Prince of *Salerno* walk'd toward him with as much Apprehenſion as if he had been ſent upon ſome dangerous Enterprize. The other ſeeing him come up, retired: *Proſper* was reſolv'd to ſee who he was, the other mended his Pace, and ſeeing *Proſper* did the like, very fairly betook himſelf to his Heels, when the Prince of *Salerno* ran after him, and cours'd him into another Street. In the mean time the King did not ſtir from his Poſt, expecting every moment when *Proſper* would come back, that he might ſend him to *Camilla* and *Irene*, to let them know he expected

pected them under the Balcony, and in all probability was wholly taken up with his Amour, for a Lover does nothing else when he is alone; when the Man who had parted from him, whom *Prosper* pursued, came out of *Camilla*'s House, and mistaking the King for his Comrade, Look, *Calixtus*, said he to him, here is your Dispatch; the Governour of *Cajetta* will order you a Vessel to carry you to *Marseilles*. The King, without returning any Answer, receiv'd the Pacquet of Letters which he presented to him. *Calixtus*, adds this unknown Person, the rest depends upon thy Diligence; and thou hast in thy hands the Fortune of the Duke of *Anjou*, thy Master and mine. Ha! ungrateful Villain and Traytor! what wicked Designs art thou carrying on against me? cries the King, laying his Hand upon his Sword. *Roger*, for it prov'd to be him, distracted at his making so fatal a Mistake, and hurried on by his Despair to be more wicked than he was, thought of nothing now but losing his Life, or taking away that of the King, who had loved him so tenderly. The Reproaches he so justly expected for his unparallel'd Ingratitude and Villany, affrighted him as much as the severest Torments that could be inflicted on him. He put his Hand to his Sword almost at the same time the King did, who charg'd him with so much Vigour and Fury, that *Roger*, troubled with a Remorse of Conscience for his Crime, was for a long time forc'd to defend himself: At last, his Rage filling him with new Strength and Courage, he push'd furiously at the King, whom he look'd upon now to be no otherwise than his Enemy, and by the desperate Thrusts he made at his sacred Person, oblig'd him likewise to defend himself: But Kings, who may be valiant

as

as well as other Men, are uſually aſſiſted by a more powerful Genius than that of ordinary Mortals. *Roger*, as brave, furious, and deſperate as he was, could not have maintain'd his Ground long againſt his incens'd Prince, altho' the claſhing of Swords had not brought ſeveral Perſons upon the Spot, who could hardly be kept from hacking to pieces an execrable Villain, who durſt attack the Life of his Soveraign. His own Domeſticks, and thoſe of *Camilla*, were the firſt that came with Lights into the Street, and were ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to ſee their Maſter engag'd with the King. The unfortunate *Roger* no ſooner ſaw the Light, which expos'd him to the terrible Looks of his Prince, but he was utterly confounded; his Rage and Valour abandon'd him both at once, and his Sword dropt out of his Hand. The King, who had the Pleaſure to ſee him wounded, after he had had Occaſion for all his Valour to hinder himſelf from being wounded by him, ſeiz'd him with his own Hands, and gave him to the Captain of his Guards, who came luckily by with a Party of Soldiers, and had receiv'd Order to watch all Night the Avenues leading to *Camilla*'s Houſe. In the mean time *Proſper* ran after his Man, who, flying from him as faſt as his Legs could carry him, unluckily fell into the hands of the Watch, who were walking their Rounds that Night, as their Cuſtom was, to prevent all Diſorders in the Streets. He ſeem'd ſo aſtoniſh'd, and falter'd ſo ſtrangely in his Anſwers, that they had certainly ſtopt him, altho' *Proſper*, who purſued with Sword in Hand, and had made himſelf known to them, had not commanded them in the King's Name to ſecure him, and to be reſponſible for his forthcoming. He immediately went back to acquaint the

the King with what he had done; and if he was ſurpriz'd to ſee ſuch a number of Flambeaux in the Street, and the King ſurrounded by ſuch Crowds of People, he was much more ſo to find what had paſt between the King and *Roger*; and to ſee that Favourite, whom all the Court ſo lately ador'd, curs'd by all the Company, and in the hands of the Guards, who were carrying him to Priſon. That Night the King did not ſee *Irene*, becauſe he wou'd avoid the ſight of *Camilla*, whom he order'd *Proſper* to wait upon, and aſſure her from his Mouth, that he diſtinguiſh'd her from her Brother, whoſe Crime ſhould not in the leaſt leſſen his Eſteem for her. *Irene* writ to him in favour of *Roger*; and, to oblige *Camilla*, did that which the repeated Inſtances of an amorous Prince could not obtain from her. Next Day *Roger* was examin'd, and found guilty of High Treaſon, for maintaining a private Correſpondence with the Duke of *Anjou*, who had a great Party ſtill in the Kingdom of *Naples*. He had been inform'd by ſome of them of the inſatiable Ambition of *Roger*, and having offer'd him in Marriage a Princeſs of his own Blood, with certain Advantages, which he could not hope from his preſent Maſter, this ungrateful Favourite, violating his Faith and Honour, had engag'd to receive the *French* into *Cajetta* and *Caſtellamara*, whereof he was Governour. The ſame Judges who convicted him of Treaſon againſt his Prince, diſcover'd his villainous Plot againſt the Princeſs of *Tarento*; and now that Mirrour of Conſtancy the Prince of *Salerno*, who had abandon'd her when he ſaw her in Diſgrace, to offer his Services to *Camilla*, whom he ſaw in Favour, no ſooner found the *King* to repent of the ill Treatment he had given her, and reſolv'd not only

to

to re-inſtate her in her former Honour and Fortune, which had been unjuſtly taken from her, but likewiſe to confer new ones upon her, than this Generous Lord, who had ſo lately importun'd the King to marry him to *Camilla*, now humbly entreated him to diſpenſe with his Promiſe, and give him leave to carry on his Pretenſions to *Mathilda*; and at the ſame time deſir'd his Majeſty, who deſign'd to make enquiry after her, to leave the Care of that to him, and give him a Commiſſion to go and find her where-ever he could hear any News of her, in order to bring her again to Court. The King's Affection was too deeply ſettled on the beautiful *Irene*, not to think of her Brother *Hippolito*, and be concern'd that no body could tell where he was. He diſpatch'd Couriers into all parts of *Italy*, who had Orders to enquire after him as they ſearch'd for *Mathilda*, and in caſe they found him, to bring him again to *Naples*. He hoped by this means to convince *Irene* how cordially he eſpous'd the Intereſts of her Family, and how much it afflicted him, that ſhe knew not what was become of her Brother, whom ſhe lov'd ſo dearly. This amorous Cavalier, after he had ſearch'd a long time for his Princeſs with the utmoſt Care and Diligence, without being able to find her, reſign'd himſelf to that blind Guide Chance, and rambled where-ever his Horſe carried him, making no longer ſtay in any place than his Horſe, and that of his Servant's, who we may ſuppoſe were not ſo ſollicitous as he in the ſearch of *Mathilda*, had time to reſt themſelves. As for his own part, he enjoy'd no more Repoſe than a condemn'd Criminal, and after he had paſs'd whole Days in ſighing on Horſeback, ſpent whole Nights in complaining to the Trees and Rocks of the Cruel-

ty

ty and Abſence of *Mathilda*, and in quarrelling with the innocent Stars, that generally lighted him to Bed, by reaſon he lay in the open Fields, and under the Canopy of Heaven. One Day, when he was ſo taken up with theſe melancholy Thoughts, that he did not conſider that his Servant and Horſes could not, like himſelf, feed upon ſo ſlender a Diet as Love, he found himſelf towards Sun-ſetting near a ſolitary Inn, which rather look'd like a Retreat for Cut-throats and Banditti, than a Place to lodge Travellers: *Hippolito* had rode beyond it, for your true Lover is an indefatigable Animal, when his Valet inform'd him his Horſes were not able to ſtir a Step farther, out of meer Laſſitude and Hunger, not to ſpeak of himſelf, who wanted to eat and repoſe as well as they: Upon this, our deſpairing Lover condeſcended to alight, but the Inn-keeper, who ſtood before his Gate, together with his Wife and an ill-look'd Fellow, who ſeem'd to be a Soldier, told him rudely, he had no Place to entertain him in, and that his Rooms as well as Stables were all taken up. *Hippolito* was not much concern'd he could not get a Lodging here, and his Servant had deſpair'd of getting one, when the Soldier that ſtood by the Inn-keeper, after he had whiſper'd a few Words in his Ear, told *Hippolito* in *Calabreze*, that if he pleas'd he might come in, and that he ſhould be very proud to lend his Room to ſo fine a Gentleman; and while *Hippolito* made ſcruple to accept ſo courteous an Offer, the Man of the Houſe, that had ſpoke ſo rudely to him a little before, came and held his Stirrup while he alighted, with a ſmiling Cut-throat Look, which ſhew'd he deſign'd to make a Penny of him; thus *Hippolito* was perſuaded to come into the Inn. He wou'd not

eat

eat a bit, and having only drank a Glaſs of Water, (for Philoſophers have obſerv'd that Love and Sorrow are very dry) he walk'd out to take a turn or two in a place very proper for his melancholy Contemplations, which he had obſerv'd, not far from the Inn. In the mean time his Valet ſate down to Supper with the Landlord and his Wife, and the civil *Calabrian* who had ſo obligingly parted with his Chamber to *Hippolito*: He fell on like a Man that was half-ſtarv'd, and did not guzzle down ſo much Wine as he could have done, becauſe he was forced to call upon his Maſter, to put him in mind of going to Bed, which was a thing he frequently forgot. He went to look for him among the Rocks, where he found him feeding his Melancholy, by reflecting on the ill Condition of his Affairs and his Love, and brought him back to the Inn, where they ſhew'd a vile Room, with a Bed yet more vile, and which having no Curtains, lay expos'd to the Sun and Wind on all ſides. *Hippolito* would not undreſs, but threw himſelf in his Clothes upon the Bed, as his Man did upon another, where he ſlept ſo heartily, that it would have made any Man but his Maſter to have envy'd him, who, for his part, could not ſleep a wink; but a true Lover would think he had committed an unpardonable Sin, ſhould he ſleep like other Mortals. In a ſhort time all the People in the Inn were got to Bed, and every thing was huſh'd, when ſome Perſons on Horſeback diſturb'd their Repoſe, and thunder'd at the Gate like to Perſons that were impatient to be let in. The Man of the Houſe, that got up to ſee what the matter was, knew them, and open'd the Gate to them. Soon after *Hippolito* heard the next Chamber to his open; ſeveral Perſons went into it, and ſome of 'em

went

went out again immediately, while the reſt that ſtay'd talk'd to one another. He was too much taken up with his own private Affairs to have any great Curioſity for thoſe of other People, and had not liſten'd to their Diſcourſe, if one of them had not talk'd ſo loud, that he fancied he was not unacquainted with the Voice. This made him deſirous to know what they talk'd of, and at laſt he heard them ſpeak the following Words diſtinctly: Yes, my dear *Julia*, I muſt once more ſay it, few Perſons of my Condition have been treated worſe by Fortune than my ſelf; ſhe has plung'd me in Miſeries that are not to be parallel'd; but as great and vexatious as they are, yet they don't ſo much diſturb me as the Ingratitude wherewith the baſeſt of Men requites my Affection for him; and this Ingratitude does not ſit ſo heavy on me, as mine to the Man whom I ought to love. I blame my ſelf inceſſantly for it, and my Inquietude on this ſcore is infinitely more afflicting than all the Loſſes I have ſuſtain'd, and all the Calamities that oppreſs me. The other Perſon that took up the Diſcourſe talk'd ſo low, that *Hippolito* could hear nothing but a few incoherent Words, that were frequently interrupted by Sighs: He got up, and crept to the Wainſcot which divided the two Rooms, but the Noiſe he made was heard by the Perſons whom he had a mind to liſten to; ſo their Converſation ceas'd, but not the Sighs of the afflicted Party, whoſe Voice he imagin'd to reſemble that of *Mathilda*. The Reader may eaſily gueſs how impatient he was to know whether he was miſtaken, and, to ſatisfie himſelf in ſo important a Doubt, was preparing to go out of his Chamber, when all on the ſudden the Door open'd, and by the Light of a dark Lanthorn he ſaw four Men come in-

into his Room with their Swords in their Hands, among whom he obſerv'd the *Calabrian* Soldier and the Maſter of the Houſe. If he was ſurpriz'd at ſo unſeaſonable a Viſit from theſe Men, who did not ſeem to come with any good Deſign, they were no leſs ſo, to find him up and awake, who they hoped was in a ſound Sleep. *Hippolito* clapping his Hand to his Sword, aſk'd them what they wanted in his Chamber at ſuch an Hour, and in ſuch an Equipage; and he no ſooner ſaw them put themſelves in a poſture to attack him, but he fell upon the foremoſt with ſuch Bravery and Skill, that he ſoon *made the Room too hot* for 'em. In the mean time his Footman awak'd, follow'd the Noiſe, and ſeeing his Maſter ſet upon by ſo many Enemies, ſeconded him very valiantly, when having wounded all that attack'd him, he laid the moſt dangerous of them at his Feet. Theſe Men defended themſelves like Fellows that did not value their Lives; but tho' they had been more in number than really they were, yet could they not have reſiſted the valiant *Hippolito*, ſeconded by ſo couragious a Servant. He killed another of his Enemies, and the two that were left very fairly betook themſelves to their Heels. He was ſo vex'd at a ſlight Wound he had receiv'd in his Arm, that he was reſolv'd to purſue them, and in all probability had clear'd the World of them, as well as he had done of the other Sparks, had not theſe Villains been ſo wiſe in their Fear as to make one Leap of it down the Stair-caſe, and to ſhut the Door after them. *Hippolito* was a long while before he could open it, which gave the two Murtherers time enough to make their Eſcape, ſo that he and his Man return'd to the Inn without them. He ran directly to the Chamber where he thought he had

had heard *Mathilda*'s Voice, but found it open, and no one in it, no more than in the reſt of the Rooms in the Houſe, which he ſearch'd with as much Care as Inquietude. *Fulvio*, ſaid he to his Man, I heard *Mathilda* talk, I knew her Voice, and no one but ſuch an unhappy Wretch as I could have miſs'd her when ſhe was ſo near me. He afterwards repeated to *Fulvio* the Words he heard *Mathilda* ſpeak, interpreted them to his advantage, as he had ſome reaſon to do, but inſtead of giving him Conſolation, they only encreas'd his Affliction; for he thought this was a Trick of Fortune, to let him hear *Mathilda*'s Voice, for no other End than to make him more concern'd for not being able to ſee her, or know what was become of her. He look'd after this Princeſs in all the places thereabout, and was ſo beſotted as to come back to the Inn to ſearch for her there, but not a Soul was to be ſeen, except only in the Stable, from whence *Fulvio* took four Horſes beſides his own and his Maſter's. *Hippolito* quitted this Inn in the moſt penſive Condition that can be imagin'd. *Fulvio* propos'd to carry off the Thieves Horſes as a lawful Prize, and repreſented to him, that perhaps they might find *Mathilda*, and then they ſhould want a Steed to mount her upon. *Hippolito* did not hear what he ſaid, or elſe would not vouchſafe to make him an Anſwer, ſo ſtrangely was he taken up with his melancholy Thoughts. *Fulvio* took his Maſter's Silence for Conſent, and tying the Horſes by the Tail, drove them before him, deſigning, I ſuppoſe, to make ready Money of them, the firſt Chapman he could find. They rode part of the Day together, without *Hippolito*'s anſwering ſo much as one of the many Queſtions *Fulvio* put to him, in

order to divert him: They loſt their way, and at laſt were got among a parcel of barren Rocks by Sea-ſide, and which ended in a ſandy Plain. Among theſe Rocks, in a Creek where the Sea ran into the Land, as they came from a narrow Lane, they fell in among a Company of Peaſants, arm'd with all ſorts of Clubs and other Weapons, who at firſt were ſurpriz'd to ſee two Men on Horſe-back, followed by ſo many Horſes without any body to ride them; but at laſt taking Heart of Grace to ſee ſo few, and themſelves ſo many, for there was at leaſt a hundred of them, they encompaſſed our Adventurers in a tumultuous manner; and holding the but ends of their Muſkets up at them, ſome cry'd, *Who goes there?* Others, *Who are you for?* Others, *Knock them down*, and laſtly, ſome more Conſcientious then the reſt, *Who are ye? Hippolito* could not anſwer ſo many Queſtions at once, and if he could, theſe ill-bred Clowns made ſuch a confounded Noiſe that there was no hearing of him. At laſt an old Man of a tolerable good Aſpect, who afterwards diſcover'd himſelf to be the Commander of theſe formidable Hero's (for then every Man ſet up for himſelf) partly by ſpeaking aloud to them, which ſet him a coughing like an Alderman at Church, and partly by the Rhetorick of a good Oaken Cudgel, made ſhift to compoſe the Mutiny. He asked *Hippolito* peaceably and civilly who he was, and what Buſineſs he had in ſo ſolitary, and ſo remote a Place from the great Road. *Hippolito* told him he was a Cavalier of *Naples*, and had loſt his way to *Ancona*. He then aſked the old Spark what occaſion had brought ſo many People together, who inform'd him that ſome Corſairs of *Barbary* having landed a great Number

ber of Soldiers, they had pillaged ſome places near the Sea, and finding none to oppoſe them, and being covetous of a greater Booty, were ſo Foolhardy as to march higher up into the Country. He added that moſt of thoſe Men he ſaw arm'd, had been robb'd, wherefore they reſolv'd under his Conduct to wait the coming of the Enemy, and fight them as they came back with their Slaves and the Plunder of a neighbouring Village, which in all probability they were gone to attack; that 'twas impoſſible for the *Moors* to eſcape, there being no other way for them to get back to the Sea but this, and that it was not ſo much the Loſs of their Goods that had encouraged theſe Peaſants to attempt ſo bold a Deſign, as that of their Wives and Children. *Hippolito* offer'd to venture his Life in their Quarrel, and they took him at his Word. The old Man gave him the Command in Chief, which he accepted, to the great Satisfaction and Joy of our Boors, who now promis'd themſelves mighty matters from *Hippolito*'s Military Phiz. Four of the likelieſt among them, of whom the old Fellow was one, were mounted upon the four Horſes, which the provident *Fulvio* had brought along with him from the Inn. *Hippolito* divided his Men into three Parties. One he poſted among the Rocks, where they cou'd not be ſeen by the Enemy, with Orders not to ſtir before they came up to them: He poſted the ſecond in a narrow Paſſage that led towards the Sea, to hinder the Infidels from getting back to their Ships; and he placed himſelf with his Men on Horſeback at the head of the third, encouraging them to behave themſelves bravely, and fall in with the Enemy to render their Arrows ineffectual. He had ſcarce

given theſe Orders, and poſted his Men, but the Enemy appear'd to the Number of a hundred and fifty. They drove ſeveral Horſes before their Main-body laden with Booty, together with the Women and Children whom they had made Slaves. Being old experienc'd Soldiers, they were not a whit diſcourag'd to ſee *Hippolito* and his Troop marching towards them, or elſe perhaps they deſpiſed ſo ſmall a Number. I will not trouble my ſelf to relate the Particulars of this noble Battle between the *Mooriſh* Corſairs and our Peaſants, altho' *Hippolito* did abundance of gallant Actions there, which deſerve to be remembred. I will only tell you that his Orders were well executed, that the Arrows of the *Moors* did them little or no harm, becauſe they fell in with them ſo gallantly, that he began their overthrow with the Death of their Captain, and concluded it by that of their ſtouteſt Men. Our Peaſants when they had been once blooded put all the *Moors* to the Sword, whether they cry'd Quarter or not, and notwithſtanding all the Endeavours *Hippolito* uſed to prevent this Maſſacre. The Dead were lamented as much as the common Joy would give leave, and the Wounded bound up their Wounds. *Hippolito* received a thouſand Commendations, and as many Thanks from theſe poor People, who verily believed they ſhould not have got the better if it had not been for him. They offer'd him the better part of the Booty they had recover'd from the Enemy; which nevertheleſs he refus'd, as likewiſe to go and make merry with them after the Victory. Juſt then *Fulvio* brought two Women before him in the Habit of Pilgrims, one of whom had no ſooner taken off a great Hat which hid her Face, but he knew her to be *Mathilda.*

*thilda.* He alighted, or I might rather ſay leapt from his Horſe, to throwh himſelf at the Feet of this Princeſs, who embrac'd him with all the Marks of Tenderneſs that favour'd nothing of that diſobliging Treatment, which the Tyranny of the Prince of *Salerno* had oblig'd her formerly to offer him. This faithful Lover wanted Expreſſions to let *Mathilda* know how glad he was to ſee her; never did his Eloquence leave him ſo in the lurch, never did he ſo ſtrain to declare his Thoughts, which notwithſtanding he murther'd: In ſhort he did not know what he did; ſo great was the diſorder of his Mind. He was uncertain for ſome time whether he ſhould inform *Mathilda* of the Pains he had been at to find her, ſo much did his exceſſive Modeſty keep him from valuing himſelf upon his Services. However he gave her at laſt a true Recital of his Adventures, ever ſince he had left *Naples* for her ſake; and forgot not to acquaint her what had happened to him in the Inn, where as he fancied, he had heard her Voice. *Mathilda* gave him abundance of Thanks for theſe laſt Obligations ſhe had to him, adding that ſhe looked upon herſelf to owe both her Life and Honour to him, ſince the Defeat of the *Moors* was entirely owning to his Bravery and Conduct. She own'd that it was ſhe who was in the next Chamber to him at the Inn, promiſed to inform'd him by what Accident ſhe had been carried thither, and in ſhort to gave him her whole Hiſtory, whenever ſhe had a convenient Time and Place to relate it. The other Pilgrim that accompany'd *Mathilda* was one of her Chamber-maids called *Julia*, being the only Servant that had Fidelity enough to follow the Fate of her Miſtreſs, and bear a part

in all her Afflictions. 'Tis probable that *Fulvio* and ſhe were glad to ſee one another; and for my part, I am apt to believe that they ſaid abundance of fine things, and diſplay'd their Subaltern Eloquence to each other (if I may ſo expreſs my ſelf) very plentifully upon this Occaſion. Our victorious Peaſants that had obſerv'd with what concern *Hippolito* and *Mathilda* receiv'd one another, redoubled their courteous Offers to *Hippolito*, who made no difficulty to accept them for the Princeſs's Sake. Among the reſt the old Man, who, as I have already taken notice, led the Peaſants on to Battel, before *Hippolito* came up to them, begg'd of him and *Mathilda* that they would do him the honour to take a ſorry Lodging at his Houſe, which they accepted. He ſent one of his Sons in all haſte to get things ready at home for the reception of theſe Gueſts, and now they prepared for their Journey. *Mathilda* and *Julia* were mounted upon the two beſt Horſes they could find. Among ſeveral Woman, whom they had freed from out of the Hands of the *Moors*, *Fulvio* obſerv'd one whom he thought he had ſeen ſomewhere, who avoided as much as ſhe could his looking at her, as if ſhe knew him, but had no mind to be known by him. At laſt he came up to her, and found her to be the Inn-keeper's Wife that had deſign'd to Murder them. He went to inform his Maſter of it, and deſired ſome Peaſants to look after her. Towards the duſk of the Evening they arriv'd at the Village: *Mathilda* and *Hippolito* were receiv'd by our old Man with all the marks of Eſteem and Gratitude. The other Peaſants of the Village went home to their ſeveral Houſes, to make Merry after ſo notable a Victory, and thoſe that lived farther

ther off, march'd homewards likewiſe. *Hippolito* commanded the Inn-keeper's Wife, whom *Fulvio* had apprehended, to be brought before him, and upon the very firſt threatning to deliver her into the Hands of Juſtice, ſhe confeſſed, that their Inn was a Meeting-place of Banditti and Robbers, that her Huſband kept a Correſpondence with all the Thieves of the Country, and that the Reaſon why he at firſt had refuſed to entertain *Hippolito*, was becauſe he expected a famous Highway-man that Night, Companion to the *Calabrian* whom he had ſeen at the Inn, to confer with him about ſome Robberies they had in hand. She likewiſe inform'd *Hippolito*, that the *Calabrian* had a great mind to his Horſe and Equipage, to rob him of which after he had whiſper'd with her Huſband, and perſuaded him to join in the Action, he had lent him his Room. Hiſtory does not tell us what they did to this Woman, after they had learnt from her all they deſired to know. *Hippolito* and *Mathilda*, the better to conceal their Quality, made *Fulvio* and *Julia*, the old Man and his whole Family, to Sup with them. After Supper (I cannot tell whether it was a good or bad one) *Mathilda* wou'd not ſuffer *Hippolito* to languiſh any longer under his Impatience to know her Adventures, and therefore inform'd him by what Accident ſhe came to the Inn, and afterwards into the Hands of the *Moors*.

*After the King had commanded me*, ſaid ſhe to him, *to quit* Naples, *and thro' the great Intereſt of my Enemies, I had but one Night allow'd me to put my ſelf in a Condition to obey ſo rigorous an Order: I implor'd the Aſſiſtance of ſome Gentlemen at Court, whom I thought I had oblig'd enough*

*to be my Friends, but I found to my diſappointment, that they were only ſuch to my Fortune, and not to me. I had reaſon alſo to complain of my Domeſticks, who had all abandon'd me in this Extremity but* Julia. *She had a Brother married in* Naples, *who had the Generoſity to leave his Family, at the Entreaty of his Siſter, to conduct me to the Place whither I deſign'd to ſteer my Courſe. He beſtirr'd himſelf ſo effectually, that the very Night I was commanded to leave* Naples *I had got every thing ready for my Journey before break of Day. We dreſs'd our ſelves in the Habit of* Loretto *Pilgrims, by which means we were not diſcover'd at the City Gates. I walk'd that Day as many Miles as could be expected from one of my Sex, who had never been uſed to Travel before, and we jogg'd on peaceably after the ſame manner for ſeveral Days together, without any croſs Adventures to diſturb us. Yeſterday, a little before Night, we were met in a narrow Way by three Men on Horſeback, that had the Looks of Villains. I deſign'd to avoid them, which I endeavour'd with ſo much haſte, and ſo unluckily, that my Foot ſlipping againſt a piece of riſing Ground, I fell at the Feet of one of their Horſes, that came thundering after me. The large Hat, which cover'd my Face, and my Headclothes, tumbled off with the Fall, and my Hair fell about my Shoulders. My ill Stars would ſo have it, that theſe Men ſaw ſomething in me that did not diſpleaſe them. They talk'd a while together, then alighting from their Horſes, one of them ſeiz'd* Julia, *another caught hold of me, while the third attack'd* Julia's *Brother, who had put himſelf in a poſture to defend us, but whom we ſaw ſoon after fall, being it ſeems run*

*run through the Body. After ſo many Misfortunes which had happen'd to me, and which, from a happy Princeſs (at leaſt ſo in appearance) had made me the moſt miſerable Woman in the World, I had ſome reaſon to believe, that all the Prudence and all the Precaution imaginable, would ſignifie nothing againſt the Power of Fortune, that we muſt e'en ſuffer her to act as ſhe pleaſes, and perſuade our ſelves that her Inconſtancy, which makes us to feel her Hatred, then when we thought our ſelves moſt ſecure from it, will in like manner reſtore us to her Friendſhip when we leaſt expect it. Thus I reſign'd my ſelf,* continues *Mathilda, to my peculiar Deſtiny, and when I found my ſelf ſtopt and ſeiz'd by theſe Strangers, ſubmited without any ſtruggling to be mounted on one of their Horſes, becauſe I knew they could otherwiſe have done it by force; and altho' I was in their hands, yet Death could deliver me from them whenever their Inſolence ſhould oblige me to have recourſe to that laſt Remedy.* Julia, *who fell a ſcreaming and crying out as loud as ſhe was able, when ſhe ſaw her Brother drop, yet ſuffer'd her ſelf to be carried off after my Example, tho' ſhe ſtill continued afflicted. At Night we arriv'd at the Inn where you heard my Voice. Your Engagement with the Robbers troubled us exceedingly at firſt, but when we ſaw you had driven them out of the Houſe, and the Noiſe was over,* Julia *and I quitted our Room. Finding no body in the Inn, we reſolv'd to make our Eſcape out at the Garden-door, which then ſtood open, and the Fear of being retaken, made us to double our Speed. We travel'd all Night, and part of the next Day, till the Heat of*

*the Sun and our Weariness together forced us to rest our selves among the Rocks, not far from this place, where we found a convenient Shade, and were taken asleep by the* Moors, *whom you defeated.*

*Mathilda* concluded the recital of her Adventures with fresh Protestations to *Hippolito*, that she would never forget what he had done for her: However, she did not tell him the Name of the Place to which she intended to retire; and, for his part, he did not ask her about it. No doubt it was to some petty Prince or other of *Italy*, in which Cattle that Country abounds; for any Man that has Money enough, may there be easily made His Highness, without any other Qualification to merit it. I might with as little Difficulty have bestow'd what Name I pleas'd upon him, since History has been silent in the matter; but I found, upon second Thoughts, that his Name would be no great Ornament to my Narration, and therefore omitted it. *Hippolito* offer'd to conduct her whither she had an Inclination to go, but she would by no means suffer him; however, she was forced, at the repeated Instances of our officious Cavalier, to take his Servant *Fulvio* with her, and two Horses for her self and *Julia*. I will not mortifie the Reader with a recital of the melancholy parting between *Hippolito* and *Mathilda*; I will e'en let her go in quiet to *Ancona*, where she sold part of her Jewels, and bring back the poor *Hippolito* to the sad Ruins of his House, where he arriv'd without a Farthing in his Pocket, all the Earthly Goods he had in this transitory World being the Horse he rode on. He had scarce set Foot to Ground before he met a *Neapolitan* Gentleman, who was in quest of *Mathilda*, as well as several others,

others, whom the King had diſpatch'd into all parts of *Italy*, to find her if poſſible. He acquainted *Hippolito* with *Roger*'s Diſgrace, after what manner *Mathilda*'s Innocence came to be diſcover'd, the Orders the King had given to find her out, and, in ſhort, with all that had happen'd at *Naples* ever ſince he had left it, except his Majeſty's violent Love to the beautiful *Irene*, which was nevertheleſs known to all the World; however, our Gentleman thought fit to conceal it from him, whether out of an exceſs of Diſcretion, or for ſome other Reaſon, I don't know. You may imagine that *Hippolito*, generous as he was, and loving *Mathilda* better than his Life, was extreamly pleas'd to hear of ſo unexpected a Revolution in her favour, altho' at the ſame time he came to know that his own Condition was more deſperate than ever; this Gentleman having withal aſſur'd him, that the King had promis'd *Proſper* he ſhould marry this Princeſs as ſoon as ever ſhe return'd to *Naples*. This laſt News hinder'd the wretched *Hippolito* from going to Court, it made his Life odious to him, inſomuch that he avoided all manner of Company ſo carefully, that he was the only Man in the Kingdom who did not know what a great Aſcendant his Siſter had over the King. In the mean time *Mathilda* was no where to be heard of, altho' the Gentleman that had accidentally met with *Hippolito* went to *Ancona*, whither he told him ſhe was gone, yet could he hear no News of her, notwithſtanding all the Enquiries he made for that purpoſe. A Report ran of this Princeſs's Death, and ſome People pretended to relate the very Circumſtances of it, which at laſt coming to *Hippolito*'s Ears, it threw him into ſuch a Fit of Sickneſs, that had like to have coſt him his Life; but, in ſhort,

his

his Body at length recover'd a little Strength, in ſpite of the Indiſpoſition of his Mind. He was accuſtom'd ſometimes to ride on Horſeback along the Sea-ſhore, and 'twas in one of theſe melancholy Freaks that, after he had made ſeveral Reflections upon the Misfortunes of his Life, he reſolv'd to go and end his Days in the Wars which the *Grecian* Princes were at that time carrying on againſt the *Turk*, who now began to extend his Conqueſts from *Aſia* into *Europe*. At laſt *Mathilda* was found, and *Hippolito* was ſo raviſh'd with Joy, that he beſtow'd his Horſe, the only Moveable he had left him in the World, upon the Man that brought him the News. The ſame Day his Servant *Fulvio* came to him, and was exceedingly aſtoniſh'd to find his Maſter ſo melancholy, and in ſo bad an Equipage, at a time when all *Italy* talk'd of nothing but the great Power his Siſter *Irene* had over the King, by the Love he bore her. He told *Hippolito* the Princeſs's Name to whom *Mathilda* had retir'd; he inform'd him after what manner *Proſper* came to compliment her from the King; how he conducted her to *Naples*, and according to the laudable Cuſtom of Servants, that always make haſte to tell their Maſters ill News, he exaggerated to him the Joy *Mathilda* had conceiv'd at the Sight of *Proſper*, and the Marks of Affection ſhe ſhew'd him. *Her Paſſion for him is ſo encreas'd*, continues this indiſcreet Valet, *that ſhe has newly ſtruced up the old Cap of Plumes he formerly preſented her with, which he has ſo often upbraided her with, and which is ſo well known at* Naples, *by the many Jeſts that have been made upon it at Court. I can't imagine*, ſays he, *where the Devil ſhe had laid it up, to find it at ſo critical a Juncture, but to be ſure*

*ſure ſhe muſt ſet a mighty Value upon it.* After this rate truſty *Fulvio* began to rail at the Princeſs of *Tarento* a little more than became him, but *Hippolito* bid him to hold his Tongue, and perhaps had cudgel'd him, had he not given off, or alter'd his Language. *Fulvio* likewiſe told his Maſter, that the Princeſs deſir'd him to come and meet her. How! cries *Hippolito*, and does ſhe not ſufficiently afflict me by not loving me, but, to enhance my Affliction, ſhe muſt make me ſee how well ſhe loves another! and, Will ſhe careſs *Proſper* before me? It may be ſo, to give him, I ſuppoſe, the Pleaſure of ſeeing me die with Grief, as if their Happineſs wanted nothing to compleat it but my Death: But, continues *Hippolito*, I muſt obey her, and ſee how far her Injuſtice will go. He was in a good Vein to complain of his ill Treatment, and was about to have done it, as he had juſt Provocation, when he ſaw afar off a Body of Horſe, which *Fulvio* aſſur'd him came with the Princeſs of *Tarento*, who deſigning to ſee *Hippolito*, would needs paſs by his Houſe, in hopes to find him there. Altho' the King had ſent his Coaches for her, yet ſhe was reſolv'd to make her Entry into *Naples* on Horſeback. *Proſper* look'd as big upon his Prancer as a Holiday Hero, and being all over cover'd with Feathers, like to any *Indian* Monarch, rode by her ſide. He entertain'd the Princeſs with a world of treble-refin'd Compliments, and every other moment ſung ſome amorous Ditties to her, very methodically, and like a Man of Art. *Hippolito*, who was out of ſorts both as to his Mind and Body, would fain have declin'd ſeeing his Rival, as well as appearing before ſo much Company; but *Mathilda*, who knew him afar off, becauſe perhaps ſhe ſaw *Fulvio* with him, who

who had parted from her ſo lately, rode up to him, and *Proſper* and the reſt of the Company did the like. *Mathilda* reproach'd *Hippolito* after the moſt obliging manner that could be, That being her beſt Friend, he had not done her the Honour to meet her on the Road, as ſome of the beſt Quality of the City and Court had done. *Hippolito* proteſted he had never heard of her happy Return till now; and added, that altho' he had known of it, he had not preſum'd to meet her, for fear ſuch an unhappy Wretch as he might infect and diſturb the publick Joy. *Mathilda* aſſur'd him, he had effectually diſturb'd hers, if ſhe had not been ſo happy as to have met him. She conjur'd him to come and ſhare in her good Fortune, as he had done all along in her Adverſity; and added, That having a Deſign to marry, becauſe ſhe had found by woful Experience that a young Princeſs, without either Father or Mother, had occaſion for a Huſband of Power and Intereſt to protect her; and, that having caſt her Eyes upon the Man ſhe deſign'd to make Prince of *Tarento*, ſhe deſir'd him to do her the Honour to aſſiſt at her Wedding, which ſhe would not celebrate without him. *Proſper*, as having the principal Intereſt in this Affair, join'd his Prayers to thoſe of his Miſtreſs, and, contrary to his Cuſtom, ſpoke abundance of civil things to his Rival, pretending to be overjoy'd to have his good Company. A deſpairing unhappy Man interprets every thing to his Diſadvantage, as a ſick Body, beyond all Poſſibility of Recovery, turns the beſt Aliments to Poyſon. *Hippolito* took the Civilities and obliging Words of *Mathilda*, as ſo many Cruelties ſhe was minded to perſecute him with: He could not conceive how ſhe could have ſo hard a Heart, as to make him be the

Specta-

Spectator of her Nuptial Ceremonies: He could not tell what Anſwer to make her, and therefore look'd on her with Aſtoniſhment. The faithful *Fulvio*, who was as much ſcandaliz'd as his Maſter, curs'd her heartily behind his Back, and whiſpering him in the Ear, deſir'd him of all Love not to go, ſwearing that ſhe was a Fury incarnate, to aſk him to ſee her married to *Proſper*. In the mean time *Mathilda* redoubled her Petition with ſo much Importunity, that *Hippolito* was not able to refuſe complying with her. She would have him that very Minute get up upon a Horſe ſhe had brought for him, tho' perhaps it might ſo happen at that time, that he was not Maſter of a pair of Boots. Thus we ſee *Hippolito* mounted, very much out of Humour, and out of Countenance, by *Mathilda*'s ſide, who rode between him and *Proſper*. The Princeſs ſtill continued to talk very obligingly to him; ſhe exaggerated the Obligations ſhe had to him, and entertain'd the Company with a Recital of all the valiant Actions he had perform'd, both againſt the Robbers that attack'd him in the Night, and againſt the *Moors*, whom he attack'd in the Day, altho' they were much ſuperior to him in number, and with but a ſmall Body of unexperienc'd Peaſants. She was interrupted by *Proſper*, who with an Impertinence peculiar to himſelf muſt needs acquaint her with the Miracles of that famous Night in which *Roger* was taken, and with what Swiftneſs he had purſued the above-mention'd *Calixtus*, who was privy to the Correſpondence which that chief Miniſter had kept with the Enemies of the State. *Mathilda* did not beſtow much Attention upon his Diſcourſe, but ſtill addreſs'd her ſelf to *Hippolito*, altho' he ſeldom made her any Anſwer: But *Proſper*, by telling the ſame

Story

Story a hundred times over, made People to liſten to him whether they would or no; and whatever happen'd to be talk'd of, he perpetually loaded the Converſation with the important Service he had done the King and Government by his purſuit of *Calixtus*. He had mortified the Company much longer with this important Exploit, if the King had not appear'd, attended by all the topping Perſons of both Sexes at Court and City. *Porſper*, to ſhew what a fine Figure he made, rode towards the King, and then, without knowing why or wherefore, rode back again to *Mathilda* with full as little Reaſon, and preſented her to his Majeſty, altho' there was no occaſion for it. She was receiv'd by him as well as ſhe could deſire or expect: He excus'd himſelf for all his ill Treatment of her, laying the Blame thereof upon *Roger*, and told her, that (to make her ſome Reparation for the Injuries which, thro' the Inſtigations of this treacherous Favourite, he had done her) he now beſtow'd upon her one of the beſt Preferments in the Kingdom. *Mathilda* thank'd his Majeſty with a great deal of Humility, but much more Wit: I will not here pretend to ſet down any of the fine Compliments that her Gratitude ſuggeſted to her upon this occaſion; I will only tell you, that they were admir'd, nay, and applauded, by all the Company, as I have been credibly inform'd. *Proſper* interpoſing to make Acknowledgments for her, only repeated what ſhe had ſaid before. In the mean time *Irene* rode up to *Hippolito*, whom ſhe knew from behind, and ſeeing her ſelf out of the King's ſight, threw her Arms about the Neck of her dear Brother, who had made her ſhed ſo many Tears, and drew ſome from her now. *Hippolito*, who lov'd *Irene* as much as ſo amiable a Siſter deſerv'd,

ſerv'd, embraced her in ſo tender a manner, that the ſight thereof was enough to ſoften a Heart of Iron or Marble, according as the Reader pleaſes. The King, who miſs'd *Irene*, and could not be long without her, look'd for her in the Crowd, and at length perceiving her with her Brother, his amorous Impatience muſt needs make him ride up to her. He did not receive *Hippolito* as a bare Subject when he preſented him to his Majeſty. *Mathilda*, *Proſper*, and, in ſhort, all the Perſons of Quality about the King, obſerv'd that he talk'd to him after ſuch a manner, as made ſome of the Politicians in the Company then conclude, that this Cavalier would make no little Figure at Court. But all the King's Smiles could not cure him of that mournful Air, which the Gaiety of his Rival had occaſion'd in him, who appear'd as jolly and well ſatisfied as if he had the whole World at his beck. All this while the Sun, who darted his Rays very fiercely upon this noble Company, warm'd moſt of their Heads deliciouſly, but eſpecially thoſe that were bald: All the Flies from the Sea-ſhore, the Gnats from the neighbouring places, thoſe which the Horſes belonging to the King's Retinue had brought along with them from *Naples*, and thoſe which *Mathilda*'s Horſes had brought with them from more diſtant Parts; in fine, all theſe buzzing Inſects, which we may call the Paraſites of the Air, incommoded their Faces exceedingly, tormented their Horſes cruelly; and thoſe poor Tits were the moſt expos'd that had the leaſt Tails to whiſk about 'em. I muſt own indeed, that the Umbrella's protected them a little from the Beams of the Sun, but not from the burning Reverberation of the Earth, or from the Clouds of Duſt, with which the *Siſtole* and

and *Diaſtole* of the Lungs, commonly call'd *Reſpiration*, fill'd the Throats of all the Company, his Majeſty not excepted. In a word, the place was not tenable; but, to the great Conſolation of thoſe who ſuffer'd moſt by the Sun and Flies, the King, who was never weary where *Irene* was, had not as yet told *Mathilda* all that he had a mind to tell her, and therefore talking loud enough to be heard by thoſe that were about him, he pronounc'd the following numerical individual Speech to her, for it was faithfully repeated to me word for word.

'Beautiful Princeſs! after the Perſecutions you 'have ſuffer'd from me, and in ſome meaſure by my 'Orders, and after all the Loſſes you have ſuſtain'd, 'you would have little reaſon to be ſatisfied with 'me, and I ſhould have as little to be ſatisfied with 'my ſelf, if I did not do all that lay in my Power 'to contribute as much to your Happineſs as hither-'to I have done to your Misfortunes. 'Tis not 'enough that I have declar'd you innocent, that I 'have reſtor'd to you all that was taken from you; 'nay, that I have encreas'd your Fortune by my 'Favours, for if I don't ſee you married to the 'Prince of *Salerno*, I do nothing. By making you 'this Preſent of the Prince, I acquit my ſelf in part 'of what I owe you; and by rewarding him with ſo 'beautiful a Lady, I think I have ſufficiently requi-'ted him for all the great Services he has done the 'State. Ah! Sir, ſaid *Mathilda*, let your Majeſty 'take care, that while you intend to be juſt to me, 'you be not ſo to *Proſper*. Acknowledgment has 'its Exceſs, as well as Ingratitude: You will not 'give *Proſper* all he deſerves, in giving him only 'me; and in giving me the great Prince of *Salerno*, 'you will give me more than I deſerve. I am as

'well

'well ſatisfied with your Majeſty as 'tis poſſible for 'me to be; and theſe laſt Teſtimonies of your Good-'neſs, which I owe to my Misfortunes, render them 'ſo dear to me, that they will be the moſt agree-'able things I can think of as long as I live. But, 'Sir, *continued ſhe*, ſince your Majeſty is ſo religi-'ous as to pay what you think you owe, and ſince a 'Subject ought to govern her ſelf by the good 'Example of her Prince, will not your Majeſty 'give me leave, now you have put me in a Capaci-'ty to pay my Debts, to do it immediately upon 'the Spot, and pay others in the ſame Coin they 'have paid me. Draw near therefore, brave *Hip-'polito*, (*ſaid ſhe to this Cavalier, turning towards 'him*) come and thank my Gratitude, after you 'have had ſo much reaſon to complain of my Un-'kindneſs: I owe you a Love of many Years, which 'is not in the leaſt leſſen'd by my ill Treatment of 'you: I owe you, beſides the Expences wherein 'this conſtant Paſſion has engag'd you, and beſides 'the greateſt part of your Eſtate, which you have 'ſpent to ſupport my Quarrel, and your fine Houſe, 'which was burnt all long of me; I owe you, I ſay, 'my Honour and my Life, that were both in dan-'ger between the Robbers and the *Moors*; and I 'owe you likewiſe a Life, which you hazarded in 'my Deliverance. I will now take care to acquit 'my ſelf, generous *Hippolito*, of all theſe Obliga-'tions; but thoſe I have to *Proſper*, being of the 'oldeſt date, are conſequently the more preſſing, and 'muſt be firſt diſcharg'd. *Hippolito* look'd as pale as Death at theſe laſt Words of *Mathilda*, and im-mediately redden'd after he had look'd pale. *Pro-ſper* ſmil'd upon him, and gaz'd at *Mathilda* with a very amorous Look, who ſpoke to him as follows.

'Prince

'Prince of *Salerno*, you would make me believe 'that you lov'd me from my Infancy, and indeed 'you have always treated me like an Infant: You 'made your ſelf to be fear'd by her, whom you call'd 'your pretty Miſtreſs; you have always amus'd her 'with fine Compliments and Songs, or treated her 'with Reproaches and Reprimands, at the time 'when ſhe expected the moſt important Services 'from you. In fine, the greateſt Token of Love 'you ever gave me, was a Preſent of ſome of your 'old Feathers, which I promis'd to keep for your 'ſake, and have been as good as my Word. With this ſhe took the Cap off her Head which *Proſper* had given her in the Days of Yore, and preſenting it to him, 'At the ſame time, *continued ſhe*, that I 'diſcharge my Debt, by returning you the fair 'Words and Feathers you gave me, I beſtow my 'ſelf upon *Hippolito*, and make him Prince of *Ta-* 'rento, to acquit my Obligations towards the moſt 'generous of all Men, whom I have always found 'to be a *Man of Deeds, and not of Words.*

When ſhe had ſaid theſe Words, ſhe gave *Proſper* his fatal Cap with one Hand, and with the other took that of the deſpairing *Hippolito*, who from that happy Moment ceaſed to be ſo, and no more dream'd of this unexpected Happineſs than *Proſper* did of being repay'd with his Cap. The King, as well as his Courtiers, was not a little ſurpriz'd at this ſudden Change of the Scene, but *Irene*'s great Intereſt with him, and the Juſtice as well as Generoſity of *Mathilda*'s Action made him to approve it: Beſides, the Commendations he beſtow'd upon the Princeſs, at the ſame time, kept the Prince of *Salerno* in his Duty, who bluſhing with Shame and Confuſion, could not tell how to behave himſelf, and

we

we may ſuppoſe, had it not been for the Fear he lay under of diſpleaſing his Maſter, he would have quarrel'd with *Mathilda*, according to his ancient Cuſtom, in caſe the Intereſt of his Fortune had not been too prevalent for his natural Arrogance. The King took Pity on him, and preſenting *Camilla* to him, after he had talk'd a while in private with her and *Irene*, told *Proſper*, that ſo beautiful a Lady, with all her own Charms and her Brother *Roger*'s Eſtate, might very well comfort him for the Loſs of *Mathilda*. In the mean time all the Court ſtrove who ſhould be moſt forward to congratulate this Princeſs upon her juſt Choice of *Hippolito*, and to aſſure this happy Lover how overjoy'd they were at his good Fortune. They were moſt plaguily embarraſs'd on both ſides to find out Compliments to anſwer every one, and were forced to repeat the ſame thing over and over again; but the King came very luckily to deliver them out of this Trouble. 'Beau-'tiful Princeſs, ſays he to *Mathilda*, you have taught 'me, that we ought to diſcharge our Debts when we 'are able: I therefore acquit my ſelf of the Debt I 'owe to *Irene*'s Beauty and Wit, and this Day make 'her Queen of *Naples*.' This unexpected Declaration of his Majeſty ſurpriz'd, as we may imagine, the Company infinitely more than that of *Mathilda* had done. *Irene* throwing her ſelf at his Feet, teſtified to him, by her Reſpect and Silence, her Humility and Reſignation. The King rais'd her up, kiſſing her Hand, and from that very moment treated her as he would have done the greateſt Queen in the World. All theſe ſtrange Adventures ſo took up Peoples Thoughts, that thoſe that were moſt incommoded by the Heat, complain'd no longer of it. In ſhort, they turn'd back towards *Naples*, where all ſorts of Rejoicings

joicings began, till all things were prepar'd for the King's Marriage, who caus'd that of *Hippolito* and *Mathilda*, as likewiſe that of *Proſper* and *Camilla*, to be deferr'd, to the end that the ſame Day might be ſignaliz'd by three ſuch illuſtrious Weddings. The King never repented of chuſing *Irene* for his Wife. *Mathilda*, who was of ſo loving a Temper that ſhe lov'd *Proſper* more than he deſerv'd, for no other reaſon than becauſe he happen'd to be lov'd by her firſt, yet lov'd *Hippolito* exceedingly, who for his part lov'd her as much when a Huſband, as he had done when a Gallant. Only *Camilla* liv'd unhappily with *Proſper*. She durſt not refuſe him, for fear of offending the King, who had puniſh'd *Roger* only with Baniſhment; and thus, to ſave her Brother's Life, ſhe render'd her own uneaſie, being married to a covetous, impertinent, jealous Prince, who, while he liv'd, was the Scorn and Laughter of the Court of *Naples*.

SELECT

# SELECT LETTERS OF M. SCARRON.

## LETTER I.

### *To the Countess of* Fiesque.

*Madam,*

YOU have not a better Friend upon the Face of the Earth than Fame. If you knew how many good Offices she daily does you where-e'er she goes, you would own you have a thousand Obligations to her. Ever since the City of *Orleans* has been taken —— by a young Princess, attended by two Countesses, who won't give the Wall to any two Counts in *Christendom*, this everlasting Babbler has deafned all the World with the recital of your Exploits: But 'tis agreed on all hands, that 'tis impossible for her to talk too much of them; so let us e'en leave her to prattle as she pleases, and not reproach her for

for being guilty of the Sin of Repetition. I confeſs, the Action was noble and heroick, and my Muſe lies under a violent Temptation to try how ſhe can celebrate it, tho' I have laid an Injunction upon her to be mute as long as I live. How, in the Name of Wonder! What! ſcale a City! I defie our fierceſt Heroes to do more than you, illuſtrious Heroines; even *Clorinda* and *Camilla* could not have behav'd themſelves more bravely at the Aſſault than your ſelf and Madam de *Frontinac*: You are two bold-ſpirited *Amazons*, and I will maintain you to be ſuch, not only in *France*, but all over the Univerſe. Neither *la Hire*, *Poton*, nor the Gallant *Dunois*, have carried their Glory farther by following the Steps of the old Maid of *Orleans*, that was burnt, than you have acquir'd Reputation by imitating the modern one, who burns all that behold her:

*Her charming Eyes inflame the Nation,*
*And cauſe a general Conflagration.*

In ſhort, let the great Prince, who will make her change her Name one of theſe Days, be as brave as he pleaſes, I queſtion not but all the World will own, that the Lady is in all reſpects as good as the Lord; nay, I dare almoſt ſwear, before I have ſeen *America*, whither my Dog of a Deſtiny will ſend me in my latter Days, that at my coming there I ſhall hear the *Indians* talk of the noble Exploits which her incomparable Royal Highneſs, attended by her brave Lieutenant-Generals, has perform'd for the Party. I would expatiate upon this Argument both in Verſe and Proſe, if I concern'd my ſelf at all in the Affairs of *Europe*; and beſides, it would look ill in ſuch an unfortunate Wretch as I am, to

pre-

pretend to meddle with any gay Subjects. My meaning therefore in Writing to you now, is only to thank your Ladyſhip for being ſo kind as to remember my laſt Petition; for which I ſhall be oblig'd to you as long as I live, tho' the Buſineſs does not ſucceed. I am,

*Your Ladyſhips moſt humble*
*and moſt obedient Servant,*
Scarron.

---

## LETTER II.

### *To Madamoiſelle* de Nevillan.

*Madam,*

ALtho' in the common Language of the World we uſe to ſay Damn'd Poets and Poor Cripples, yet certainly there's nothing like being one of the two or both; ſince with theſe unhappy Qualities, I have deſerv'd a Letter from Madam *de Nevillan.* However I will be ſo wiſe as not to boaſt of this Favour; for if I ſhould, every Coxcomb in Town would fall a writing Verſes, tho' he had no Genius for 'em, and your Ladyſhip would be perpetually perſecuted by theſe wretched Rhimers. In the next place, a World of our well ſhap'd Beaus would immediately break their Legs and Arms to put themſelves in the ſame Predicament with me, and that would really be a pitiful Sight; yet after they had done ſo, perhaps you would not write

to them, and that would be the Devil and all of a Diſappointment. For this reaſon I will not thank you in Publick for the obliging Letter you were pleas'd to write to me. I only beg you to believe I ſhall always be oblig'd to you for it, and that I am,

*Madam,*

*Your moſt humble,*

*and moſt obedient Servant,*

Scarron.

---

## LETTER III.

### *To Madam* de St. Denis, *a Nun.*

*Madam,*

THE Preſent you made me is very pretty, but the Letter you ſent infinitely more. I am reſolv'd to wear your Bracelets on all Days of Ceremony, and will carefully preſerve your Letter among my richeſt Curioſities. But 'tis not enough to thank you in Proſe, I muſt do it likewiſe in Verſe.

*Your Preſent, Fair Nun,*
*Has your Vaſſal undone.*
*To my ſorrow I ſay it,*
*He can never repay it.*
*This I plainly declare,*
*But you'll force me to ſwear.*

*Why*

*Why let Fevers attack me,*
*Or Rheumatiſm rack me.*
*If this won't ſuffice,*
*You ſome Oath muſt deviſe,*
*Of a terrible Size.*

*Let it be what it will, I'll ſwear like a Dragon.*
*Or Gameſter that loſes, and has not a Rag on.*

The Spirit of Verſifying being ſpent, I return to my Proſe, to tell you that I am,

*Madam,*

*Your moſt humble Servant,*

Scarron

---

## LETTER IV.

### *To Monſieur* Sarrazin.

YOU muſt certainly have little or no Buſineſs upon your Hands in your Kingdom of *Bourdeaux*, ſince you condeſcend to write to ſuch a mean Fellow as I am; or elſe Madam *de Viger* has got entire Poſſeſſion of your Heart and Soul, ſince you could put your ſelf to the Expence of ſo many Lines, to let me know what famous Exploits, ſhe has perform'd in Peace and War. For my part, if ſhe be ſo handſome, as you ſay ſhe is, I muſt freely own, that I would much rather break my Leg, than have known her when I was

able enough to lead up a Country-dance; and I would adviſe you, dear Friend of mine, not to meddle there, ſince you have not much time to loſe. But after all, is not this Miracle of Beauty purely fram'd in your own Imagination? For you tell me ſuch ſtrange Stories of her, that I proteſt I ſhould not believe 'em, but that I know you too well to think you would ſay ſo many fine things for nothing. Till you thought fit to undeceive us, 'twas an Article of Faith with us at *Paris*, that nothing at *Bourdeaux* was capable to inſpire Love but M. *Guyonet*:

*Whoſe ſmiling Looks and charming Air,*
*The Hearts of all the Nymphs enſnare.*

But ſince we have read your Letter, we may eaſily believe, that if Madam *de Viger* makes a right Uſe of her Charms, ſhe will at leaſt make as many Slaves, as *Guyonet* has made unhappy Damſels, and will abundantly revenge her ſelf upon the poor Men, for all thoſe Ravages which that dangerous Hero of *Bourdeaux* has made on her own Sex. But tell me, dear Friend of mine, fairly and honeſtly tell me, Are you not afraid to make one of thoſe Slaves, you that pretend to be ſuch a Servant to Love? As for me, were I now what you tell me you are,

*—— Qualis eram bonæ*
*Sub regno Cynaræ ——*

and were at this preſent writing upon the Banks of the *Garonne*, where ſhe makes ſo many Flowers ſpring under her Feet, it would — let me ſee — it would at leaſt coſt me two or three thouſand Inquietudes

quietudes, ſeven or eight hundred Jealouſies, the Devil and all of reſtleſs Nights and uneaſie Days, and numberleſs Tuns of Tears; for, you muſt know, I have as good a knack at Crying as any Man in the World, nay, even as your ſelf, tho' you can cry like to any Prieſt in a *Lent*-Sermon. But to return to Madam *de Viger:* 'Tis a thouſand pities ſhe is wiſer than *Solomon:* To my Knowledge, there are abundance of Men in the World that would be content, with all their Hearts, to be as great Fools for her, as the Queen of *Sheba* was for the aforeſaid King of *Jeruſalem.* For inſtance your humble Servant, who does not pretend to be ſo wiſe as the Son of *Beer-ſheba*, as ſhe it ſeems tells you I am, tho' for my part, I think her ten times more amiable than the Queen of *Sheba*, would immediately ride Poſt to *Bourdeaux* to ſee her, if I went to *Bareges*, as I deſign'd; but a confounded Planet, that breaks all my Meaſures, will force me, in my own defence, to ſet ſail for *America* within this Month. What fortifies me in this Reſolution, is, that we are eternally plagued here in Town with a new Crop of Sots, who call themſelves *Platoniſts* forſooth, and are continually plaguing us with their damn'd airy Doctrines. They no longer trouble their Heads to enquire whether a Man is a Man of Honour or Worth, and ſo forth; but, whether he is a Wit of the new Stamp, and can talk *Platonically*. I don't doubt but we ſhould ſoon ſee theſe *Platonick* Rogues hooted out of the World, were it not that ſome of the moſt conſiderable among 'em give out, that they are countenanc'd by a certain great Princeſs, whoſe Wit in truth is equal to her high Rank, otherwiſe theſe refined *Platoniſts*, with a Pox to 'em, had been hiſs'd off the Stage long before now. Thus, my moſt wit-

ty Friend, I have laid before you my Reaſons why I am reſolv'd to go to the *Weſt-Indies*: I have been tempted too, for a thouſand Crowns, to enter my ſelf in our new *Weſt-India* Company, which is going to ſettle a Colony within three Degrees of the Line, upon the Banks of the *Orillana* and the *Orotnoque*: So adieu *France*, adieu *Paris*, adieu ye She-Devils in the Shape of Angels, adieu ye *Menages*, ye *Sarrazins*, and ye *Marignies*. I take my leave of Burleſque Verſe, of Comedies, and comical Romances, to go to a happy Climate, where there are no affected Beaux, no godly canting Raſcals, no Inquiſition, no Rheumatiſms to cripple, nor no confounded Wars to ſtarve me.

---

## LETTER V.

### *To Madam* de Sevigny.

I Have liv'd the moſt regular Life in the World, and have taken as much Care of my ſelf as a dying Pope could do, and all in Obedience to the Commands you were pleas'd to lay upon me, not to die till you had ſeen me. But, Madam, with all my Care and Caution, I find my ſelf a dying, out of the impatient Deſire I have to ſee you. If you had better conſider'd your own Strength and mine, you would never have put me upon ſo unrighteous a Taſk. You Ladies, forſooth, with your Charms and other Merits, imagine you have nothing to do but command, and carry all before you; but we, poor Wretches, cannot diſpoſe of our Lives juſt as you would have us. In my Opinion now, you may content

tent your ſelves to kill thoſe Gentlemen that ſee you ſooner than they deſire, without obliging thoſe to live who are depriv'd of your ſight, as long as you deſire it. You may e'en thank your ſelf if I cannot obey this firſt Command of yours, ſince you have haſten'd my Death; tho' one would have thought, that to pleaſe your Ladyſhip I ſhould have had as good a Stomach to live a hundred Years as any Man alive. But, Madam, can you not change me this kind of Death? For, if you could, you'd infinitely oblige me. Theſe fooliſh Deaths, that come from Love and Impatience, are by no means proper for one of my Age, much leſs are the things I have a Fancy for; and if I have wept a hundred times in my Life for thoſe unhappy Gentlemen that died of theſe Diſtempers, pray conſider how lamentably I ſhall bewail my ſelf, who take it for granted I ſhall die this pretty kind of Death. But 'tis impoſſible for a Man to avoid his Deſtiny; and whether I had been your Neighbour, or liv'd a thouſand Miles from you, 'tis all one, for I am fated to receive my Death's Wound from you. What comforts me, is, that if I had ſeen you, my Death had been ten times more cruel than now 'tis like to be. I am inform'd on all hands, that you are a very dangerous Perſon, and, that thoſe who look upon you, without due Care, grow ſick upon't immediately, and are not long-liv'd. Therefore, Madam, I will keep to the Death you have allotted me, and forgive you for it with all my Heart. Adieu, Madam, I die your moſt obedient Servant; and I pray to Heaven your Diverſions in *Bretagne* may not be ſpoil'd, by any Remorſe of Conſcience, for killing an honeſt Fellow that never did you any harm:

*At leaſt remember, fair Ingrate,*
*That if I die before I ſee you,*
*Heav'n knows it is no Fault of mine.*

Theſe are none of the beſt Rhimes, that's the Truth on't, but at the Hour of Death a good Chriſtian rather thinks of Dying well, than Rhiming ſo.

---

## LETTER VI.

### *To the Marqueſs of* Villarceaux.

FOR the Diſcharge of my poor Conſcience, I am oblig'd to tell you, Your Lordſhip did not know what you did, when you offer'd me your Friendſhip, and demanded mine in exchange. As much accuſtom'd as you are to do generous Acts, yet your wiſhing well to ſuch an unfortunate Fellow as I, is a ſtrain of Charity more dangerous to put in execution than you would imagine: For my part, I ſee but very little for you to hope, and a great deal to fear, tho' I am never ſo great a Gainer by the Bargain. This, and nothing in the World elſe, coſt *Armentieres* his Life in the Days of Yore; and 'other Week poor *Haucourt*, not to mention to you the Lord knows how many more, whom I cou'd name, but you don't know them, who all died ſuddenly, and before their Time, for no other reaſon, but becauſe they had a Kindneſs for me. Wou'd you have me cite you other Examples, to convince you that my Unhappineſs is contagious? Know then

then, that Cardinal *Richelieu* died within a Month after I had the Honour to be introduced into his Company. The late Prince of *Orange* no ſooner ſhew'd an Inclination to be kind to me, but he fell ill of the Small-pox, which carried him off. The Preſident *de Meſme* fell immediately into a Conſumption, after he had given himſelf the trouble to viſit me in my Quarters three Story high. In ſhort, my Friendſhip is ſo certain to hurt, and that ſpeedily too, that I can't for the Heart of me unriddle how our new Cardinal *de Retz* came to be promoted to the Purple, *againſt Wind and Tide*, as the Saying is, at the time when he was ſo indiſcreet as to tell all the World he had an Eſteem for me. Now, after all theſe fatal Inſtances, if you are reſolv'd to honour me with your Heart, I ſurrender my ſelf, Body and Soul, to your Diſcretion. I am not ſuch a Coxcomb as to refuſe Happineſs when it is proffer'd me, or to ſlight the Friendſhip of a Perſon whom I paſſionately love, as well upon the ſcore of his own ſhining Qualities, as my own natural Inclinations. However, I can't help pitying you exceedingly; for once more I muſt tell you, that I am the unluckieſt Devil in the Univerſe, and a certain Fore-runner of Miſchief where-ever I come. I will tell you more of this matter to-morrow, at Madam *de Lenclos*'s, whither I will come in a Chair about Dinner-time, *&c.*

*Your moſt humble, and*
*moſt obedient Servant,*

Scarron.

## LETTER VII.

### *To the Queen of* Sweden.

*Madam,*

TO offer your Majeſty a Play of my own compoſing, is to make you a Preſent unworthy of your Merit and Quality; but 'tis my Opinion, every Man ought to be tax'd according to his Eſtate, towards the payment of that Tribute, which all our preſent Writers are oblig'd to pay to you. The Authors of the *Auguſtæan* Age paid the ſame Tribute in Verſe and Proſe to that Patron of Wit *Mæcenas*, of happy Memory, whom your Majeſty knows much better than my ſelf, by the Teſtimony of all the Poets, to have been a very generous gallant Perſon. But notwithſtanding all the Noiſe his Name has made in the World, he has no other Advantage over your Majeſty at preſent, than that of being born before you; and I durſt lay every Farthing I have in the Kingdom of *Parnaſſus*, that your Majeſty would have carried away all his Practice from him, and made him as angry, as the Great *Guſtavus* your Father would have made his Maſter *Auguſtus*, if he had been but to diſpute the Empire of the Univerſe with him. But, Madam, if ſo inconſiderable a Wretch as I am may be allow'd to put a few Queſtions to ſo great a Queen as you are, Does not your Majeſty find your ſelf ſometimes incommoded by being ſo great a Heroine? Even extraordinary Merit has its Inconveniences, and thoſe ſolemn Trifles call'd

call'd *Epiſtles Dedicatory*, which we Poets, forſooth, would palm for Incenſe upon the Perſons whom we pretend to Deifie, are not always of the ſame Value, nor have they the ſame Effect. Some of theſe Drugs make a mighty Smoke, but do not perfume; and indeed I am not Prophet enough to foretell whether what I now offer to your Majeſty will paſs in your Court for right *Spaniſh*, or common Eſſence. The late Prince of *Orange* thought otherwiſe of it, and found it to anſwer: If your Majeſty likes it, pray don't be ſparing of it. I ſhall ſoon have a Recruit, and will keep it for your uſe, whom all the World unanimouſly owns to ſurpaſs in Merit all the Princes of former Ages, to eclipſe all thoſe of the preſent, and to be the beſt Example for all that come after you to copy. This is as true, as that I am, with the profoundeſt Humility,

*Your Majeſty's*
*moſt obedient Servant,*

S——

---

## LETTER VIII.

*To* ——

YOU are taken ill of a Tertian Ague; if it turns to a Quartan, we muſt e'en expect to be plagued with it all this Winter; for you need not queſtion but it will torment me as much as your ſelf. Pray be ſo kind as to inform me how many Fits we have

have already had, and what the Phyſicians ſay to them, for you have them firſt, and 'tis a very odd Buſineſs, upon my Word, that you ſhould know all my News four or five Hours before I my ſelf do. 'Tis a Sign I have a good Opinion of my Strength, ſince, mortified thus by my own Diſtempers, I can afford to bear ſo great a Share in yours. I don't know whether I had not done much better to have ſtood upon my Guard againſt you the firſt time I ſaw you: 'Tis plain, I ought to have done it, if we are to judge of Things by their Events. But, who the duce would have thought that a young Lady would diſturb the Repoſe of an old Fellow, and prove ſuch a Thorn in my Side, as to make me lament my unkind Deſtiny, becauſe I am not in a condition to revenge my Quarrel upon her. Jeſting apart, I know you are very ill, but don't know whether the People about you take ſuch Care of you as they ought. This Inquietude not a little augments my Concern to ſee you ſo unhappy, and my ſelf ſo incapable of doing you any Service.

*While you all naked in your Bed*
*Thoſe wanton roguy Breaſts diſplay,*
*Where* Cupid *does recline his Head,*
*And ſleeps his happy Hours away.*
*I toſs and tumble till the Morn,*
*I paſs the Night in reſtleſs Sighs;*
*The God of Sleep my Pray'rs does ſcorn,*
*And from my weary Eyelids flies.*

And all this I ſuffer, forſooth, for loving you more than I thought to do. Good Heavens! that I ſhould not only love you, but, like a Sot, doat on you ſo vainly! Od's life, how comes this about, that

that every Moment of the Day I ſhould long to go to *Poictou*, tho' the Weather be ſo cold, that Bears in their *Ruſſian* Furs would ſcarce venture to peep abroad? Is not this downright Conjuration? Return, Madam, for Heaven's ſake, return, ſince I am ſuch a Milkſop as to diſquiet my ſelf for your Abſence. Indeed I ought to know my ſelf better, and to conſider that 'tis Plague enough for me to be a Cripple from Head to Foot, without being bedevil'd with that curſed Diſeaſe, which our new Weekly Bills call, *The Impatience to ſee you.* 'Tis a confounded Diſeaſe, that's certain. Don't I ſee how it racks and perſecutes poor *M*——, becauſe he cannot ſee you ſo often as he would, altho' he ſees you every Day in the Week. He writ to me like a Man in Deſpair, and I dare engage to you, that this very minute I am talking to you, he's among the Damn'd; not becauſe he's a Heretick, but for loving you, and that's enough in all Conſcience. However, Madam, you ought at laſt to put a ſtop to your Conqueſts, and ſuffer poor Mortals to live in Peace.

*Command thoſe Eyes to leave off killing,*
*If to oblige Mankind you're willing.*

'Twere happy for you, fair Lady, that you had nothing to do with me, for I ſhall certainly be even with you. Perhaps you laugh at theſe Menaces, but know, imperious Fair, that Men will never be wanting to aſſert their Rights where the Publick is concern'd. What! can you find no better Imployment than to kill and murther poor People? Tell me, my charming Tomentor, are you a *Chriſtian?* Set your Hand to your Heart, and reſolve me this Queſtion. You are a *Turk*, upon my Honour, I know

it

it full well, and one of the worſt ſort of *Turks* too: Your *Turks* of the better ſort are a good-natur'd honeſt People, and delight in Works of Charity; but I know, by Experience, that you are of a different Temper, and would not do the leaſt Act of Goodneſs for an Empire, even to thoſe that love you as their Eyes; therefore I muſt bluntly tell you, you are not worth a Farthing, altho' your Outſide be one of the fineſt in the World, and you are made up of a thouſand good and pretty Ingredients. No one confirms the Truth of the Proverb ſo well as your ſelf, That *all is not Gold that gliſters.* In ſhort, you are as much a Devil as you are fair: But, after all (ſee what it is to be beautiful) no Man loves and honours you more than

*Your moſt humble, and*
*moſt obedient Servant,*

S——

---

## LETTER IX.

*To* ——

*Sir,*

I Have been inform'd by Monſieur *du Pin* with what Generoſity and Readineſs you offer'd to do me any good Services with the King, which you may expect to ſucceed in, for a thouſand Reaſons that ſhall be nameleſs: But if I ſhould ſuffer you to com-

combat my ill Fortune, that has hitherto perſecuted me, I am afraid you'd have the Diſſatisfaction to ſee your ſee your ſelf once in your Life diſappointed in your Generous Deſigns. For this Conſideration I would adviſe you not to pretend to oppoſe my unlucky Deſtiny; however, I have all thoſe Obligations to you for your kind Offer, which a Man ought to have, who has ſcarce the Honour to be known to you, who never did you the leaſt Service; who is uncapable to do you any, and to whom, notwithſtanding all this, you have offer'd your Protection. This uncommon ſtrain of Generoſity is ſo peculiar to you, that as far as I could know you by your Reputation, I ſhould immediately have gueſs'd it to come from you, tho' M. *du Pin* had conceal'd your Name. I have a particular Veneration for thoſe Perſons that reſemble you, and am vex'd that the little time I have to live will hinder me from knowing all your Hiſtory, which I would have ſtudied with as much Satisfaction as I have done that of the moſt illuſtrious Men. Altho' Nature never cut me out for a good Courtier, yet am I one of thoſe Perſons to whom the greateſt Men in the Kingdom have oftenest made liberal Promiſes, and oftenest broke their Words. However, neither this Misfortune, nor a thouſand others that attend me, ſhall hinder me from being very well ſatisfied with my Fate, while you believe I am with the utmoſt Reſpect,

*Sir,*
*Your moſt humble, and*
*moſt obedient Servant,*

Scarron.

LET-

## LETTER X.

*To* ——

WHY how now, Madam! You are a Lady of the moſt quarrelſome Temper I ever met with: Had you not ſome other good Qualities to balance this bad, upon my Word I ſhould lead but an uneaſie Life with you. A very pretty Buſineſs this! to have all this Noiſe and Clutter about one's Ears, becauſe I was once worſe than my Word: Why, Madam, I can break my Word with you a hundred times over, and yet not love you a jot the leſs. Be ſatisfied, I love my Friends ſo violently, ſo terribly, and all that, that I am e'en aſham'd on't; but then I muſt inform you at the ſame time, that there are ſome ſmall trifling Inconveniences to ſuffer from me. In the firſt place, I am as lazy as the Devil; and, to convince you what I ſay is true, 'tis out of pure Lazineſs I cannot ſtir to my Cabinet to look out the Verſes I promis'd you, altho' I have as great a Deſire to do it as your ſelf can, however will do it anon. When you rail at me next for this, you ſhall ſee with what a Chriſtian Patience I will bear it, and then will leave you to judge, whether I am not at leaſt good to be rail'd at, tho' I am good for nothing elſe. Your Nephew need not give himſelf the Trouble to ſet us at variance, for you and I will make a ſhift to quarrel between our ſelves like two Furies, without any body's interpoſing; but then we'll be Friends again in a Minute, and that will be a di-

a diverting Scene. Adieu, Madam, I am your moſt humble, and moſt obedient Servant, or may the old Gentleman in black hurry me to his Dominions.

---

## LETTER XI.

### *To the Biſhop of* Mans.

*My Lord,*

I Am not dead, Heaven be prais'd for it, as your eight Canons are, whoſe Prebends you have diſpos'd of, and yet you have been ſo free with your humble Servant, as to give away mine. I ſhould be heartily concern'd if they were no more dead than I am; not but that I love my Neighbours very well; but if they were not dead, Monſ. *Coſtar* and *l'Eſtée*, who perhaps are ſtill my Friends, would not be Arch-Deacons and Deacons. I can't tell how I came to ſtumble upon this Word *perhaps*. Perhaps I had not us'd it, if I had thought better of the matter. The next time I do my ſelf the Honour to write to you, I will have a foul Copy by me, becauſe I will do nothing againſt my Conſcience. But, to return to my Prebend, ſince you have given it away, you ought to give me another in recompenſe, nay, tho' it were only to make me amends for loſing ſo much Time in relying upon the Promiſes of your late Uncle, of happy Memory, and no Performances. I need not inform you what you are to do; but if I were in your Place, I would beſtow a good Benefice upon one that wou'd be in mine; for I know you never want Means to make Vacancies, without offending againſt good Man-

Manners; as an Eunuch did whoſe Name was *Mortier*, Uncle to the Abbot of *Evron*, and who was himſelf of *Marmouſtier*; I don't mean Eunuch, but Abbot. This Jewel of a Monk poiſon'd a ſcore of Priors once at a Dinner, and thereupon writ a Treatiſe, entitled, *A Method to make Benefices vacant*, publiſh'd by the Right Reverend Father in God, ſuch a one, *&c.* 'Tis a great Sign I grow old, when I ſet up for a Teller of Stories: But the Clock has ſtruck Twelve, and the *Lavardins*, who are great Talkers, don't love thoſe that talk as much as themſelves; and as for my ſelf, I am one of the greateſt Talkers I know. For this Reaſon therefore, and becauſe I writ this Letter only to tell it you, I will conclude. However, I will make bold to add, that now you are in the Kingdom of your Fathers, you ought to remember my Friend *Menage*, who with all his Merit and Learning, has got but little Preferment in the Church, and you would do well to give him a Lift. I bethink my ſelf likewiſe, that I have forgot to flouriſh my Letter here and there with as many *My Lords* as are due to a Prelate, but I will avoid this Fault for the future, and never write to you without having a foul Copy by me. I am,

*My Lord,*
*Your moſt humble and*
*moſt obedient Servant,*
*and what's more,*
*Your dutiful Canon,*

Scarron.

LET-

## LETTER XII.

### *To his Eminence my Lord Cardinal* de Retz.

*My Lord,*

YOU have made me rich in ſpite of Fortune, by getting your ſelf made a Cardinal in ſpite of your Enemies. I hazarded all I was worth in the World, that you would be advanc'd to this Dignity; and if I have to do with Gentlemen of Honour, ſhall be worth half as much again as I was before. I pray God you may be able to ſay the ſame, and let his Providence bring it about as he ſhall think moſt convenient. 'Tis likely he will do it all at once, and your new Purple will ſoon, I hope, be ſupported by every thing neceſſary to its Grandeur, to convince the World, that the Hand which made *Amboiſe* and *Richelieu* Cardinals, has not yet ſhewn all it is able to do. I hope we ſhall in a ſhort time have the Satisfaction of ſeeing this come to paſs. In the mean time, my Lord, I humbly entreat you to believe, that in *France*, in the *Indies*, or whereſoever my unfortunate Deſtiny ſhall carry me, I will always be, with the utmoſt Zeal and Reſpect,

*Your Eminence's*
*moſt humble and*
*moſt obedient Servant,*

Scarron.

LET-

## LETTER XIII.

### *To the Duke of* Retz.

*My Lord,*

YOU take a Pleaſure perhaps in being Generous, but pray be undeceiv'd. 'Tis the greateſt Plague can happen to a Perſon of Quality, when he is ſo indiſcreet as to beſtow any Favours on ſuch an unfortunate Fellow as I am. 'Tis not enough with us Authors to be once oblig'd, we are importunate Duns to our Patrons as long as we live. 'Tother Day you gave me *Voiture*'s Works, and am not I an impudent Fellow now to aſk you a thing of ſo greater Importance? I know ſome Lords in the World that would immediately change colour upon theſe Words, but the Duke of *Retz*, I am perſuaded, will read 'em without any dread; and I dare engage, he is as impatient to know what I am going to beg of him, as I am confident I ſhall obtain it. The Matter, in ſhort, is as follows. A young Gentleman of my Acquaintance, who at twenty Years of Age has fought twenty Duels, and all as noble as that of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*, and who is as wiſe as valiant, has kill'd an impudent Scoundrel that forc'd him to fight him. Now he cannot get his Pardon out of *Paris*, and by his good Will wou'd be in Security there, becauſe he hath a natural Averſion to hanging. I could make a ſhift to find him a Lodging at a certain Prince's Palace, but then he would run the riſque of ſtarving there; now I humbly con-

conceive, Famine is rather worſe than the Gallows. If you will be pleas'd to afford him Sanctuary in your Houſe, I know he will have no reaſon to fear either one or the other; and beſides, 'twill be no little Satisfaction to you, to have protected a young Gentleman of his Merit. This is not all, for you'll take the greateſt Pleaſure in the World to ſee him ſnuff the Candles with a Piſtol, as often as you have a mind to ſee that Paſtime. As you are the moſt generous Perſon living, I don't doubt but you'll thank me for giving you ſo handſome an Occaſion to exerciſe your Generoſity, and for my part I promiſe it ſhall not reſt here; for as ſoon as ever you have granted me this Favour, I will every Day importune you to employ your own Intereſt and that of your Friends to obtain his Pardon. The Burleſque Muſe will not be ſilent of ſuch a Kindneſs, but will endeavour to ſhew her Gratitude, tho' till now ſhe never engag'd in an Affair of this Nature. I aſk you a thouſand Pardons for the length of this Letter; and as often kiſs your fair Hands, or ſuch as they are. Oblige with a few Lines,

*My Lord,*

*Your moſt humble and*

*moſt obedient Servant,*

S.

LET-

## LETTER XIV.

### *To the Queen of* Sweden.

*Madam,*

I Have ſent your Majeſty ſome of my Works, which perhaps you have not yet ſeen. If you find any thing in them to pleaſe you, I ſhall be as glad as 'tis poſſible for a Man to be, who after he has had the Honour of ſeeing you, is now ſo unhappy as to be depriv'd of that Bleſſing. Nothing was wanting to compleat the Calamities of my Life, but that I ſhould afflict my ſelf at your Majeſty's Abſence, and at the ſame time envy all thoſe that are near you. I don't know whether theſe Perſons are ſenſible of the Happineſs they enjoy, but I ſhall reckon them the moſt ſtupid of all irrational Animals, if they entertain not the higheſt Admiration and Reſpect for your Majeſty. As for me, if I were in their place, and able to ramble from one Country to another, I would immediately ſet up for a little *Orlando* for your ſake. 'Tis true, I ſhould not with one ſingle ſtroak of my Sword fell ſo many thumping Trees, or commit ſo many Ravages as my Brother Hero in *Arioſto*. My Follies ſhould give more Diverſion, tho' they were nothing near ſo terrible, and perhaps would not excite leſs Compaſſion. You ſee, Madam, I have made uſe of the Permiſſion your Majeſty gave me, as being a Gallant of no ſmall Conſequence, by being that for the greateſt Queen that ever was, which this Romantick Bluſterer was for a Queen that never was in being. 'Twas well your Majeſty

jeſty gave me this Permiſſion, for otherwiſe 'tis ten to one I might have taken it, and ſo by refuſing it, you might have found your ſelf diſobey'd by one, who would not do it upon any Occaſion whatever, tho' it ſhould coſt him his Life. Setting aſide Majeſty, you are Madam, one of the moſt admirable Women in the Univerſe. Wherever you go, your Eyes gain you more Subjects than a great Kingdom gave you, and as they of themſelves do all thoſe Miracles we have ſeen them, without your taking any Pains to teach them, we muſt be forc'd to own, they are the fineſt and moſt charming Eyes in the World, but withal the moſt dangerous. Thus I behold nothing but Rivals in all Perſons that come to ſee me, and I behold no Rival among the Ladies, which is none of the leaſt Miracles your Majeſty has perform'd, I mean your making them ſo juſt to you, who are naturally envious to the reſt of their Sex. I ſhould fear, Madam, I took too much Freedom with your Majeſty, if you did not know better than any one, that a great deal of *Icarus* and *Ixoin* enters into the Compoſition of a Poet, and that the Hiſtory of theſe two raſh Adventurers, tho' by the by, their end is not very much for the Advantage of theſe Traders in Immortality, is of all Fables that which pleaſes them moſt, and is of the greateſt uſe to them. There is not a Poet to be found, who would not prefer the Reputation of being a modern *Ixion*, to that of turning a Stanza handſomely, and a happy boldneſs (for ſo they are pleas'd to Chriſten their Love of Contemplation) to the Laurel, Money, or both together. But, Madam, perhaps I begin to abuſe the Command your Majeſty laid upon me to write to you, if I have not already done ſo. I beſeech

you

you therefore, that if you think fit to continue this Honour to me, you would let me know how far my Letters may be privileged, that they may never go beyond the Reſpect I owe you. I am,

*Yonr moſt humble*
*moſt obedient and*
*moſt dutiful Servant,*

Scarron.

---

## LETTER XV.

### *To the Counteſs of* Brienne.

*Paris*, Auguſt 7. 1657.

*Madam*,

YOU had the Curioſity to viſit me as well as the Queen of *Sweden*; you ought therefore, like her, to give me leave to be in love with you, and allow me the Honour of a Paſſion, which now perhaps no longer depends upon your Conſent. If you are of opinion I aſk more than you ought to grant me, or that I undertake more than I am able to perform, I will content my ſelf with being one of your Friends, and conceal the Lover from you. Unleſs you think fit to allow me this Favour, you muſt e'en diſcard me your Service, which will be a ſevere Mortification to me, for I have a furious Deſire to pleaſe you with all my might.

After

After ſo frank a Declaration, you may very well imagine, I would not deceive you for all the World; I will therefore honeſtly acquaint you with all the good and ill Qualities of the Perſon who is reſolv'd to devote himſelf to you while he lives. His Body, in truth, is ſomewhat illſhap'd and out of ſorts, as you could not but obſerve when you ſaw him, for which reaſon Women with Child are forbid to make him Viſits. As for his Soul, he is ſo well ſatisfy'd with it, that he would not exchange it for any but youts. When he is in Love, he loves with ſo much Violence, that he is ſometimes aſham'd of himſelf for it; and ſince all muſt out, altho' he be nicely punctual in diſcharging the Offices of Friendſhip, yet is he nevertheleſs a little remiſs in writing to his Friends. But then he ſpeaks well of them upon all Occaſions, with a ſort of Fury too, and ſometimes ſo much as to tire his Hearers; and when he is oblig'd to eſpouſe a Man's part whom he pretends to love, a Lyon and he are one and the ſame thing. If you like me after this Deſcription, I am entirely at your Service. Thus expecting you'll pronounce either my good or bad Deſtiny, I am, and always ſhall be, after what rate ſoever you think fit to treat me,

*Your Languiſhing Ladyſhip's*

*moſt Paſſionate Admirer,*

Scarron.

## LETTER XVI.

*To the ſame.*

*Paris, Aug.* 8, 1657.

*Madam,*

IT was in your Power, I own it, to chuſe whether you would receive a Declaration of Love from your humble Servant or not, but as it was not in your Power to hinder him from being ſo bold and preſumptuous as to make one, allow me to doubt, whether you have rejected it, till ſuch time as you abſolutely command me to believe the contrary.

*If you a common Beauty were,*
*One Frown might make your Slave forbear.*
*But, Madam, who can you behold,*
*Made of Nature's richeſt Mould.*
*A Nymph ſo charming who can ſee,*
*And not with Love tranſported be?*
*And when with his reſiſtleſs Dart*
*The little God has pierc'd the Heart,*
*What Mortal can conceal the Smart?*
*No, the poor Wretch is forc'd to ſhow it;*
*By ſad Experience I know it.*

Come, let us go to Confeſſion, Madam, and honeſtly own, that neither of us were ſo ſincere as we ought to have been in the firſt Letters we wrote to each other, and that if it is impoſſible not to write

write to you of Love, being ſo beautiful, 'tis no leſs ſo for me, who pretend to an indifferent Judgment, to content my ſelf with being only one of your Friends, as I intimated to you in my laſt. If the concluſion of your Letter be as ſincere as the beginning is otherwiſe, the good Opinion you promiſe to have of me, will produce tragical Effects at Court; and you will ſee hundreds of Pretenders there cripple themſelves, and all to out-rival me. For my part I can't help it if they do; and tho' I ſhall ſtrive by the violence of my Paſſion to deſerve what your natural Goodneſs permits me to hope, yet ſhall I not be ſo love-ſick neither, as to attempt to pleaſe you at the Expence of my Underſtanding.

## LETTER XVII.

### *To the Count of* Vivone.

June 12. 1660.

*IN vain, my Lord, you poſt it away,*
*And kill your Brace of Steeds in a day,*
*And o'er the duſty Plains come pouring,*
*Like Husband for a Midwife ſcouring,*
*Or Winds the Clouds before them driving,*
*Or Parſon ſcamp'ring for a Living.*
*You'll come too late to ſee that* * *Sight*
*That do's two Warlike Realms unite.*

* The Marriage of *Lewis* XIV. of *France*, and *Anne* of *Auſtria*.

*And in eternal Friendſhip join*
*The Golden* Tagus *and the* Seine:
*Oh that the happy Royal Pair,*
*(And faith, my Lord, they promiſe fair)*
*Wou'd get this Night a Son and Heir!*
*Or, to compleat the Peoples Joys,*
*Give them a Brace of chopping Boys.*
*What Shews, what Triumphs wou'd be ſeen,*
*How ſhou'd we bleſs and thank the Queen!*
*How wou'd it ſcare both* Turk *and* Perſian,
*Pox on't, I want a Rhime for* Erſian.
*Then ſince* Thalia *jaded grows,*
*I'll throw up Verſe, and come to Proſe.*

To return then to my Proſe; Oh, brave Count *Vivonne*, I come to tell you, altho' you know it as well as my ſelf; but I muſt write you a Letter, and have but little or no Matter to fill it with, I muſt tell you then that *Paris* is exactly as it was when you left it; that for one Man of Senſe, you may meet a hundred thouſand that are not ſo, and never will be, and that it is with the Women juſt as with the Men. The young Sparks of *Paris* carry the World before them in the Abſence of the Court; wear their long Perriwigs and Swords, and ſet off every thing with an Air of Quality. There is ſcarce a Quarter of the Town but ſome Poet, either good or bad, lives in it; or a Houſe that receives Viſitants but is plagued every Day, at leaſt, with half a ſcore empty Praters or conceited Coxcombs. Now I talk of Houſes, mine is the

the only Houſe in *France*, where the merrieſt Tales are to be heard, and where you have the greateſt Power. Your Health is often drank among us, and *d'Elbene* rails at you like a Dragon, when he and I are at our kickſhaw Repaſts. As for me, I find my ſelf daily decline, and go down the Hill much faſter than I cou'd deſire. I have a thouſand Pains, or rather a thouſand Legions of Devils in my Legs and Arms; yet in this wretched Condition have been ſo undaunted and raſh, as to love you moſt inordinately. I can't tell how the Freak came to take me in the Head; but this I know full well, that you are a great deal of Friendſhip and Eſteem in my Debt; ſo that if you do me Juſtice, I ſhall have reaſon to boaſt I was ſo happy in the latter end of my Life, as to make the moſt advantageous Acquaintance I ever had, meaning your ſelf. 'Tis true, my Ambition, as great as it is, ought to ſtop here; but you have told me ſo many things of Monſieur *Manchini*, that I am reſolved never to releaſe you of the Promiſe you made me, to bring me acquainted with him; provided always, nothing in this Letter to the contrary notwithſtanding, that he be not a Man of mighty Compliments; and the reaſon is becauſe I immediately fall a weeping whenever I hear 'em, or am forc'd to make 'em my ſelf, and come off ſo ſneaking and pitiful that you laugh at me. In ſhort, Compliments are my Averſion, as Serpents and Toads are that of all Mankind; and I am as much afraid of them as of a ſtrong Breath, an Old Lady's hollow Tooth, or of a wou'd be Wit. That nothing of this kind may be laid to my Charge, I will ſend my Letter without making you one, that is to ſay, a Com-

pliment; and will bluntly and roundly tell you, that no Man in the World honours you more than,

*Sir,*

*Your moſt humble and moſt obedient Servant,*

Scarron.

---

## LETTER XVIII.

*To Monſieur* du Rincy.

Feb. 23.

*Sir,*

THE Proceedings at the Town-hall to morrow will be another Battle of *Pharſalia* to me. I mean, my Deſtiny will be decided there; and I ſhall know in a few Minutes whether 'tis worth my while to live, or whether I muſt go hang my ſelf. I therefore conjure you, Oh Gallant *du Rincy*, to repreſent to the generous *Peliſſon*, that this is an Affair of Conſequence, that he muſt now or never redouble the Recommendation of his Patron, before whom every Knee bows, and get him to ſpeak to the Provoſt of the Merchants, and the four Sheriffs who are to meet on *Thurſday* Morning about ten, at the Town-hall. It will not be enough barely to deſire them to do Juſtice, for that they owe to the meaneſt Scoundrel, but to beg a Favour of them, if there be Occaſion for it: But

But between Friends the Affair is honeſt, and they may eaſily paſs it without getting the ill will of one Man in the City.

## LETTER XIX.

### *To Monſieur* de Marigny.

*Sir,*

TO deal freely with you, I ſcarce know how to behave my ſelf, after the Prince of *Conde* has done me the Honour to remember me, and alchio' I am the moſt wretched and melancholy Man that ever was, yet muſt I publiſh my Joy to all the World, ſince you ſend me Word, his Highneſs is pleas'd to divert himſelf with reading my Letters. I cannot imagine how you come to think them ſo pleaſant at *Bruſſels*, ſince the Perſon that writes them at *Paris* is to my Knowledge ſometimes ſo confounded Splenetick and ill humour'd, that there's no enduring him. And who in *Lucifer*'s Name, wou'd not be ſo under my Circumſtances? 'Tis true indeed the World ſometimes ſeems to have an Eſteem for me, and often to think me worthy of their Pity; but alas, that is all, for they take no care to relieve me.

*Each Hour, alas! I older grow,*
*Time on my Temples ſheds his Snow.*
*And as I find my ſelf decay,*
*And haſten to my Mother Clay,*

*My paſt and preſent Ills conſpire*
*To jade my Muſe, and damp my Fire.*

When I conſider I was born well enough to have deſerv'd the Reſpects of the *Bois-Roberts* of my time:

*That merry haut'ring Prieſt you know,*
*Who not a Rag of Senſe can ſhow,*
*Thanks to his noble Front of Braſs,*
*For a profound Divine do's paſs.*

When I bethink my ſelf, that till the Age of Twenty ſeven I had a Conſtitution ſtrong enough to out-drink a *Dutchman*; that I am ſtill ſo ſound within, that I drink all ſorts of Liquors, and eat all ſorts of Meat with as keen an Appetite as the greateſt *Epicure* of them all. When I conſider, that for the Faculties of my Mind, I am neither dull, weak nor impertinent; that I am free from Ambition and Avarice, and that if Heaven had been pleas'd to have left me the uſe of my Legs, which in the Days of Yore could have made ſhift to lead up a Dance, and of my Hands which once knew how to paint, and tickle a Violin, and in ſhort, my Body ſtrait and well-ſhap'd, I might have liv'd a comfortable Life, tho' ſome what obſcure. When theſe cruel Thoughts come into my Head, I ſwear to you, dear Friend of mine, that if it had been lawful for me to make away with my ſelf, I had long ago diſpatch'd all my Miſeries with a hearty Doſe of Poiſon; and in my Conſcience ſhall be forc'd to come to it at laſt.

*Under*

*Under thoſe cruel Pains I groan,*
*Wou'd force Complaints from Hearts of Stone,*
*And cannot hope to find Repoſe*
*Till Death my wearied Eyes do's cloſe.*
*Why ſhould my barb'rous Stars delight*
*On me to ſhed their reſtleſs Spight?*
*'Tis plain I ſuffer for the Crime*
*Of treſpaſſing in wicked Rhime.*

To make you Amends for this melancholy Letter, wherein I was forced, in ſpight of my Teeth, to unboſom my ſelf to you, I ſend you ſix new Stanza's which I have added to my *Baroneide*.

The Novel call'd the *Spaniſh Paralytick*, which was trump'd up againſt me, to out-do what I had done of that nature, as far as I can find, has done me no harm, but made the Author ridiculous. *Spaniſh* Grammars did not ſell for 50000 Livres, as you ſent me word, but they did not come much ſhort of it. However, that Tongue was never ſo corrupted in this World as it has been of late Years in *Paris*. I am exceedingly oblig'd to you for the Trouble you gave your ſelf to procure me the *Spaniſh* Plays, and remain, &c.

## LETTER XX.

*To the ſame.*

Aug. 1.

*Sir,*

IT vexes me that, at the very time you tell me I might divert his Highneſs, I cannot write to you with that Gaiety I would, and that my Hand rebels againſt my Inclinations; for, to my ſorrow, I have been plagued with a cruel Fit of the Gout for this Month laſt paſt, as well as his Highneſs; as if I had not had Miſeries enough before to torment me. All I can do under this new Indiſpoſition, and thoſe other Calamities my ill Fortune continually perſecutes me with, tho' I ſay it without boaſting, is, that I ſwear as heroically, and with as good a Grace as any Man in *France*; and I humbly conceive, that if his Highneſs would now and then condeſcend, like other frail Mortals, to ſwear a little, he would find ſome Relief and Benefit by it. I would by no means adviſe him to lay it on ſo plentifully as I do; but if his Highneſs would ſometimes ſtumble upon an Oath or ſo, without any wicked Intention, but only to expectorate himſelf, I fancy it would not be amiſs. For my part, I am ſometimes ſo very mad, that if all the Furies in Hell came to fetch me away, I believe in my Conſcience I ſhould almoſt go and meet 'em half-way. This is the ſecond melancholy Letter I have plagued you with. If his Highneſs were as well acquainted with the nonſenſical Stuff of our witty Coxcombs as he is with military

Af-

Affairs, and every thing elſe that happens in the World, it would be ſome Diverſion to him to read this Letter. Madamoiſelle *de l'Enclos*, who ſupp'd laſt Night with *d'Elbene* and my ſelf, told me, ſhe would write to his Highneſs to-day. I ſent to compliment Monſ. *de Rochefort* at the *Hôtel d'Eſtrées*, but he took no Notice of it; yet 'tis ten to one I ſhall be even with the Gentleman e're long, and quit Scores with him at *Paris*. My Letter is of the ſhorteſt as well as yours was, but next *Friday* I will take care to make you Amends. Adieu.

---

## LETTER XXI.

### *To the ſame.*

May 8th

*Sir,*

YOU oblige me in the moſt ſenſible Part, when you write to me: I have no other Comfort in this World than my generous Friends; and when you are pleas'd to aſſure me you are ſtill one of that Number, you rejoice me infinitely more than a general Peace can do. This Compariſon, at firſt ſight, I ſuppoſe, may appear weak to you; and indeed I muſt needs own, the Affairs of *Europe* may change a hundred times, and ſtill for the better, whereas mine are in no likelihood of mending. But I have a wonderful Deſire to ſee your Prince once more in *France*, if it were for no other reaſon than becauſe *France* has had a very ill Hand at Princes this Year, altho' ſhe has more of them than ever, and perhaps the ſucceeding Years will be no better than

the

the former; as likewiſe to embrace my fat, my plump, my jolly *Marigny*; for I make no queſtion but the *Flemiſh* double Beer has improv'd his Shape to a Miracle. But is it poſſible that the great *Conde* ſhould know I am ſtill in the World? My Friend *Guenault* told me, he ſaw the Second Part of my *Comical Romance* lie upon his Table, which has made me as proud as *Lucifer*. Theſe furious Devils call'd *Heroes* would be worth their weight in Gold, would they but ſtoop ſo low as to have a little Love for us poor Mortals, who love them exceedingly. As for yours, one would ſwear a hundred Heroes at leaſt went to the making of him, ſince he has put our invincible Troops ſo often to the ſcamper. It may truly be ſaid of him, That if he was a great Prophet in his own Country, which the Scripture tells us no Man ever was, he was a much greater in a foreign. If he takes the Trouble upon him to caſt his Eye on the five Letters I have ſent you, pray let me know what he ſays of them. The melancholy Letter came juſt now from me piping hot, the reſt were written laſt Year. I will ſhortly ſend you a Sketch or Eſſay that has ſomething of the Spirit of Satyr in it; 'tis my Misfortune, 'tis writ upon a Raſcal, who is not known enough in the World. In ſhort, 'tis a Son of a Whore of an Extortioner, that owes me Six hundred Piſtoles, and refuſes to pay me. But to drop this Villain; I will tell you in what manner the third Volume of my *Comical Romance* begins. *There were not as yet any jilting Females in the World, and theſe* Janſeniſts *of Love had not as yet begun to deſpiſe Mankind. Our Ears were not as yet perſecuted with* Life of my Life, Angelick Fair, *and* charming Goddeſs, *when the little* Ragotin, *&c.*

Well,

Well, old Toaſt, and how doſt thou paſs thy Time? Tell me, bully Rock, art thou ſtill ſtrong and luſty? Are the *Bona Roba's* kind? And will they venture a Broad-ſide with one? Adieu, thou everlaſting Devourer of Tarts, thou Ocean of Cuſtards, and walking Quagmire of Butter. When the gallant *Perſan* comes to *Paris*, 'twill be his Fault if we don't drink t'other Pot of Tea in my little Room. Pray give my humble Service to him, and make a Compliment in my Name to thoſe worthy Gentlemen, *Bouteville* and *Rochefort*. Take care in good time to inform the pretty Lady who, you ſay, is fallen in love with me, that for the puniſhment of my Sins, my Perſon is become ſo hideous and terrible, that here in *Paris* they forbid big-belly'd Women to come near me. To conclude, I muſt conjure you ſtill to love me, by your —— Long and Strong, I will not ſay —— but ſuch as Providence has given you.

*Lazarillo de Tormes.*

---

## LETTER XXII.

### *To the Mareſchal* d'Albret.

Aug. 20.

*My Lord,*

YOU may conclude we have little News ſtirring here, when I am reduced to ſo low an Ebb as to tell you, that *Boncœur* and *Charleval* are in *Normandy*, and that Madam *de Martel* and her Daughter

ter came Yesterday to Town. If I must needs send you a long Letter, and by the Pains I take to divert you, must at least convince you it was not my fault if I cou'd entertain you no better, 'tis certain that in this present dearth of News I must bestir my self most notably. Tho' the Sights at the † *Greve* are none of the propereſt things to send to a Person of your Quality, yet must I inform you, that we hang and break upon the Wheel every Day in the Week, that the Hangman is wearied with so much Drudgery, and talks of taking in a Partner; and, that Madam ——, who next to Monsieur *de* —— loves nothing in the World so much as to see People die in publick, begins to be glutted with such Sights, and if it were not upon *St. Anne's* score, whom she desires to see broke upon the Wheel whatever it costs her, she would forswear going to the *Greve* this Twelvemonth. All these worthy Gentlemen are Natives of *Paris*, most of 'em the Sons of Pastry-cooks and Vintners, who robb'd all the Coaches and Chairs that came in their way, and several *Gavottes*, *Fanchons*, and *Nanons*, that have now Stone Doublets upon their Backs, are in great danger of swinging in the Air. I must tell you by way of digression, that my Countrymen the *Parisians* are, generally speaking, valiant enough in all Conscience, but they have a strange Inclination to die in their Shoes, and cut Capers under a cross piece of Timber. Now I talk of violent Deaths, I will tell you of one that is not altogether so scandalous as Hanging, but full as terrible. Before I enter in-

† *The Place for breaking on the Wheel at* Paris.

to my Story, you are to understand, that at *Charenton*, the next Day after their *Sundays* or Holidays the Devil a jot of any thing you can get to eat there, and new Bread is as hard to come by as a Maidenhead at Court. It was upon a *Monday*, when the furious *Rincy*, the eloquent *Pelisson*, the never-to-be-too-much commended Madam *Scudery*, and the discreet Madam *Bocquet*, at half an hour after Ten precisely in the Morning, sent word to that Pink of Courtesie, the noble *Izar*, who had been about eight Days at *Charenton*, to take the Air; that they intended to dine with him; and, that he needed to provide nothing else but a good Soop and a Desert, because they would bring Victuals along with 'em from the Cook's. *Izar* and a Man of the Law, whose Name was *du Mas*, that kept him company in the Country, set all Hands to work for the better Reception of these illustrious Guests; for you must know, the four Persons above-mention'd are not to be seen every Day together. Three Pullets were thrown into the Soop, with abundance of green Pease, and while a Fellow was sent on Horseback to *Bagnolet* to buy Strawberries, the most celebrated Pastry-cooks in *Charenton* were imploy'd in making Tarts and Cheese-cakes. The Garden was pitch'd upon as the fittest place to dine in, and both the Table-cloth and Napkins, that smelt most daintily of Lavender, were cover'd with a heap of new-gather'd Flowers. At last our jolly Company of Wits arrive; *Rincy* alights out of the Coach, and immediately runs into the Kitchen: The Soop displeas'd him, and all the Preparations that *Izar* and *du Mas* had made; whereupon he deliver'd himself with so much Vehemence and Authority, that from that very moment *du Mas* began to respect and fear him.

him. He that had a mind to waſh his Hands, waſh'd them. At laſt down to Dinner they ſate; *Rincy* made Jeſts upon the Country Soop, and was trying to cut a Loaf aſunder, but finding it hard and overbaked, made no more ado, but flung it at a neighbouring Apricock-tree, by the ſame token he ſpoil'd it for ever bearing Fruit more, by breaking off its largeſt Boughs. He tries a ſecond Loaf, and finding it ſtale and hard, as the former, with the ſame Vigour and Alacrity diſcharges it at another Tree: In ſhort, with ſix or ſeven Loaves, of the ſame hardneſs with their Predeceſſors, he knocks down as many Fruit-trees more, to the exceeding Vexation of the Woman of the Houſe, who ran to prevent the Deſolation of her Garden, and made moſt horrible Outcries. *Rincy* was not a jot mov'd by them; he ſwore no body ſhould eat a bit till they had got him ſome new Bread. Meſſengers were forthwith diſpatch'd to all the Houſes that baked, and they found at laſt ſome Bread juſt coming out of the Oven. It was laid before *Rincy*, who found it ſo terrible hot, that they were glad to pick up, among the broken Boughs of the Trees, thoſe Loaves that had been thrown away, but were much more eatable than this Bread that burnt their Mouths. *Rincy*'s blunt Behaviour and Talk exceedingly ſurpriz'd our Counſellor *du Mas*, and his imperious Air no leſs affrighted him: From that very Hour he had *Rincy* always in his Imagination. He could not ſleep without terrible Dreams, and theſe Dreams were full of nothing but *Rincy*. At laſt the Fright that *Rincy* gave him threw him into a Fever. This Fever carried him off in leſs than fifteen Days, for he died ſtark raving mad, talking inceſſantly of *Rincy*.

This

This is all I know at preſent, my Lord, that is worth while communicating to you. Madam *Scarron* bids me tell you, ſhe cannot reſolve to write to you till ſhe ſees ſomething cheerful and pleaſant in your Letters. This makes me reflect, that if you ſuffer your ſelf to be as much afflicted at *Pons* as you were at *Paris*, this Letter of mine comes to viſit you at a very improper Seaſon; but Time, and more eſpecially your Reaſon, will, I hope, produce their ordinary Effects upon a Misfortune that is not to be remedied. I am, with the utmoſt Reſpect,

*Your Lordſhip's moſt humble, and moſt obedient Servant,*

S——

## LETTER XXIII.

*To the ſame.*

*My Lord,* Febr. 4. 1660.

I Can't tell whether you have receiv'd a Letter twenty-eight Pages long, which I ſent you the laſt Poſt. That long tedious Epiſtle ſhall atone for the ſhortneſs of this; for which reaſon I accompany it with my Epigrams upon —— till the *Baroneide* be finiſh'd, which I hope to ſend you on *Sunday* next. I likewiſe ſend you a Ballad, which is not contemptible, ſome Verſes of *Benſerade*, that follow thoſe he compos'd upon the *Peace*, and a Sonnet upon *Enjoyment*, written by a young Lady of about

about Nineteen, whose Name is ——. 'Tis a thousand pities she is not so handsome as she is coming, and that her Face is not so good as her Intentions. I daily wish to see the Effect of the Promises of Monsieur the *Superintendant*, as much as the *Jews* do to see the *Messias*. The Devil on't is, a Man is upon the Rack all the while he hopes, at least is uneasie; and Delays in Affairs of this nature never do any good, but frequently hurt. As for me, I am so unlucky a Dog, that I never had any good Fortune befal me during the whole Course of my Life, but I was forced to break thro' a thousand Difficulties for it. You will pardon this melancholy Reflection in a Wretch who is the very Football of Destiny, and can hardly make shift to keep Body and Soul together. I have been in this confounded Predicament two Months und upwards. We begin ~~to despair of the Recovery of the Duke of *Orleans*.~~ Yesterday the Duke of *Lorrain* took Post for *Blois*. *Vilarceau* lies still in the *Bastile*, altho' those worthy Gentlemen the Mareschals gave him Hopes he should only go in and come out again. This, my Lord, is all the News the Town at present affords. If any of my Letters have not been imploy'd to light Fires, I beseech you to let me have 'em again. I may pick some Fragments out of them, perhaps, that may serve to fill a new Collection I am going to publish.

LET-

## LETTER XXIV.

### *To the ſame.*

*My Lord,* Dec. 2. 1659

SInce the Paſty you were pleas'd to ſend me, I have receiv'd your excellent Cheeſes. For my part, I believe you deſign to pamper me up with the greateſt Rarities in the World. Your Liberality has extended it ſelf to all my Boarders, who are civil Perſons, I'll aſſure you, and have drank your Health very plentifully. If your great Paſty was admirable, your Cheeſes deſerve no leſs Commendation, being as good as 'tis poſſible for Cheeſes made of mortal Milk to be. But, not to rob your fine Preſents of the Praiſes they deſerve, you muſt permit me to ſay ſomething of the Letter you did me the Honour to write to me, and to tell you, that nothing could be more ſpritely, or more gallant; particularly that Paſſage where you are pleas'd to tell me, you leave it to others to regale my Wit, whereas you only pretend to regale my Taſte: I defie our fineſt Writers to ſay any thing ſo happily upon ſuch an Occaſion. By this, my Lord, it appears you are a Perſon of inſatiable Ambition, and that you are not content with the Glory you have acquir'd in the Wars by your Arms, but you muſt likewiſe triumph over us poor Authors in a time of Peace, win our Lawrels from us, and carry off the Prize of Eloquence. I wiſh I had any News to ſend you. All the Talk of the Town is about *Meniville*, who is dangerouſly ſick.

ſick. All our Courtiers are return'd to *Paris* except Mareſchal *Villeroy*. So ſoon as any thing happens worth writing, I will take care to let you ſee by ſo ſmall and inconſiderable a Service, which is indeed the only one I am able to do you, with what Zeal I am,

*My Lord,*
*Your moſt humble and*
*moſt obedient Servant,*

Scarron.

---

## LETTER XXV.

*To* ——

*My Lord,*

IT belongs in a peculiar manner to thoſe of your Family to carry their Generoſity and Goodneſs as far as 'tis poſſible for them to go. Your Brother the Attorney-General was pleas'd to give me a Penſion, without my aſking it; and your Lordſhip has been likewiſe pleas'd to come and ſee me at my poor Habitation, without my ſolliciting that Honour. This unparallel'd Goodneſs, to expreſs my ſelf in the new Language of my Brother-Writers, has engag'd me moſt *terribly* to your Lordſhip. I know full well, my Lord, this is one of the meaneſt Preſents can be made you, but I offer it with ſo good a Heart, that yours muſt be very hard indeed if you will

will not condeſcend to receive it, and to give me leave, as long as I liye, to aſſume the Quality of,

*My Lord,*
*Your moſt humble and*
*moſt obedient Servant,*

Scarron.

---

## LETTER XXVI.

### *To the Attorney-General and Super-Intendant of the* Finances.

*My Lord,*

'TIS not for ſo worthleſs and inconſiderable a Wretch as I to aſk Favours of you; but I am already in poſſeſſion of many of them, and you have already given me ſo many Proofs of your Goodneſs and Compaſſion for my Misfortunes, that without applying my ſelf to any other Perſons, who have more Intereſt in your Lordſhip, and honour me with their Acquaintance, I have preſum'd to rely on my own ſingle Credit with you, to beg a ſmall Favour: 'Tis one of thoſe you ſometimes grant, as you may perceive by the Petition I have ſent with it, which I humbly beſeech you to have the Goodneſs to read. 'Tis for a Relation of my Wife's, who has always been a faithful Servant to the King, and who is, it ſeems, perſuaded that your Lordſhip does me the Honour to love me. It lies on your part, my Lord,

to

to let him find he is not miſtaken, as it will on mine to publiſh to whole *France*, that you are the moſt generous of all Men, as well as the ableſt Miniſter of the Age. I am,

*My Lord,*
*Your moſt humble, and*
*moſt obedient Servant,*

Scarron.

## LETTER XXVII.

*To the ſame.*

*My Lord,*

I Knew not a Syllable till Yeſterday of your great Loſs, but in the little time I have had to grieve for it, I have as well acquitted my ſelf as thoſe who knew of it long before. I have great reaſon to complain of Monſieur *de Chaulne*, for not acquainting me with it ſooner, that I might have had the Honour of coming one of the firſt, to aſſure you how much I am concern'd at whatever affects you. 'Tis undoubtedly the Effect of my conſtant ill Fortune, which would endeavour to make me ſeem wanting in my Duty, contrary to my Inclinations, in order to make me unworthy of the Favours I have had from you, the like of which I never yet receiv'd from any one. Monſieur *de Marſ*, who did me the Honour Yeſterday to make me a Viſit, can tell how

how much it troubled me that I should be a Stranger to that which all the World besides knew. Upon his Encouragement I have compos'd a wretched Sonnet, which I made some Difficulty to send you, for fear I should thereby renew your Grief: But, my Lord, I had much rather be blamed for coming too late, than give you the least Umbrage that I am unconcern'd at any Affliction which has made such an Impression upon you. I am,

*My Lord,*

*Your most humble, &c.*

---

## LETTER XXVIII.

*To the same.*

*My Lord,*

I Was it seems but too true a Prophet, when I sent you word, some time ago, that my ill Fortune was never to be vanquish'd, but by a Person of the same Generosity and Authority with your self. Under my present Circumstances, I cannot make a better Requital to Monsieur *Pelisson*, for his Kindness in speaking to you about my Affair, and acquainting me with the obliging Answer you made him, than to send you the Letter he writ to me on that Occasion. It so truly discovers the profound Respect he has for your Lordship, that I presume I shall not make his Court amiss to you, in letting you know by this means, without his knowing any thing

of

of the matter, what, perhaps, he is very desirous you should know, but dares not tell it you. 'Twere a difficult thing to speak of you, tho' before your Face, and not to praise you; 'tis no less difficult to praise and not displease you; but yet 'tis the most difficult thing of all to avoid praising you: For this reason I would have some-body else tell you in my stead, that you are the most generous Man in the Universe; and, that all the Favours you have shewn me, have far exceeded both my Wishes and Expectations. But, my Lord, will you not be apt to suspect, that the good Office I imagine I do my Friend is not altogether free from Interest? and, don't you think my shewing his Letter, and commending it to you so frankly as I do, is a cunning Trick to make use of his Thoughts, in order to express my own to you, without running the hazard of trespassing against your Modesty? I must honestly own, there is something of that in it; but since I am not able to conceal it from you, judge by this free Confession, how sincere I am in my Nature; and believe, there is nothing so certain as that I am, more than any Man breathing,

*My Lord,*

*Your Lordship's most humble,*

*most obedient, and*

*most dutiful Servant,*

Scarron.

LET-

## LETTER XXIX.

### *To the ſame.*

*My Lord,*

IF a Man did not find ſome Satisfaction within himſelf when he did a charitable Action, I can't aſſign any Reaſon why you ſhould do ſo many to me. I don't pretend to be in the leaſt ſerviceable to you, and I dare not deſire that ever I may be ſo, for fear of wiſhing ſomething that might be diſadvantageous to you. Neither can I hope to contribute much to your Diverſion, not being in a condition to wait upon you, nor to make my ſelf any otherwiſe known to you, than all the reſt of the World knows me, that is, for being an unfortunate abandon'd Wretch, and for writing of Books ſometimes, that is to ſay, for being (ſo my unlucky Stars would have it) one of the greateſt Plagues and Nuſances of humane Life. But tho' I were Maſter of better Qualities, tho' an Acquaintance of many Years had gain'd me your Friendſhip, and tho' I were in a Capacity to cultivate it by a Commerce of Letters, yet the Affairs of the Miniſtry would not allow you Time to read them. In truth, my Lord, theſe Thoughts give me no little Uneaſineſs, as often as I partake of your Liberality; and I am much aſham'd I have no way to preſerve my ſelf in your Remembrance, but by ſome miſerable Productions of my Mind, to which a Body more miſerable, and a Deſtiny ſtill more wretched than that jaded Body, have in a man-

ner deny'd all Tranquillity. But, my Lord, ſince I have happen'd to make mention of my Writings, and all that, has my Fable of *Hero* and *Leander* had the Happineſs to pleaſe you? Monſieur *de Chaulne* would fain make me believe it has, but perhaps he only deſign'd to flatter an unhappy Wretch. I conjure you, my Lord, either to give me your Approbation of it under your Hand, which I ſhall prefer to the Teſtimony of all the Academies in the World, or elſe to cenſure it, in order to make me know my ſelf. I am,

*My Lord,*

*Your moſt humble*, &c.

Scarron.

---

## LETTER XXX.

### *To the ſame.*

*My Lord,*

THE Goodneſs you were pleas'd to ſhew me in not deſpiſing the Comedy I preſum'd to dedicate to you, is of it ſelf Obligation enough to make me devote my ſelf wholly to your Lordſhip, altho' you had not engag'd me to do ſo, by overwhelming me with new Favours. I flatter my ſelf, that I thank you in ſome meaſure for them, when I honeſtly

ly confeſs I cannot thank you enough, and that I better expreſs my Gratitude by this Confeſſion, than by all the Compliments in the World. I am,

*My Lord,*

*Your moſt humble*, &c.

Scarron.

---

## LETTER XXXI.

*To the ſame.*

*My Lord,*

I So little deſerve the leaſt Favour you were pleas'd to confer on me, that I ſhould have been ſurpriz'd at it, had I not already receiv'd ſo many Marks of your Liberality, or if I were the only Man in the Kingdom that was ignorant you are inceſſantly doing Good to all Mankind. I beg you to believe I have as grateful a Senſe of all your Favours as 'tis poſſible for any one to have: But, my Lord, if 'tis my greateſt Satisfaction to find, that all the preſſing Affairs of State, which you ſo wiſely manage, can't hinder you from thinking of mine, 'tis no ſmall Affliction to me, that I cannot conceal your Kindneſſes without Ingratitude, nor publiſh them without making the World ſuſpect, that 'tis leſs out of Inclination than Intereſt, that I have been all my Life long,

*My Lord,*

*Your moſt humble*, &c,

Scarron.

## LETTER XXXII.

### *To the ſame.*

*My Lord,*

NEver was any *Sur-Intendant* in *France* ſo much eſteem'd and belov'd as you are; and indeed never was any Man ſo generous and deſerving of it: But I am of Opinion it coſts you not a little; and, that this fine Reputation of yours expoſes you to a thouſand Importunities. As for me, I ſhould have a continual Remorſe of Conſcience for troubling you thus all my Life-time, and not being able to leave it off yet, did not I ſee, at the ſame time, the wealthieſt Perſons, and thoſe of the higheſt Condition, beg Favours of you with more Importunity than I have ever done, altho' they have not ſuch a Right to your Favours as an unhappy Wretch, whom you have all-along promis'd to make eaſie. 'Tis, my Lord, an Undertaking worthy of you: And, that I may give you the Satisfaction of ſeeing it ſooner over, I have made bold to recommend to you my Intereſts in the Affair of the Debentures. You know very well, my Lord, you were pleas'd, at my inſtance, to grant the Confirmation of them: The Perſons for whom I ſollicited you offer'd me a ſmall Part in the Buſineſs; but, as I was never fortunate in my Life, and could not tell what would be the Succeſs of it, I rather choſe to accept the Six hundred Piſtoles, which they promis'd under Hand and Seal, upon the firſt Sums they receiv'd.

At

At preſent I have no manner of Concern in that matter, neither have I receiv'd a Farthing of the Money they promis'd in caſe I procur'd a Grant for them. Now one Word from you to the Party who has the Management of it, would ſecure me either one or the other, or perhaps both. I make no queſtion but you'll grant this Favour, ſince I am more than any one living,

*My Lord,*

*Your Lordſhip's moſt humble*, &c.

Scarron.

---

## LETTER XXXIII.

### *To the ſame.*

*My Lord,*

I Take the Freedom to make a Requeſt to you with as much Boldneſs as if, after a Court of many Years, I had done you ſome important Service; but Men of your Quality, and generous to that degree as you are, not only oblige their Friends and Servants, but likewiſe all thoſe that want their Help: They are inceſſantly buſied in protecting the Unfortunate, and ſeeing Juſtice done them: And as for you, my Lord, I believe there ſcarce paſſes a Day over your Head, but ſome Knight or unhappy Damſel comes to beg Relief of you. I therefore conjure you, as being the moſt miſerable Man in

the World, but one who honours you the moſt, to grant me a ſmall Favour; 'tis, my Lord, that you would be pleas'd to prevail with the Provoſt of the Merchants, that he wou'dn't oppoſe the eſtabliſhing ſome Offices in the City, the Propriety whereof I have acquir'd: This Affair may make me eaſie in the World, and be worth to me Two or Three thouſand Livres a Year. But my conſtant ill Deſtiny, which loſes not the leaſt Opportunity of doing me Miſchief, has rais'd a buſie, troubleſome Coxcomb againſt me, who, altho' he has not the leaſt Intereſt in this Affair, yet has prepoſſeſs'd the Provoſt of the Merchants, and made him my Enemy. I deſir'd the Preſident Monſ. *de Guenegot* to ſpeak a good Word for me, and he was ſo kind as to carry Monſ. *de Franquetot* and my Wife to him; but his Recommendation has hitherto ſignified little or nothing. I expect another ſort of Effect from one of your Letters to him, which I humbly beg you to write, and ſend by one of your own People. When you once let him ſee I have the Honour of being known to you, he will ſoon draw this Inference, that it will be worth his while to oblige me. But if you would farther be pleas'd to intimate to him, that I am not indifferent to you, he will make my Buſineſs his own, ſince he will then believe 'tis yours in ſome meaſure; and you'll moreover receive this Satisfaction by it, that the moſt zealous of your Servants will not be likewiſe the pooreſt, and ſo will with more Serenity enjoy the Honour of your Friendſhip. I am,

*My Lord,*
*Your moſt humble*, &c.
Scarron.

LET-

## LETTER XXXIV.

*To the ſame.*

*My Lord,*

ALtho' you are the moſt able Miniſter of State we have, yet give me leave to tell you, you did not know what you did, when you condeſcended to aſſure me, by the moſt obliging Letter in the World, that I had ſome Share in your Good-will and Friendſhip. The Unfortunate, in which number I may juſtly reckon my ſelf, are often troubleſome, contrary to their Inclinations, and Perſons of the ſame Generoſity with your Lordſhip have ſometimes reaſon to repent of their being ſo. After all theſe mighty things you have done for me, for which I ſhall be oblig'd to you as long as I live, altho' the Succeſs of 'em does not anſwer my Expectation, I ſhould not have a Pretence to importune you any more, if either my unhappy Stars would leave perſecuting me, or if 'twas poſſible for your Generoſity to be wearied. But, my Lord, you have made me too great Promiſes to give me any Apprehenſions of aſking too much: Beſides, the Affair I beg you to diſpatch for me, is one of thoſe that are ſeldom or never rejected at the Council-Table: 'Tis what I ſignified to you in my laſt, which in a little time will bring Money into the King's Coffers; and if it ſucceeds, I ſhall have as much reaſon to bleſs my Fate for your Favours, as I have hitherto had to bleſs them for your extraor-

dinary Civility. But let things fall out as they will, I ſhould be the moſt ungrateful Man in the World, if I were not whilſt I live,

*My Lord,*

*Your moſt humble, &c.*

---

## LETTER XXXV.

*To the Same.*

*My Lord,*

DOn't I take too much freedom upon me to perſecute you thus with my Letters? Let me know your Mind I beſeech you, that if I have committed a Fault, I may mend it for the future. To deal frankly with you, I cannot help being a little familiar with thoſe Perſons whom I exceedingly love, nor being ſerious till I come to the end of my Letter, tho' I began it with MY LORD, in huge capital Letters. I would not have you to infer from hence, that I am ever wanting in my Reſpect for your Lordſhip: I will always acquit my ſelf towards you, as I am in Duty bound, and will attempt to write to you in the ſublime ſtile when there is Occaſion for it: But this ſame individual Man, my Lord, that will ſometimes leave half a Foot diſtance between your Title and the beginning of his Letter, who will laviſh all his ſtock of Hyperboles there, and not forget the leaſt

of

of your Qualities, to make his Performance more Solemn and Authentick, will be ſometimes ſo bold as to trouble you with Trifles, and ſtrive to cheer up a little that ſerious Countenance, which, in my Opinion, becomes you ſo well when you are making Decrees. In ſhort, he will ſometimes endeavour to *Un-Cato* you, if I may ſo expreſs my ſelf. He will not indeed preſume to offer at this, when you are taken up with important Affairs of State, and when you are Attorney-General, *Sur-Intendant* of the Finances, and Miniſter of State at the ſame time. Monſieur *de Chaulne* will take you at a more ſeaſonable Opportunity, and will not introduce me, but when you are plain Monſieur *Fouquet*, that is to ſay, the moſt obliging and generous Man in the Univerſe; when you ſhine by your own proper Light, without borrowing that of your Dignity and Offices; when having quitted the Magiſtrates Robe, you are walking in your Chamber, either at St. *Mandé*, or at *Paris*, in a ſhort Coat, and with almoſt the ſame Equipage and Humour *Scipio* was in when he gather'd Cockleſhells on the Sea-ſhore with his Friend *Lælius*. At ſuch a time as this, my Lord, if I had the Happineſs to be in your Company, I would ſay every thing that came firſt into my Head, and diſplay my ſelf with all the Gaiety that Heaven has beſtow'd upon me. However, I would not preſume to make ſo bold with you, till I had your Permiſſion, which the late Cardinal of *Lyons*, upon asking, us'd to allow me; and which I take without aſking of the Cardinal *de Retz*, when he repoſes himſelf juſt by me on a little yellow Couch, where we talk of ſomething elſe beſides Politicks and Religion. I may boaſt, that with theſe two Eminences I have

triumph'd over that formal Gravity which always uſes to accompany the red hat. Both of them formerly made me believe they had a Kindneſs for me. After ſuch Preſidents, you may vouchſafe to afford me a little of your Love without any Shame, and by the extraordinary Care I took to deſerve their Favour, you may judge with what Zeal I am reſolv'd to devote my ſelf to yours. Your Lordſhip wiſhes me well for no other Conſideration, but becauſe I am unfortunate; and you have done more for me in fifteen Days, than a great Number of Noblemen even promis'd to do ever ſince I have been confin'd a perpetual Priſoner to my Chair. Within theſe twenty Years, there has ſcarce paſs'd one over my Head, but that ſome of thoſe honourable Peers, who were wont to come and ſee me in my Chamber, juſt as People went formerly to ſee an Elephant, out of Curioſity, or who came to ſpend an Afternoon with me, when they were diſappointed in their Viſits, or had nothing elſe to do; there has ſcarce paſs'd a Year over my Head, I ſay ſince then, but ſome of theſe Pretenders to Generoſity, and Friends in Maſquerade, have made me moſt magnificent Promiſes, and voluntarily offer'd to ſerve me, or any of my Friends without my aſking: Whereas Monſieur the chief Preſident, whom I never had the Honour to ſee in all my Life, ſent me laſt Year a conſiderable Preſent by the *Abbot Menage*, a little after I had dedicated a Book to him; whereas you, who did not know whether I was in the World, have honour'd me with your Favours, and in a manner too more obliging than the Favour it ſelf. I preſume, my Lord, I ought not any farther to explain to you what I deſire of you, tho' you have laid an

In-

Injunction upon me to do it: I ought indeed to receive whatever Kindneſſes you think fit to confer on me with all imaginable Gratitude, but I have no Right to preſcribe them to you, or to importune you for them. A Perſon of your Generoſity needs not be inſtructed what he is to do. 'Tis enough for the Comfort of my Life hereafter, that you have been pleas'd to look down from the eminent Station wherein you are plac'd, upon that wherein I am; and I don't at all doubt, after the obliging Letter you did me the Honour to write to me, and which I will carefully preſerve, but that I may juſtly apply to you, what a celebrated Poet, formerly ſaid of his Benefactor,

*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.*

---

## LETTER XXXVI.

*To the Same.*

*My Lord,*

THough I had been as ill receiv'd by the Queen of *Sweden*, as my Reception has all along been otherwiſe, yet every time I order'd my ſelf to be carried to the *Louvre*, to divert her Majeſty, I was told I ſhould not be unwelcome if I now and then waited upon you, and pay my Reſpects to the Perſon to whom I am more oblig'd than any Man living. I had long before this gratify'd my impatient deſire to ſee you, had not my Health oblig'd me to go to take the Air within a League

of *Paris*, where I hope to finiſh a Play, and the Concluſion of my Romance. In the mean time, my Lord, I beſeech you to remember the Promiſe you made my Wife, concerning the Marquiſate of her Couſin *de Circe*, and to permit Monſieur *Patriau* to make a Report of it to you. I confeſs, 'tis a great Favour we ask of you; but I think I have already told you, you cannot grant finall ones, and ſtill I proteſt to you, that if I were not fully ſatisfy'd that this Eſtate, for which we entreat your definitive Sentence, were one of the moſt *Seigneurial* in *France*, I would not have preſum'd to write to you about it, altho' all my Wife's Relations in *Poictou* have daily importun'd me to that end. But I will no longer treſpaſs upon your Lordſhip's Patience. I am,

*My Lord,*

*Your moſt humble*, &c.

---

## LETTER XXXVII.

### *To Monſieur* Peliſſon.

*Sir,*

YOU may read what my Patron writes to me before it comes to my Hands. After all the good Offices you have done me with him, you may very well open the Letters he writes to me, and I have ſome reaſon methinks to complain of you

you for not reading that of to Day's date before I had it. 'Tis full of the kindeſt Expreſſions that can be imagined; it has warm'd my Gratitude to ſo high a Degree, and thrown me into ſo great a Confuſion, that if he ſhould write me many more Letters of the ſame ſtrain, I believe that I, who ought to love him more than any Man in the World, ſhould at laſt go and ſtab my ſelf at his Feet, to expreſs a Reſentment ſo ſincere as mine is. I have ſent you this Letter, that you may confeſs with me, nothing can be more obliging. Send it me back, I beſeech you, for I will lodge it amongſt my moſt valuable Archives, as a Pledge of that Kindneſs, which the moſt generous Man upon Earth has been pleas'd to expreſs for me. Pray ſend me your Opinion, whether you think he was diverted with the Epigrams I compos'd upon *B*——. Unleſs I am miſtaken, two of them are pleaſant enough.

---

## LETTER XXXVIII.

*To* ——————

*Sir,*

'TIS almoſt impoſſible for one to be obliging as you are and not be very often importun'd. For my part, I am very ſenſible I am troubleſome to you, but Importunities may in ſome manner be allow'd to unfortunate Perſons, in which number I am ſorry to rank my ſelf; and beſides, you your ſelf

ſelf muſt needs think me a ſtrange, unconſidering Wretch, if I did not make ſome Advantage of the Honour of your Friendſhip, and the Kindneſs you have all along expreſs'd for me. My Servant left Yeſterday at your Houſe a Memorial of my Affair with Monſieur *le Tardif*, who to be ſure would never refuſe you a Matter of greater Importance, and to whom I will communicate, whenever he thinks fit, the Grounds upon which I build my Pretenſions. I beſeech you, Sir, to ſpeak a Word or two to him about it, and to give me leave to ſend ſome body to him as from you to beg that of him, which you will find in the Memorial I have ſent you. 'Tis one of my Friends at *Dreux* that gives me this Advice, and who has made me find my private Advantage in it, beſides the Satisfaction of ſerving him. I am,

*Sir*,

*Your moſt humble and moſt obedient Servant*,

Scarron.

LET-

## LETTER XXXIX.

*To* ——

*Sir,*

'TIS a mighty loſs to me, that I am not ſo well known to you as you are to me: You would not then queſtion, that I have all that due Senſe of your Generoſity which you can deſire, and for the ſeveral Obligations I have to you, all the Gratitude I can either ſhew or expreſs. I was told to Day by Monſieur *Tardif*, what meaſures you intend to take to ſerve me; and have ſatisfy'd him how far all theſe obliging ſteps you make in my behalf are free from all ſuſpicion of Intereſt, ſince I am the moſt uſeleſs, inſignificant Wretch alive. I beſeech you, Sir, to continue them, and to compleat a Work, which could only be undertaken by one who has as large a Soul as your ſelf. If you will appoint any Day for it, I'll take care to give due notice to Monſieur *Tardif*. I am impatient to owe all my Eaſe in this World to you, not ſo much to ſee my Affairs ſoon eſtabliſh'd, as that I may have more right to ſay, that I am more indebted to you than any one, and I beg you to believe, that this will always be the higheſt Ambition of,

*Sir, your moſt humble and*
*moſt obedient Servant,*
Scarron.

LET-

## LETTER XL.

*To* ——

*Sir,*

I Wiſh I were able to write a Letter to you that deſerv'd to be ſhewn to your Patron, and would make him give a ſecond Order to Monſieur *Bruant*. But is it poſſible for a Man to write well, when he has not a Farthing in his Pocket to bleſs himſelf withal? For my part, I was never ſo plaguily out with Fortune as I am at this preſent Writing. Out of three Lotteries I could get nothing but Blanks, when Madam *Scarron* could get two Silver Cups; but as they don't belong to my Juriſdiction, they only make me envy her good Luck, and rail at my own ill Deſtiny. Add to this *Bois-Robert* and the *Corneilles*.

*Whom*

*Whom your Patron ſo ſage,*
*The* Mæcenas *o'th' Age,*
*In honour to Wit,*
*He the beſt Judge of it,*
*So often invites,*
*To ſee him a Nights.*
*This, under the Roſe,*
*Diſturbs my Repoſe;*
*As the famous Exploits of a* Grecian *Commander,*
*Inferiour in nothing to Great* Alexander,
*Kept nightly awake*
*An* Anthenian *Rake.*
*By my troth I can't tell*
*In what Olymp'ad it fell,*
*'Tis without it as well.*

By this I find the good old Proverb, *A Man's Face is his beſt Spokeſman*, to be one of the trueſt in the World. If I could go up and down like the reſt of the two-legg'd Creation, it would ſave you at leaſt twenty troubleſome Letters a Week, and I would certainly make my Court in my own Perſon, as Deform'd and Monſtrous as it is.

*I have oft on my word,*
*Try'd to viſit your Lord,*
*And to make my beſt Show,*
*Dreſs'd and prim'd like a Beau.*
*But the Plague on't lies here;*
*When I am put in my Chair,*

*My*

*My Pains ſtrait begin,*
*Both without and within,*
*To make their Attack,*
*And maul me thwick thwack;*
*Then I ſwagger and roar,*
*Call Son of a Whore;*
Ha! jernie, morbleau,
*And ſwear like a Jew,*
*Or a Porter at Put,*
*Or a Beau at a Slut,*
*Or a Coachman at Spark*
*When bilk'd in the dark,*
*Or Bully at Lun,*
*Or German Dragoon,*
*Or a Sharper at Play,*
*Or a Seaman for Pay,*
*Or a Rake for a Whore,*
*Or a Prieſt for a Cure.*
*But I've plagu'd you enough*
*With this Tragical Stuff.*

That which I have hinted to you here in Verſe, the good People of *Narquois de Bigot* uſe to call, *being viſited by the Lord*; and I have frequently had ſome Prieſts and Monks congratulate me, becauſe the good Lord viſited me oftner than any one elſe, and they ſeem'd to envy me this Happineſs, which I would have quitted to them with all my Heart, as great a ſtep to Salvation as they thought it. In troth, I am at preſent ſo bad a Chriſtian, that I can hardly return my Thanks for ſuch Viſits, and want ſeveral Rounds of the Ladder, before I can mount up to ſo perfect a Reſignation of my ſelf to the Will of Providence. In the

the mean time I languiſh in expectation of what you have made me hope from Monſieur *Breant*. I believe, as you ſend me word, he is willing enough to oblige me, but I very much queſtion whether he will be able to do much for me. I am likewiſe of Opinion, he's puzzled enough in all Conſcience to find Money for the beginning of the Campaign; but ſo ſmall a Sum would ſuffice to equip me for mine, and what I expect from him would ſo little contribute to make him eaſie, that he may ſoon put an end to all my Troubles without encreaſing his own. 'Tis your Intereſt, I muſt tell you, to prevail with him to do it, that you may deliver your ſelf from the Perſecution of my Billets and Epiſtles. Now it comes into my Head, I was yeſterday put into bodily Fear; Word was brought me, that Monſieur *Meraut*, Maſter of the Accounts, muſt needs ſpeak with me: I expected ſome terrible Buſineſs or other, but he only talk'd of the Repairs of his Houſe, the overflowing of the *Seine*, the Affair of *Heding*, and above all told me, I was a happy Man to have ſo much Wit.

*Sir,*

*Your moſt humble*, &c.

Scarron.

LET-

## LETTER XLI.

*To* ———

*Sir*,

I Am going to tell you a Story that concerns you, and which will divert you, unleſs I'm miſtaken. About three Days ago I happen'd to be without Money, an Accident that befals me oftener than I could wiſh, ſo I ſent my Servant to Monſieur *Richmond*, of whom I Quarterly receive Four hundred Livres, which the *Sur-Intendant* is pleas'd to allow me, and pray'd him to advance me Ten Days Payment of the Quarter then running. There happen'd to be in the Room one Mr ———, to whom I am an abſolute Stranger, and who cenſur'd this as a great Fault in me, which however I believe I ſhall not correct in my ſelf this pretty while. Seeing my Servant, ſays he to him, I don't know your Maſter, he knows no body but Monſieur *de Lorme*, and never dedicated or gave any of his Books to me yet; tell him, he ſhall not have a Penny of his Money till the end of the Month. You may ſee, Sir, how this curſed plaguy Poverty draws Contempt upon a Man, and that altho' Queens, Princeſſes, and all the Perſons of Quality in the Kingdom have had the Curioſity to ſee me, honour me with their Viſits, and excuſe me from returning them, a rude Whipſter of a Fellow ſhall impudently inſult me. You may likewiſe ſee, that altho' you are eſteem'd and lov'd by all the World, you are not able to eſcape the

the Malice of ſome envious Brutes, who are vex'd at your Reputation. But I will no longer make the Men of Buſineſs murmur, who wait you in your Antichamber, by amuſing you to read a Letter of ſo little importance. I am,

*Sir,*

*Your moſt humble,*

*moſt obedient, and*

*moſt paſſionate Servant,*

Scarron.

---

## LETTER XLII.

*To* ——.

*Sir,*

I Now ſend you the two Letters I read to you Yeſterday, becauſe I obſerv'd they did not diſpleaſe you. In the mean time I will order ſome more to be copied out for you, and likewiſe a few Verſes. At preſent I am wholly taken up with my Play, becauſe I have my chief Subſiſtence from the Theatre. This writing of Plays is a confounded Fatigue, that does not turn to Account when a Man ſpends a world of Time and Thought about them, and there is little or no Reputation to be got when they are made in a hurry: All other things require Repoſe and Tranquillity; a Man can ſcarce enjoy either

either one or the other, when he is as ill in his Health as in his Affairs; and, for my ſelf, I make no ſcruple to own, that I find my Gaiety inſenſibly decay, ſince, like an unhappy Workman, I am forc'd to write Verſes to get my Bread. I find my ſelf too not a little perplex'd in my Thoughts about the Attorney-General, for if I don't thank him as often as my Gratitude prompts me to do it, he will ſuſpect I have none; and if I thank him as often as I am deſirous to do it, I fear he will think I act wholly upon Intereſt. I know well enough, he is too generous to expect Compliments from thoſe he obliges, and that his Judgment is too diſcerning, not to know, that to give to ſuch an uſeleſs Wretch as my ſelf, is properly Charity; whereas, to oblige a Perſon who may requite us again in Specie, is not doing a Kindneſs, but downright Trafficking and Policy. In ſhort, Sir, there is a certain Conduct I am to obſerve in this Affair, which I can only learn from your ſelf, who have known him ſo long. I did not think to write ſo gravely to you, but a Man cannot help ſometimes having Clouds in his Brain, which muſt have Time to diſperſe. Tell me the Name of your Friend, that I may certainly know to whom 'tis I am oblig'd. I am,

*Sir,*

*Your moſt humble, and*

*moſt obedient Servant,*

Scarron.

*A*

## *A Character.*

SInce drawing of Characters is ſo much in Faſhion, I am reſolv'd to attempt one; but having a juſt Diffidence of my own Talent, I will chuſe a Subject ſo fertile, that my Performance, altho' perhaps 'tis ill executed, ſhall nevertheleſs find Admirers enough. The Perſon whom I deſign to paint is a Man of Quality; great by his Birth, ſince he is deſcended from the Blood of our Princes, but much greater ſtill by his Merit. When but Thirty Years old, he was ſcarce thought ſufficiently rewarded with one of the higheſt Poſts at Court. He was made an Officer of the Crown, I don't mean one of thoſe who are only oblig'd to ſerve the King in a pair of Silk Stockings, and glitter at a Court Maſquerade, but one of thoſe who want but one Step higher to arrive at the Supreme Command of War, and whom our Kings may ſafely truſt with the Defence of our Frontiers, and the Conduct of our Armies: But he is not as yet where he ought to be; if Fortune leaves him where he is, 'tis impoſſible for her to be more unjuſt; and if ſhe ſhould heap upon him all that is in her power to give, I can't tell whether it would be all he deſerves. He poſſeſſes, without contradiction, all thoſe ſhining Qualities that are requir'd in what we commonly call a *Hero*, or *Demi-God*. He has been ſo to me ever ſince I have had the Honour to know him, and will always be ſo to the reſt of the World that have any Diſcernment.

ment. The greateſt Heroes of Antiquity were in no reſpect ſuperiour to him; and of all thoſe that have wore the Sword, (for there are People that wear it in all Profeſſions) I know none that have ſo glorioufly imploy'd theirs as my Hero has done, both in *France* and *Flanders*. In both theſe places they take a Pleaſure to talk of his Victories, as they formerly did in *Rome*, to relate that of *Horatius* over the *Curatii*; and if, like that valiant *Roman*, he has been prais'd for having always beaten his Enemy, he cannot, like him, be blam'd for ever turning his Back. But if he poſſeſſes in a more eminent manner than any Man living, all the eſſential Ingredients that enter into the compoſition of a Hero, he has no leſs his Mien. The Charms of his Perſon anſwer his other Qualities, and by them he has triumph'd over the moſt formidable Beauties of the Court, as he has over the Braveſt by his Valour; and his Victories in Love equal thoſe of War. It's true, he is accus'd for running inceſſantly after new Conqueſts, but the Ambition of a Conqueror ſcorns all Bounds, and he that can vanquiſh with eaſe, can hardly forbear to make an Attack. He is ſomewhat above the common ſize, yet not too tall; and by what we find his Shape at preſent, we may eaſily gueſs it has been one of the fineſt in the World. His Head comprehends all the good Senſe we beſtow upon grey Hairs, without wearing their Livery; and from the agreeable Air it gives his Face, as alſo from that it receives from it, there reſults a noble Maſculine Beauty, which, without having the Delicacy of that of the Woman, has, notwithſtanding, every thing that makes her be belov'd. I would not in ſo particular a manner draw the Pourtrait of his Viſage, nor of his entire

entire Perſon, did not I fear to be reproach'd for ſpeaking only of his Advantages, and having a Deſign to omit the reſt. Therefore, after I have ſaid he has fine Teeth, a Beauty that belongs to Men as well as Women, and without which the moſt Accompliſh'd may give Diſguſt, I will own, his Eyes, tho' lively, and full of Fire, are weak to ſee any thing at a diſtance, tho' they loſe nothing of what they ſee near at hand. Some Ladies impute to them the Inconſtancy they condemn in him, and complain of him for ſuffering himſelf to be conducted by ſuch treacherous Guides, which make him run after every new Object, and are frequently apt to make him go aſtray: But, Is it not their Fault? And the Crime they accuſe him of, does it not proceed from their bad Example? And do they practiſe thoſe Duties they pretend he neglects? A Man may ſometimes give his Eyes leave to look upon Objects that are unworthy of him, provided he does it only *en paſſant*; and as in my Character I have hitherto only drawn that which he may have in common with others, yet what he poſſeſſes above the ordinary rank, what he derives neither from his Birth nor Fortune, but only from himſelf, is of a much greater Price, and more difficult to paint: I mean his Soul, that was never yet ſhaken by any Accidents of Fortune; his Wit, that equals the Tranquillity of his Soul; and his natural Facility of expreſſing himſelf, that is, neither affected nor too ſtudied. A Man may be ſometimes allow'd to be inconſtant in Love, when he is, like him, the moſt conſtant Man in his Friendſhips. When I talk'd of the Beauty of his Shape, I forgot that of his Legs, at a time when our great Guns have conceal'd the Defects of many of our Bandy-leg'd Courtiers, and

when thoſe who pretend to ſet up for handſome Sparks, and are in appearance the beſt made, very often have none of the ſtraiteſt.

---

## LETTER XLIII.

### *To* ——

*Paris*, June 14th, 1657.

*Sir*,

I Am going to give you a convincing Proof how much I am your Friend, by bringing you to the Knowledge of Madam *de Mongeron's* Son, and by giving you an Opportunity to oblige a Lady of her Merit in the Perſon of her Son, who really deſerves, what for my ſake you'll grant him, a Place in your Friendſhip. You'll give me a Proof of your own, if you gratifie me in this Particular, and for this Piece of Service to you and him, I expect abundance of Thanks from both of you, before the Campaign be over. Among the other good Qualities that ſhine in this young Gentleman, I will acquaint you but with one, that perhaps he would conceal from you: He plays upon the Lute better than any Man of his Condition, and yet the Time he has ſpent to acquire this Skill, has not done the leaſt Prejudice to his other Exerciſes, no more than it has hinder'd his Studies, and his travelling into *Spain*, *Germany*, and *Italy*. Tho' his Modeſty, I know, will incline him to conceal his own Worth, yet a Perſon of your Judgment will ſoon diſcover what

what I tell you to be true, and much more, which we will talk of next Winter. In the mean time, oh! thou moſt paſſionate of all Men, but the leaſt punctual in every thing, except Friendſhip, I am,

*Sir,*
*Your moſt humble*, &c.
Scarron.

---

## LETTER XLIV.

*To* ——

*Sir,*

YOu'll find me good for ſomething, ſince I put an Opportunity into your Hands of obliging a very honeſt Gentleman: 'Tis Mr. *R*——, of whom I ſpoke to you t'other Day. He is as much my Friend as I can for the Heart of me deſire him to be. By this I deſign to let you underſtand, that he has a great deal of Merit. For your own Reputation you ought not to ſuſpect that I don't know you; I who know at firſt ſight what you value, and who would buy your Friendſhip at the higheſt Price you can ſet upon it, were I able to purchaſe it. Monſieur *de Roſteau* will let you know the reſt. I am,

*Sir,*
*Your moſt humble*, &c.
Scarron.

## LETTER XLV.

*To* ———

*Sir*,

MY Wife has inform'd me what obliging Methods you have propos'd to ſerve us. Theſe new Marks of your Generoſity have added nothing to the good-Opinion I have all-along had of you. In that little time I had the Honour of ſeeing you, I was ſufficiently convinc'd of what your Reputation long ago had given me the greateſt Aſſurances; and I ſincerely proteſt, that altho' the Expectations I have built upon your Protection and Friendſhip ſhould be attended with no good Succeſs, yet ſhall I only complain of my untoward Deſtiny, and extol your Generoſity as long as I live. The World, I believe, does not take me for an ungrateful Fellow, and I can give you no better Proof of it, than by deſiring you to obſerve, that tho' I am the moſt uſeleſs inſignificant Man alive, yet ſeveral Perſons of Condition and Merit are my Friends, or at leaſt pretend to be ſo: But I muſt ingenuouſly own to you, that among thoſe who appear the moſt zealous to ſerve me, not one has offer'd to do it at ſo critical a juncture as you. Your Time, as precious as it is, is leſs beſtow'd upon your ſelf than others; and I am ſenſible, I ſhould make you loſe too much of it, ſhould I here pretend to ſet down all that my Gratitude inſpires me with. Till I have an Opportuni-

ty

ty to make you a publick Acknowledgment of it, be pleas'd to take up with this ſincere Proteſtation I now make you, of being, while I live,

*Your moſt humble, &c.*

Scarron.

---

## LETTER XLVI.

*To* ——

*Moſt Reverend Father,*

YOU ſend me word, that Father *Vavaſſeur* has written a Treatiſe againſt the Burleſque Stile: 'Tis well done of him; I even envy him for ſo good a Deſign, and you will exceedingly oblige me, to let me have the ſight of a Book which deſerves ſo well of the Publick. If I were to write againſt any of the crying Sins of the Age, I would moſt certainly level my Pen at Burleſque Verſe: And you have a very ill Opinion of me indeed, if you think I am angry with this worthy Author for his Performance. Next to a ſtinking Breath, and to a dull Rogue that always affects to be witty, I know no greater Plague in the World than this execrable ſort of Poetry: And ſince I am in ſome meaſure the Occaſion of its mighty ſpreading, I cannot take it ill of Father *Vavaſſeur*, if, when his Hand is in, he gives me a Lath or two. Thoſe that told you I was angry with him, don't know me. For my

part, I had not known at this very Minute, that he had written againſt theſe Inſects of *Parnaſſus*, theſe Scoundrels of *Helicon*, if you had not given me Notice of it. The Publick ought to return him Thanks for this Noble Work, which, I hope, will effectually reform ſo enormous an Abuſe; and you ought likewiſe to let me ſee him as ſoon as you can contrive it, to make me Amends for the Wrong you have done me, in believing me capable of being diſpleas'd at ſo charitable a Deſign. I am Father *Vavaſſeur*'s and

*Your humble Servant,*

Scarron.

---

## LETTER XLVII.

*To* ——

*Madam,*

ALtho' my Affairs were wholly deſperate, I ſhould prefer it to the beſt Fortune in the World, ſince it has been the Occaſion of my receiving a Letter from you. 'Tis impoſſible for any thing to be written in a more obliging manner; and were I not a Gallant wholly dead to this wicked World, I could hardly forbear growing vain upon ſo great a Favour. Perhaps, Madam, you only thought to write me a civil Letter; you have gone much farther, and I muſt freely declare to you, that of the un-

unhappieſt of all Men, you have entirely reconcil'd me to my Fortune, that I now look upon my ſelf to be rather an Object of Envy than Pity. In ſhort, the Satisfaction your Goodneſs has given me, imploys all the Faculties of my Mind, and takes me up to that degree, that I don't know how to talk to you about my Affair with Monſ. *de lay Noue Renart*. But ſince you enjoyn me to do it, and 'tis more reaſonable I ſhould obey you, than follow my own Humour, I will tell you, Madam, that provided you'll ſignifie to Monſ. *de lay Noue Renart*, that Madam *Scarron* and I are ſo happy to have ſome ſhare in your good Graces, 'tis impoſſible but my Affair muſt ſucceed in his Hands, though he were as much againſt me as I know him inclin'd to ſerve you.

*Madam,*

*Your moſt humble,* &c.

Scarron.

---

## LETTER XLVIII.

*To* ———

Apr. 2.

*Sir,*

I Can't tell whether you are as effectually loſt to your other Friends as you are to me: For my part, I ſee you no more than if you were already

one of the Deans of the Angelick Choir, towards which Place you are riding in Poſt haſte. However, I think you are not ill provided for in this tranſitory World; and, in my Opinion, Twelve thouſand Livres a Year in pure Benefices, and a fooliſh Eſtate of Eight hundred thouſand Livres more, may eaſily reconcile a Man to make a longer ſtay among us poor Mortals. Raillery apart, What is the reaſon I never ſee you? Is it becauſe your Hours of Devotion take up all your Time, or in that you are reſolv'd to break off all Commerce with ſo great a Sinner as my ſelf? This would be the true Action of a Phariſee, and you ought much rather to endeavour my Salvation, as a thing to be fear'd, than to leave me off, till you ſaw the young Saint of your own planting ſprout up and flouriſh.

*Sir,*

*Your moſt humble*, &c.

Scarron.

---

## LETTER XLIX.

### *To Monſ.* de Segruis.

*Sir,*

HER Highneſs does me a great deal of Honour, to think ſo worthleſs an Inſect as I is ſtill in the World; and you do me no leſs on your ſide, to believe me capable of drawing a Character

as

as it ought to be. Tho' I should be so vain as to flatter my self upon this Article, and my Desire to please you should give me that to paint, yet the Pourtraits which Her Highness has made, would wholly discourage me from attempting any thing of this nature: They are, as far as I am able to judge, the finest that were ever drawn, and our Wits would have reason to complain of this Princess, for robbing them of the Glory of Writing well, did she not make them sufficient Amends, by the Honour she does them to be of their Profession. A good Character is a much harder Performance than one would imagine: A Man ought to be very well acquainted with his Subject, before he presumes to describe it; but, as far as I can see, we scarce know any one well but our selves, and some of our intimate Friends. Now I will appeal to you, whether a Man of Breeding can commend himself, without a great deal of Vanity; and, on the other hand, if he is oblig'd to lay open his blind side to others, as he would do to his Confessor? In like manner, Can a Man praise his Friends without tiring them, or expose their Defects without offending them? There are no less Inconveniences in praising those Persons that are indifferent to us; for as a Pourtrait ought to be of a known Subject, and a Man has no other way of making himself known, but by his Quality and Merit, we run the risque of disobliging those whom we ought to respect and esteem, if we don't give them the Praises they deserve. We are taken for impertinent Fools, if we bestow false Commendations upon them; and let us manage the Panegyrique as nicely as we can, yet nothing, in my Opinion, is more fulsome and tedious, either for him that receives it, or for him that gives it, or for those that

hear it. Beſides theſe general Reaſons, which have made me to take up a Reſolution not to draw any Characters, I have ſome peculiar to my ſelf, which I don't doubt but you'll allow of. An unhappy Wretch, as I am, that never ſtirs out of his Chamber, can have no Knowledge either of Men or Things, but by ſecond-hand; and you'll agree that this is a great Diſadvantage to a Painter, who ought to have his Imagination full of a great number of Idea's that are only to be had in Converſation, and ſeeing the World. For my part, I find, to my great Mortification, that a Man grows ruſty at long run in a Chamber, as well as in the Country; and I am no leſs ſatisfied, that he ought to have as great a Stock of Wit and Judgment as the Princeſs has, to be able to draw a Character well, and to be of the ſame Quality, to be able to praiſe and blame without incurring Cenſure. I am,

*Sir*,

*Your moſt humble, &c.*

Scarron.

---

## LETTER L.

### *To the Duke of* Elbœuf.

I Know well enough what I owe to your Grace's Dignity, and will never abuſe it; but 'tis almoſt impoſſible for me to write to you without trembling,

bling, and to preſerve my cheerful Temper, in a Letter which is to begin with a *May it pleaſe your Grace*, written in huge Gigantick Characters, and the reſt following at half a Yard diſtance at leaſt. Be not diſpleas'd that I take this Opportunity to ſend you a thouſand Thanks for doing me the Honour to think of me now and then, for all the Pies you have preſented me with, and particularly for the laſt, which I juſt now receiv'd; we ſhall open it to-morrow, with more Pomp and Solemnity than Lawyers do the Term: There will be the Meſſieurs *de Vivonne*, *de Mata*, *d'Elbene*, *de Chaſtillon*, and my ſelf: We will drink your Health moſt magnificently; and the Honour of your Remembrance ſhall fully comfort me for the Abſence of Madam *Scarron*, whom Madam *de Mont-cheurevil* has carried away from me. I am mightily afraid leſt that debauch'd Lady ſhould make the Wife of my Boſom take a fancy to Wine and Women, and perfectly ſpoil her before ſhe ſends me her home again. As for you, my Lord, let me adviſe you not to ſquander away all your radical Moiſture among the Nymphs of *Picardy*, but keep a little to comfort the poor Damſels of *Paris*. *Con queſto*, I am, of all your moſt humble and moſt obedient Servants, the moſt dutiful and moſt zealous,

Scarron.

LET.

## LETTER LI.

### *To Monſieur* de Villette.

*Nov.* 12. 1659.

*Sir,*

I Was not in a Condition to ſend you an Anſwer ſooner, by reaſon of a great Defluxion in one of my Eyes. Since that you have written to Madam *Scarron*, and likewiſe to Monſ. *de Noſſack*. Your two Letters are admirable in their kind, and deſerve to be learnt by heart. A Perſon of very good Senſe, to whom you are no Stranger, told me, when he read them, that he was confident you were in very good Health, and, that your Affairs went well in the World, ſince you were able to write two ſuch diverting Letters. As for me, if I did not know you writ both of them with all the Eaſe imaginable, I would ſay of your fine Compoſitions in Proſe, wherein you carry the Prize, what the aforeſaid *d'Elbene* ſaid very pleaſantly, ſome time ago, of thoſe People that are always aiming to ſpeak witty things in Company; That, in truth, a Man got a great deal of Credit by always ſpeaking fine things, but that by ſtraining to do ſo, he put himſelf to a great Expence; and, that he had made it his Obſervation, that ſuch Gentlemen did not live long. May Heaven, of its infinite Goodneſs, ſtill preſerve you in this fecundity of Wit, and infatigability of Hand, and may I Fifty Years hence be entertain'd with your happy Productions. But this only by the bye. Ma-

Madam *Scarron* is very unhappy that ſhe has not a Coach and Six, and a fine Equipage, to go up and down where ſhe pleaſes, when ſo great a Happineſs is offer'd her, as that of being invited to *Brouage* by Madamoiſelle *de Manchini*,

Tyber's *rich Preſent, and the Pride of* France.

I hope ſhe'll make her ſelf amends for ſo great a Loſs, ſo ſoon as the Court returns to *Paris*, and that then ſhe'll have the Honour of being known to that incomparable *Roman* Lady, and have ſome ſhare in her Friendſhip. As for me, I would offer her my Incenſe (for you know we Poets muſt always have ſome Divinity to beſtow it on) but I no leſs diſtruſt the Merit of my Preſent, than am perſuaded, that no Perſon in the World deſerves the richeſt Figures of our Poets better than ſhe; and you know well enough our Merchandiſe is ſlighted, when 'tis given before 'tis call'd for. *Paris* is as empty as your *Brouage* is full, tho' I am ſcarce ſenſible of it in my little Habitation; for Company ſo crouds in upon us, that I have order'd my Servants to tell all the Princes, Dukes, and Officers of the Crown, that enquire for me daily, that I receive no Viſits. This makes People very ambitious of being admitted into our little Society, and there is furious canvaſing for it both in City and Court. I don't ſay this with deſign to inſinuate, that we at *Paris* pretend to enter into any competition with your Deities at *Brouage*, and with your other happy Perſons, that enjoy ſuch inſtructive Converſation there; but their true Element is *Paris*, or the Court; and when, upon their leaving *Brouage*, they leave you in your primitive Nothing, where they found

found you, you will be no better nor worſe than Country Bumpkins, and meer Clowns. Adieu, my Hand akes with writing.

---

## LETTER LII.

### *To the Count of* Vivonne.

*Sir,*

I Have found the foul Copy of the Letter I writ you, and muſt needs own, I think it very fooliſh; but ſince you have a mind to ſee it, I herein ſend it you, ſuch as it is. 'Tis a wonderful Satisfaction to me that you keep me ſtill in remembrance; and indeed you do me but Juſtice, ſince you are oblig'd in Conſcience to think ſometimes of a Man that eſteems you ſo much; and I beſeech you to believe, that your Retirement at *Roiſſy* is not half ſo tireſome to your ſelf as me, who ſhould hope ſometimes to ſee you at my poor Quarters, if you were in *Paris*; I mean, when you can find no body in the *Rue des Tournelles*, or elſewhere, and you have nothing better to imploy you about. Our Neighbours ſhould be the principal Subject of our Converſation, or, if you pleaſe, the Burthen of the Song; and, to relieve the Scene, we would ſometimes tell merry bantering Stories, without which, I poſitively maintain, that all Converſation in a little time becomes inſipid and languiſhing. Monſieur *d'Elbene* and I remember you frequently

over

over our Wine, and I wiſh, with all my Heart, you were here to pledge us. Monſieur *de Metta* is in *Xaintonge*, and 'twould be well for me if he were in *Paris*, for then you would have leſs reaſon to fear being tir'd with impertinent Chat, when you ſhould be ſo good-natur'd as to make a ſhort Viſit to

*Your moſt humble Servant,*

Scarron.

## LETTER LIII.

*To* ——

Sept. 5. 1660.

*Sir,*

AT laſt my Affair is ſign'd, and I owe all the Obligation of it to you. I wiſh I were Maſter of ſomething better than Compliments, to teſtifie my Acknowledgments to you, but they are at leaſt valuable upon this ſcore, that they are hearty and ſincere; and I beg you to believe, I would not publiſh to all the World, that I am the greateſt Admirer of Monſ. *de Guiche*, and the moſt zealous of his Servants, if I were not really ſo.

Scarron.

LET

## LETTER LIV.

### *To the Marqueſs of* Villarceaux.

*Sir,*

I Am extreamly oblig'd to you for refreſhing me, when I waked this Morning, with the agreeable Viſion of the two Angels of your own making. 'Tis certain you had an excellent Model by you when you made them, and that you muſt know ſomething more of thoſe happy Beings than the reſt of Mankind. Accident and Chance never uſe to produce any thing ſo perfect as they are, eſpecially in things of this nature, where a Man muſt run it off-hand in ſpite of his Teeth, and where he muſt finiſh all at a ſtroke, or elſe give over. My Friend *Roiſleau* ſaid very pleaſantly upon this Occaſion, that you ought to do nothing elſe but get Children. To return now to yours, I confeſs, they are admirable, and as every thing has its Value, the greateſt Wit, in my Opinion, is the eldeſt of the two; whether it be becauſe he is more advanc'd in Years than his Brother, who likewiſe will have his Admirers ſtand in his turn; or becauſe my Inclination leads me that way, and fixes me there, for which I can aſſign no reaſon. In ſhort, both of them are very worthy of their Father; and ſince you would have me tell you by their Phyſiognomy what their Fortunes are like to prove, they will commit a world of Ravages upon People of both Sexes. It

will

will not be long before the eldeſt will begin to puſh on his Conqueſts, and perhaps make an Attempt upon ſome of yours. May Heaven in Mercy avert ſuch a Misfortune from your Family, which may ſow Diviſion between two Brothers, and make Father and Son irreconcileable Rivals. There happen'd to be in my Room, when they came thither, three or four Gentlemen of very good Judgment and Senſe, who agreed, that both of them were excellent, but were of my Opinion, that the elder was the better of the two, and have given me their Votes accordingly. In truth, I believe one may juſtly ſay of him,

*His Shape is divine, and ſo is his Face,*
*So, in ſhort, is all about him;*
*And if his Soul with his Body keeps pace,*
*What Mortal alive can rout him?*

## LETTER LV.

*To* ——— ———

I Am infinitely oblig'd to you for your Civility, and for offering to do me good Offices with the Queen. Ever ſince I have been in Diſgrace, I never durſt write to Her Majeſty, to complain of my ill Fortune, and make my Innocence appear. The Vexation it gave me did not allow me the leaſt Intermiſſion, till ſuch time as you gave me to underſtand Her Majeſty had aſk'd for ſome of my Plays; which

which makes me to flatter my ſelf, that ſhe ſtill remembers that ſuch a Wretch as I was once in the World. During the Troubles of the Regency, my unfortunate Reputation made every thing that was printed at *Paris*, whether good or bad, paſs under my Name. This Abuſe ſtill continues, notwithſtanding all the Pains I have taken to undeceive the World. Some inſolent Libels againſt his Eminence were father'd upon me; and the Reaſon perhaps was, becauſe another Gentleman of the Purple, who was of the contrary Faction, was pleas'd to honour me with his Friendſhip, tho' I was both known and lov'd by him from a Youth, long before his Reputation began to ſink at Court. But ſuppoſe I had been ſo ungrateful, and ſo thoughtleſs, as to be wanting in my Reſpect to her Majeſty and his Eminence, may not a ſincere Repentance hope to find that from them which it expects from Heaven? I am not ſo vain to aſk to be admitted again into her Majeſty's good Graces, which the Unhappineſs of the Times, rather than any Crime of my own, made me to loſe. I would only beſeech her to drop her Indignation againſt an unhappy Wretch, who has not long to live. This would be worthy the Generoſity of her Soul, and if this great Happineſs ſhould arrive to me thro' your Mediation and good Offices, I ſhou'd be more oblig'd to you than any Man living. I am,

*Sir*,

*Your moſt humble*, &c.

Scarron.

LET-

## LETTER LVI.

*To that pair of worthy Gentlemen, and my dearly-beloved Friends,* Menage *and* Sarrazin, *or, if you pleaſe,* Sarrazin *and* Menage.

*Gentlemen and dear Friends,*

TO dedicate the ſame Book to two Perſons, is *to kill two Birds with one Stone.* I cannot tell whether I have any Pretence to go upon this Proverb, being a Cripple in my Hands and Feet; and perhaps this is introducing a Novelty in Dedications, which my Brother Poets will never forgive me. But for my part, I never ſtood upon writing correctly in my Life. 'Tis true, I might very well have ſav'd my ſelf the Trouble of this Preliminary Epiſtle, having treſpaſs'd in this kind too much already, and having Buſineſs enough upon my hands, if I have Conſtancy enough to finiſh my *Virgil Traveſtie.* The Book I dedicate to you contains a Thouſand Verſes, ſo there is juſt Five hundred apiece for you. I muſt confeſs you deſerve ten times more, for which reaſon I deſign'd to have tack'd a ſmall Romance to them, which I began ſome time ago, by the ſame Token that it promis'd fine things at its firſt ſetting out, but by ſome curſed Misfortune, or my own Fault, I could not for the Heart of me hinder my poor Hero from being ſentenc'd to be hang'd: And this

this hanging came in so naturally, so prettily, and all that, that I could not change it into any other Adventure without spoiling the Conclusion of my Romance, and sinning against the Light of my own Conscience.

The Duce on't, instead of expatiating upon your Praises, according to the laudable Custom of Dedications, I have rambled so far from my Subject, that I don't know how I shall be able to find my way home again. But not too much of *the Duce on't* neither: Better late than never; and besides, 'tis in my Power to make my Epistle as long or as short as I please. Stand fair then, Gentlemen, I am going to —— commend you as hard as I can drive. But, oh my cruel Destinies! where shall I begin? Or, indeed, where shall I not begin? For as

*When* Phillis *to a Garden goes*
*To pluck a Lilly or a Rose,*
*In order to regale her Nose:*
*The great Variety she meets*
*Distracts her in her Choice of Sweets.*
*Ev'n so your Praises come so quick,*
*And crowd and justle in so thick,*
*That, may I be for ever curst*
*If I know which to mention first.*

Well, I never was so damnably puzzled in all my Life, that's certain. You are the two finest Gentlemen of the long Robe and short Cloak; you are as much Masters of foreign Languages as the Natives themselves: You know all the Elegancies of your own to Perfection: You are not to be match'd in Verse or Prose; in short, you are more quick-sighted than all the Criticks in the Universe put

put together. One of you has an admirable hand at dancing, singing, and playing upon Instruments,

*And tickles a Lyre*
*With a Fist so divine,*
*That all Hearers combine*
*His Skill to admire!*

As for shooting, vaulting, jumping thro' a Hoop, wrestling, &c. I will say nothing, tho' I would not for a Thousand Pounds take my corporal Oath that you know nothing of those Matters: But as for Conversation, all the World must truckle to you; People point at you as you walk along the Streets. You are well humour'd, and well made, and gracious, and courteous, and jovial, and liberal; nay, you are valiant and amorous, if 'twere put home to you, altho' your Profession excuse you from the former; and as for the latter, I make no question but that in your Youthful Days,

*When your Pulses beat high,*
*And call'd you to toy,*
*You were not so stupid*
*As to quarrel with* Cupid.

In short, you are truly Virtuous, and that in so eminent a degree, that when any one has a mind to be thought so, he cries, *I am just come from* Menage, *I am going to see* Sarrazin; Menage *and* Sarrazin *just now parted with me.* And even I, who talk to you, when either of you, or both together, come to see me, cannot forbear to acquaint all the World with it; nay, sometimes tell it the same

ſame Man twice or thrice over, which I muſt own to you, ſhews a great deal of Vanity on my ſide. But don't I make you bluſh? For I know you are as modeſt as the Morning; you are Gentlemen that will eaſily bluſh, and I love and reſpect you exceedingly for it. Come, come, don't diſquiet your ſelves, I will bring no Scarlet into your Faces. In ſhort, I will perſecute you no longer, altho'

*A Theme ſo fruitful do's inſpire*
*The dulleſt Beaſt with gen'rous Fire:*
*Undone by Plenty, loſt in Store,*
*I know not when I ſhould give o'er.*

The next Book I do my ſelf the Honour to dedicate to you, (for, if I am long above Ground, I ſhall trouble you with another Dedication) I hope you'll own my Stile is much alter'd for the better, by reading ſome of our modern Epiſtle-mongers, whom I dare not name, for fear of plucking *an old Houſe upon my Head:* So good Night to you Gentlemen. I am, with all my Soul,

*My dear Friends,*

*Your moſt humble,* &c.

Scarron.

LET-

## LETTER LVII.

### *To Monſieur* Morreau, *one of the King's moſt Honourable Privy-Council.*

*SIR,*

THE Reaſon why I preſume to dedicate this Book to you, is, becauſe you adviſ'd me to publiſh it: And the Reaſon why I enlarge upon your Praiſes, is, becauſe Epiſtles Dedicatory are only calculated for the Meridian of Panegyrick. Among the other excellent Qualities that recommend you to the World, nothing belongs in a more peculiar manner to you, than your happy Judgment in the Choice of your Friends. None can boaſt that honourable Title but Men of Worth and Honour; and, to acquire ſuch a Character, 'tis enough for a Man to be often ſeen in your Company, or to be able to prove, by Witneſſes or otherwiſe, that he is honour'd with your Friendſhip. I have not ſo little Regard to my Reputation, but that I am very proud to take this Opportunity to let the World know that you are pleas'd to love me. But that I may not be cenſur'd for commending my ſelf too much, I am content the World ſhould likewiſe know, that I am only one of your Friends by way of Courteſie, (if I may be allow'd ſo to expreſs my ſelf) who is inferiour to all the reſt in Merit, but not in

in the Eſteem and Reſpect he will eternally preſerve for you, who is,

*Your moſt humble*, &c.

Scarron.

---

## LETTER LVIII.

### *To that moſt Courteous and Complaiſant Quadrupede, the Lady* Guillemette, *my Siſter's little Greyhound Bitch.*

*My Lady* Guillemette,

I Am an Author, God help me, if a Man may be ſaid to deſerve that Title, whoſe Name has appear'd more than once in a Term-Catalogue, and at the Fag-end of a Gazette, among ſtray'd Horſes, and now and then, dear Madam, among ſome of your Ladyſhip's ſtray'd Relations. 'Tis true, I came very cheap by this Title, and am ſenſible the little I have laid out upon it, gives me in Juſtice no higher Rank than that of a Verſewright, or a Turner of Burleſque Rhimes. Having made this modeſt Acknowledgment, I am confident you will never lay the Sin of Vanity to my charge, and that you'll hardly imagine, (if the Proverb, which ſays, *No Man is a Prophet in his own Country*, holds good in you Dogs) that a Man whom you ſee every Day

Day in *Paris*, where he was born, whose Head always hangs on one side, and who never budges out of his Chair; in fine, one that was cast in a different Mould from the rest of Mankind, has Courage enough to set up for a Modern Author. By *Apollo*, *Guillemette*, nothing can be more true; and by the same *Apollo* I swear to you, without any Equivocation or Reserve, that I have no wicked Design upon the Bays. For my part, I am so far from setting up for a Wit, that I freely and frankly give the World leave to call my Works *Rapsodicks*, *Taylors Cushions*, or what they please; because, to my great Comfort, abundance of modern Plays, and other Productions of our second-rate Wits, deserve no better a Name; which I value little more than I do a last Year's Almanack, wherein we may see, as well as in those Plays, the Death of some great Man, a Statesman discarded, *Phillis* hang'd in her Garters, and suchlike noble Catastrophés of the Theatre.

Now these Noble Productions would from their very Infancy be imploy'd to wrap up Buster and Tobacco, to line Trunks and Bandboxes, or make Paper Kites, if no Country-Chapmen came to *Paris*; or if they did not make a shift to go off under the Protection of some admirable Plays, and some diverting Romances, that enrich their Authors, and so often raise a Civil War among our Booksellers. When we set no great Value upon a Thing, we use to say, that *'Tis scarce good enough to be thrown to the Dogs*. As your Merit and Beauty secure you from the scandal of this Proverb, which was never intended for Dogs of

your eminent Quality, ſo I only cited it to convince the World, what an humble Opinion I have of my own Compoſitions: And although, Madam, you are neither better nor worſe than a Brute, yet I rather choſe to dedicate them to your Ladyſhip, than to any of our topping Noblemen, whom I ſhould certainly diſoblige by ſuch a Preſumption. For I muſt tell you, *Guillemette*, an Author with a Book in his Hand, is more formidable to one of theſe worthy Peers; and the very Sight of him terrifies them as much, as a whole Covey of Creditors at their Levée: Not but that we have ſome Generous Lords ſtill left us, Heaven be prais'd for't; but moſt of our modern Authors are ſuch Idolaters of Money, that they would much ſooner dedicate their Works to a Man from whom they expect a round Sum of Guinea's, tho' they don't care if he were hang'd the Hour after, than one whom they love and eſteem. Theſe ſordid Imitators of *Virgil* and *Horace*, that adore a Lord meerly for his Title, make no ſcruple to dub him a *Mæcenas* at firſt daſh, and aſcribe to him Virtues he was never Maſter of, and all to wheedle him out of a little Money, if he has any. One would almoſt ſwear theſe Prodigal Sons of *Apollo* had a wicked Deſign to ſquander away the whole Growth of *Helicon* in one Dedication: They beſtow Immortality upon the higheſt Bidder, and will furbiſh ye up a Demi-god at a Minute's Warning, for a Suit of Clothes and a long Perriwig. In ſhort, theſe mercenary Scribblers plunder the illuſtrious Dead of former Ages, to trick up ſome Living Scoundrel of Quality with their Merit; which execrable Flattery Men of Senſe deſpiſe, as they

they ought to do the groſſeſt Affront. 'Tis ſome Conſolation to the few righteous and honeſt Friends of the Muſes, that theſe fawning Slaves are often bilk'd in their Expectations; and, that People have more Guts in their Brains, than to part with their Money for a few naſeous Compliments. Even our Noblemen have found out the Trick to give them nothing, and yet give them no Occaſion to complain of them. Some will cry to them, *The God of Verſe protect and bleſs you in all your Undertakings.* Another will treat them with as much Ceremony as they would a Foreign Ambaſſador, and wait upon them down to the very Street; that is to ſay, ſee them fairly out of their Houſe. Some again pay them in the current Coin of *Parnaſſus*, giving them Incenſe back for Incenſe, and Flattery for Flattery; but the Dev'l a Lord of 'em all will invite them to Dinner; and this is enough to make a poor Author hang himſelf in his Garret: For this hungry Wretch, that flatter'd himſelf in the Morning, that he ſhould cram his Belly with my Lord's Kickſhaws and Ragoo's, or thought to treat himſelf moſt nicely at an Eating-houſe, at the Expence of his magnificent Patron, is forc'd to return Home to his Quarters poorer than he went out, with being at the Charge of binding his Dedication-Book in Vellum or Turkey-Leather. Then he exclaims as hard as he can drive, at the horrid Ingratitude of the Age, or at the ſtarving Planet he was born under, according as he has more of the Poet or Orator in him. I forgot to tell you, Right-worſhipful *Guillemette*, that our Authors are ſometimes paid by way of Exchange,

in the very ſame Commodity they brought with them, and receive no other Reward for all the fine Compliments they paſs upon their Patron, than an Epiſtle for an Epiſtle, or a Sonnet for a Sonnet. Our Perſons of Quality pretend they learnt this piece of Conduct of the Emperor *Auguſtus*; but this is a Trick that is not to be play'd twice with People who are ſo ſharp as our Authors generally are: I have therefore preſum'd to dedicate my Book to your Ladyſhip, for the above-mention'd Reaſons, or perhaps for others that I have no mind to let you know. I already fancy with my ſelf, I ſee you gnawing the Strings of my Book, tumbling it about, and tearing it in a thouſand frolickſome Poſtures; which pleaſe me infinitely more, than the cold Reception of a ſupercilious Lord, that won't ſo much as thank me for the Preſent I make him, becauſe he thinks I have the Impudence to expect another from him. Accurſed be that Poet, ſay I, tho' he was never ſo much a Maſter of his Profeſſion, who firſt proſtituted the Productions of his Brain to this infamous Uſe, and baited his Dedications with Flattery, to make the Court-Gudgeons ſwallow them the eaſier! Ever ſince our Authors have ſet up the noble Trade of Begging in Proſe and Verſe, an Epiſtle Dedicatory has been look'd upon to be a ſort of a Challenge; and if *Mæcenas* is not able to put by the Thruſt, he reckons the Man that brings it to be no better than a Pick-pocket, or Highway-man, that bids him Deliver. Tho' an Author preſents his Traſh to his Patron with a ſmiling Countenance, yet the other looks as muſty as a breaking Merchant when a thundring Bill is drawn

drawn upoo him; nay, ſome of them have been obſerv'd to look as pale as a Ghoſt, at the very ſight of a Book that promis'd them nothing leſs than Immortality. Well, thoſe wicked Dedicators of Books are moſt Impudent Raſcals, to haunt thoſe noble Lords, even in their Chambers, and put them in bodily Fear, as they do. They ſhould conſider, that theſe cringing Epiſtles, which aſk where Nothing is due, are really as much to be dreaded as an Execution upon Coach and Six; So that, for my part, I don't at all wonder if 'tis not ſo much Pleaſure to ſee his Genealogy deriv'd in a direct Line from *Hector* or *Sarpedon*, as 'tis a Mortification to him to part with his Guineas, to buy the Author a new Drugget-Suit. However, I muſt needs own, 'tis wiſely done of our Authors, not to walk the Streets in all thoſe Trappings, wherein we find them at the Frontiſpiece of their Books. For, tell me, dear *Guillemette*, Would not your Ladyſhip fall a barking moſt inordinately; ſhould you ſee a Man with one Shoulder bare, and t'other wrapt up in humble Drugget, and a Crown of Lawrel upon his Head? Yet 'tis neither the fear of Dogs, nor the hallowing of Children, that makes them decline this Equipage, for they are only afraid of the ſurly Fellow at the Nobleman's Gate. Did they not take this Courſe, the Porter would know them, who hates ſuch as break in upon his own Trade, and beg as he does, eſpecially at this time of day, when one would think our Authors had bound themſelves by an Oath, never to ſet Foot within a Houſe that does not belong to a Man of Quality. There is nothing elſe hardly to be ſeen in the

the Palaces of our Great Men, but a Shoal of half-ſtarv'd Creditors in one Corner of the Hall, and half a dozen Mendicant Rhimers in the other; ſo that, conſidering how the Affairs go at preſent, I am afraid we ſhall ſhortly ſee as many of them in our Hoſpitals, unleſs the Times mend, as would be ſufficient to ſet up a compleat Academy; for, alas! the World is not ſo favourable to them as it has been formerly. I have known the time when there was not a Poet in the whole Kingdom, that did not hope to make his Fortune by the Muſes, as well as the Abbot *des Portes* and *Bois-Robert*, and ſeveral more of the Poetical Fraternity had done before him, who were advanc'd to Biſhopricks and Abbeys, and the Lord knows what, for their fine Writings. With a Penſion of *Six hundred Livres a Year* they made a ſhift to wear good Clothes on their Backs, and powder themſelves as extravagantly as the niceſt Beau of them all; for which, dear *Guillemette*, I muſt highly commend them; for their Fancy was ſo warm, and all that, that it made their Heads ſweat moſt exceſſively; ſome of them had *Silver Spurs*, and ſome kept a *Pad-Nag*, with all its Accoutrements, to keep the Dirt from their Boots: But at this preſent writing, both the Buſkin and the Gambadoes are alike dirty; and ſome of our Poets have abdicated *Parnaſſus* for good and all, while others have fallen in with Players and Bookſellers. Whether it be, that *Neceſſity is the Mother of Invention*, or that Invention is an eſſential part of a Poet, ſome of our high-flown Writers were for making Friends in the Treaſury, and apply'd themſelves to thoſe worthy Gentlemen, that part with their Money

as

as eaſily as they get it. I make no queſtion but theſe Poetical Merchants were ſo profuſe, as to beſtow all manner of Virtues, nay, even the Military ones too, when their hands were in, on theſe liberal Publicans, and at leaſt deriv'd their Pedigree from him that was Privy-Purſe to *Clodion the Hairy*; or, becauſe he was a Pagan by Religion, from the Nephew of King *Clovis* the Firſt's Almoner. But theſe Politicks, as I have been inform'd, only ſucceeded with thoſe whoſe Works had been always receiv'd with univerſal Applauſe, while other poor Rogues, that were ſuch Fools as to imitate them, only got a good Dinner among theſe *Sons of Mammon* for their Pains, and perhaps a Surfeit afterwards for eating too greedily. There needs no more Wit than what your Ladyſhip is Miſtreſs of, I mean, than what belongs to a Dog, to tell me I have practis'd what I condemn in others. 'Tis true indeed, dear *Guillemette*, I made bold to dedicate a Play to a Perſon of great Merit and Quality; but 'tis as true, that I had the Honour to be acquainted, long before that, with Monſieur the Bailiff of *Souvray*, and always reſpected him, both becauſe he deſerves it, and becauſe he is my particular Friend. 'Tis my Misfortune, that I am one of thoſe unlucky Men who are eaſily forgotten, when they are not ſeen: And if our moſt incomparable Queen be ſtill pleas'd to continue me the Penſion which Mareſchal *Schomberg*'s Lady procur'd me, 'tis not becauſe I have now and then been ſo happy as to divert her with my Poetry, but becauſe I am the moſt miſerable Wretch alive, and afflicted with a cruel Diſtemper, which will not terminate but with my Life, no more than a confounded Law-Suit, on which my little All depends.

This

This of it self is sufficient, without being possess'd with the Devil of Love, to hinder a Man from sleeping, unless he took his Hat full of *Opium* before he went to Bed. But 'tis impossible for my good Humour to maintain its Ground much longer against these melancholy Thoughts, that drop so unseasonably from my Pen, and now begin to seize me. Thus, dear *Guillemette*, being weary of sitting with you so long, I must e'en conclude my Dedication abruptly, without puzzling my Brains to present you with some notable Compliment at parting, and remain in the Common Form,

*Dear Bitch,*

*Your Four-legg'd Ladyship's, &c.*

Scarron.

*FINIS.*

---

Sold by *J.* & *B. Sprint* in *Little-Britain*,

THE Diverting Works of the Countess *d'Anois*, Author of *The Ladies Travels to* Spain; containing, I. The Memoirs of her own Life. II. All her Spanish Novels and Histories. III. Her Letters. IV. Tales of the Fairies in Three Parts compleat. The second Edition, illustrated with many Cuts, and newly done into English.